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LETTERS FROM EUROPE,

COMPRISING

THE JOURNAL OF A TOUR

THROUGH

IRELAND, ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, FRANCE, ITALY,
AND SWITZERLAND,

IN THE YEARS 1825, '26, AND '27.

BY N. H. CARTER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

SECOND EDITION.

NEW-YORK:

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SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW-YORK, ss.

BE it remembered, that on the 11th day of October, A. D. 1827, in the fifty-second year of the Independence of the United States of America, Nathaniel H. Carter, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as author, in the words following, to wit :

"Letters from Europe, comprising the Journal of a Tour through Ireland, England, Scotland, France, Italy, and Switzerland, in the years 1825, '26, and '27. By N. H. Carter."

In conformity to the Act of Congress of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned;" and also, to an Act, entitled, "An Act, supplementary to an Act, entitled an Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

FRED. I. BETTS,

Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.

Sleight & George, Printers, Jamaica, L. I.

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LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

LETTER XLV.

ROUTE TO TOULON—SKETCH OF THE TOWN AND HARBOUR—
NAVY-YARD—ARSENAL.

March, 1826—At six o'clock on the morning of the 13th, we took seats in the Diligence at Marseilles for Toulon, a distance of about forty miles, in a south-easterly direction. Our own party consisted of five Americans, who had the same objects in view as ourselves. Among the other passengers was a German Countess, whom we had met in a circle of agreeable ladies and gentlemen at the *table d'hôte* of the Hotel Beauveau. She was going to Toulon, there to embark on board of a French ship of war, which was to land her at Civita Vecchia, on her way to Rome—an odd expedition for a lady to undertake alone. Her conversation respecting the country, whither we were hastening and in which she had long resided, was highly instructive.

The tract of country between Marseilles and Toulon is extremely picturesque. For the whole distance an excellent road winds among calcareous hills, the white, craggy tops of which appear at a distance as if snow-clad. Their steep sides are covered with vineyards and olives, hanging upon terraces, and rising stage above stage; while between the ranges on either hand, fertile and sunny vales of moderate breadth, and cultivated with the utmost neatness, open successively to relieve the eye of the traveller. Villages, hamlets, and chateaux, sometimes occupying the bosom of the valleys and at others seated far up the acclivities of the mountains, are scattered along the way and contribute much to the romantic character of the scenery.

Beyond the town of Beausset, and about midway between

Marseilles and Toulon, is a celebrated pass in the mountains, called Ollioules, which in wild and savage grandeur will sustain a comparison with any of those found about the Irish, English, and Scottish lakes, described in some of my former letters. The broken and rude masses of rock, shooting up in fantastic crags, to the height of 800 or 1000 feet, and impending ever the path, here approach so near to one another, as to leave only room for the channel of a headlong torrent, which fills the defile with its murmurs. For a mile or two, the road is a continued terrace hanging over the stream, and winding through a region of perfect desolation, once filled with banditti. All at once, the traveller emerges from these dreary solitudes, and descends into a beautiful glen, watered by clear brooks and fountains, smiling with tillage, and blooming with flowers. The transition is sudden, and the contrast peculiarly striking. Here I saw for the first time in my life groves of oranges, growing naturally in the open air, and laden with golden fruit. The scenery was brightened by serene skies, and our senses were regaled with all the charms of spring.

From the pass of Ollioules, we were whirled onward by a rapid descent, over a smooth road, through the beautiful environs of Toulon, scarcely inferior to those of Marseilles, and presenting another charming view of the blue waters of the Mediterranean. The hills recede on either hand, stretching along the coast, and embosoming between their bases and the sea, a broad, fertile plain, richly embellished by nature and art. Crossing two draw-bridges over the double moat by which the town is surrounded, and passing under the massive arched portals, which form the barrier, we rode through several of the principal streets, to the Hotel of the Golden Cross, where excellent accommodations were obtained. Here for the first time since landing at Calais, we found the windows of our rooms open, and comfortable without a fire. The climate, so far as our experience goes, is delightful, the air being soft and delicious, subject to few of the sudden changes which are felt at Marseilles. From the representations of others, as well as from my own observations, I have no doubt, that this is by far the most eligible winter residence for invalids, in the South of France.*

* A distinguished officer of the United States Navy informed me, that during a residence of a month or two at Toulon in the coldest part of the

On the morning after our arrival, we visited the Cathedral, and ascended to the top of its tower, for the purpose of obtaining a bird's-eye view of Toulon and its environs, which from this central and elevated point are seen to the best advantage. The natural situation of the town is admirably fitted for a great military and naval depot; and men less skilled in war than Louis XIV. or Napoleon might have selected it as the bulwark of the southern frontier of France. It is surrounded towards the north by an amphitheatre of naked, impassable mountains, between two or three thousand feet in height, extending to the sea-shore on either side, and leaving only two narrow defiles, one leading from Marseilles, and the other from Nice, both easy of defence. In the centre of this semicircular basin, at the distance of perhaps a mile from the bases of the hills, and about as far from the entrance of the harbour, is the port, winding up between two promontories, completely land-locked and alike secure from the winds and waves. To these natural advantages the most expensive works of art have been added, till the town seems inaccessible and impregnable both by land and sea. From the age of Louis XII. to the present time, millions have been appropriated, in constructing moles, fortresses, batteries, citadels, arsenals, walls, and military defences of all descriptions, which surround the harbour, and every where meet the eye. These fortifications are filled with troops, and as rigidly guarded as in time of war. The streets, quays, and public squares, swarm with military and naval officers, cadets, marines, soldiers, and sailors, who appear to compose a large proportion of the thirty thousand inhabi-

winter of 1826, when the Rhone was choked with ice, and while even the plains of Languedoc were swept by snow-storms, he here found the weather so mild as to render a fire unnecessary to comfort. The situation of the town, encircled by mountains which intercept the winds from the north, and open to the sun as well as to temperate breezes from the south, furnishes a ready explanation of the remarkable difference of climate, in the distance of only a few miles. As Montpellier is the usual place to which invalids from the United States as well as from Great-Britain have been recommended for the benefit of their health, I beg leave to add, in confirmation of my own opinion expressed in a former letter, the remark of Sir James Edward Smith, a physician of great eminence, whose Tour on the Continent I have perused with a high degree of satisfaction, since my return to the United States: "I do not," says he in his observations on Montpellier, "much approve of this place for invalids. Very cold and boisterous winds are not unfrequent; and the air of the neighbourhood is often infected by the marshes lying between the town and the sea."

tants. Swords and bayonets are seen glistening in all directions ; the harbour is filled with ships of war ; piles of cannon and balls cover the wharves ; parades of troops, accompanied by bands of martial music, are witnessed at almost every hour of the day ; and, in a word, Toulon exhibits all the pomp and bustle of a fortified camp.

The old man who ascended the tower of the Cathedral with us, as a guide, was intelligent and well acquainted with the history as well as the localities of the place. He was here during the siege of 1793, when the military talents of Napoleon were first developed. The English and Spaniards took possession of the town, and held it from August till December of that year, garrisoning it with strong armies and naval forces, which they deemed impregnable. But the genius and daring spirit of the young Corsican, aided by the republican legions of France, achieved what to others would seem wholly impracticable. Batteries were planted in the fastnesses of the mountains, above the reach of annoyance from the harbour, and a cannonade opened upon the town, which compelled the allied invaders to retreat. A great battle was fought upon the shore, in which 18,000 of the enemy were left upon the field.*

Since the time of this memorable siege, the ramparts of the city have been raised and strengthened, so as to shield the buildings from batteries planted without the walls. The bulwarks, gates and bridges are massive and strong beyond any thing of the kind I have ever seen ; and the inhabitants of Toulon might apparently bid defiance to the combined armies of Europe. From the parapet of the double wall to the bottom of the moat, is not less than thirty or forty feet, too solid to be battered down, and too high to be scaled

* The Harbour of Toulon has been alternately the theatre of disastrous and splendid events. At the evacuation of the British in 1793, its waters were illuminated by the blaze of the Arsenal and of twenty-four French ships of the line, set on fire by Commodore Hood. In 1798, the great expedition under the command of Napoleon, destined for the conquest of Egypt, sailed from this port. Barron Larrey, who was an eye-witness of the scene, gives the following animated notice of the sailing of the fleet :—“ All the vessels of the squadron and convoy, which were in the Toulon Road, set sail on the 19th of May, to the sound of martial music, in the midst of lively acclamations, which expressed the general satisfaction on the departure of the flag-ship, Admiral Brueix, in which were Bonaparte the commander-in-chief, the principal members of the commission of arts, and the *etats-major* of the two armies, comprising the physicians and principal surgeons.”—*Memoirs of Military Surgery*, Vol. I. p. 84.

by the most daring enterprise. As the amount of public property, in ships, naval stores and munitions of war, here deposited, is incalculable, the sums appropriated to these works of defence cannot be considered a useless expenditure. The government of France would suffer more from the capture of Toulon, than from that of the metropolis itself.

A fortunate accident, emanating from French politeness and hospitality, afforded us an opportunity of visiting, under the most favourable circumstances, the navy-yard, armories, arsenals, and other public works at this place, to which it is extremely difficult for strangers to gain admittance, even on letters of recommendation, which none of our party had taken. At the table of the hotel at Marseilles, we became acquainted with a Surgeon in the Royal Navy, who manifested as much kindness towards us, as he did coolness towards a British officer from Gibraltar, with whom he happened to come in contact while at dinner. The latter in the course of conversation several times flatly and rudely contradicted the former; and national antipathies proceeded to such lengths, that the affair seemed likely to end in a duel. Thinking, perhaps, discretion the better part of valour, the Englishman left the table, and afterwards took his dinner in his own room. On the evening previous to his departure, the Frenchman invited us to take coffee, and a glass of *liqueur* with him, proposing the health of General La Fayette, the friend of our respective countries. Such a toast manifested not only the liberality but the independence of this officer in the Royal Navy, as it might cost him his commission should it come to the ears of the government. In taking leave of our circle, he invited us to visit Toulon, and politely offered any facilities that his official station afforded—a favour which was very gratefully accepted.

Being notified of our arrival, this gentleman promptly called at the hotel and conducted us to his apartments, where we were requested to amuse ourselves with a new and splendid work on the ornithology of France, while he dressed himself in his sword and cocked hat, as a necessary preparation for entering the navy-yard. His uniform as Surgeon was remarkably neat, consisting of blue cloth, with trimmings of crimson velvet and gold lace. Even with his introduction, an hour was occupied in going through with the forms required before we could be admitted. Our names, residences, and other particulars were all registered at the

Marine Department, and a written passport obtained, which was presented at the splendid arched gate leading to the naval depot, and forming the barrier between it and the rest of the town. The portals are lofty, and enriched with a profusion of ornament, consisting of sculptured devices and inscriptions.

The first objects which arrested our attention, on entering the navy-yard, were the crowds of galley-slaves, yoked together like cattle, and employed in all kinds of servile offices. Nearly all the drudgery and hard labour, such as carrying burdens, drawing carts, towing vessels, and tugging at the oar, is performed by these miserable beings, who are condemned to the most abject servitude for life. Their sunburnt, sweaty, dusty, and demoniac features; their fantastic caps and party-coloured costumes; and the continual clanking of their heavy iron chains, present no faint idea of a pandemonium. Although exact justice may be meted out to them, and the wretchedness of their condition may not be disproportionate to their crimes, it is a painful image constantly obtruding itself upon the observation of the visitant.

The number here imprisoned is about two thousand, a large proportion of whom were convicted of murder, distinguished from the rest by their green caps. We saw a hundred of these pass in procession, with severe but dejected countenances, on the way to their stalls, to partake of a coarse and scanty allowance. Their chains are differently worn, being in some cases fastened like fetters round the ankle, and in others, hung in festoons about the waist, loading down the poor wretches with a weight of iron, independent of their other burdens. They all wear their numbers painted upon their red flannel jackets. At night they are kept under hatches, in large hulks of vessels, called *Bagnes*, moored in the harbour. Some of them are ingenious mechanics and artists, who beguile the tedium of life in manufacturing baskets, boxes, and other ornaments, which they are permitted to sell for their own benefit. On the whole, with the exception of their chains, I could not perceive that they are worse used than the inmates of our own penitentiaries. An officer and commissioner of the American Navy, who passed a considerable part of the last winter at Toulon, for the express purpose of making such inquiries as might be useful to our own country, remarked to me, that he considered the employment of galley-slaves the worst feature in the French

Marine, as the government of them is vexatious, and their labours by no means effective.

Our examination of the Navy-yard commenced with a visit to a large and splendid hall, used as an extensive repository of models in naval architecture. It has been long established, and contains a valuable collection of inventions and improvements, on all subjects connected with navigation. The number of articles is between one and two hundred, consisting of the most approved models of vessels and boats of all descriptions; docks, machines used in masting ships, and drawing them up for repairs. The American officer above alluded to examined this temple of the arts with minute attention; and if it contains any thing worthy of imitation, he will doubtless recommend it to the attention of our government. An hour was passed in glancing at a multiplicity of objects, which it would require days to examine in a satisfactory manner. The hall itself is not among the least curiosities. It is richly ornamented with bas-reliefs by Pujet, and with statues of Mars, Pallas, Bellona, and other martial divinities.

Our polite and intelligent guide next conducted us to the Rope-Walk, which is half a mile in length, consisting of three arcades, supported by massive stone pillars. The machinery for the manufacture of cordage is upon a large scale. That for twisting cables is turned by horses. A machine was observed, which was at least new to me. It traverses from one end of the rope-walk to the other nearly as fast as the men can travel, weaving the cord as it passes, and apparently saving much manual labour.

Adjacent to this establishment is the Grand Magasin, or warehouse, for the deposit of naval stores of every description. It is a new and magnificent edifice, three stories high, built of a beautiful species of granite. Its front presents one of the finest façades I have seen in the South of France, both for the grandeur of its proportions and the elegance of its workmanship. A superb stair-case, fitter for a palace than for a storehouse, winds to the upper loft. The building is not yet completed, but already contains numerous articles for the equipment of a fleet, which appeared to be of an excellent quality and in a good state of preservation. So far as our observations extended, the most rigid rules of economy are enforced, in taking care of the public property, through every department of this great national establishment. Na-

val armaments, which would suffer by exposure to the weather, are neatly housed, and nothing is abandoned to neglect and decay.

The Armory is on a scale proportioned to the other parts of this extensive depot. Two large buildings are filled with guns, bayonets, swords, pikes, pistols, and other implements of war, fancifully arranged so as to form different figures, in the same style as was observed in the Tower of London. Along the aisles formed by fluted columns of spears and muskets, are statues clad in ancient mail, bearing shields which are embossed with various historical devices. In the centre of the group stands the bust of his present majesty, Charles X. ; a tutelary genius much less fitted than some of his predecessors, to preside over the works of war.

Our tour of observation was continued through the forges of the smiths, which are inferior in extent and management to those of our country at Washington ; and thence to the ship-yard, where several large vessels are upon the stocks. The timber appeared to be of a good quality, well wrought, and substantially put together ; but the progress of the work is slow in comparison with the despatch of our own naval architects, who would build and equip a fleet, while the French were busy in planning one. Their ships, however, are both substantial and handsome, surpassed by none except those of the United States. The most ingenious plans have been devised for constructing dry-docks in a harbour where there are no tides. A great effort is at present making to strengthen the navy of France. Two millions of francs are annually expended in building new ships at Toulon ; and corresponding appropriations are authorised by the government for Brest and other ports of the kingdom.

The number of ships of war now lying in the harbour of Toulon cannot be less than one hundred. We went on board the the largest of them, the *Royal Louis*, having three decks, and carrying 130 guns. She is a monstrous, misshapen pile ; in her best estate a clumsy, heavy, unwieldy mass, now dismantled, laid up in ordinary, and rapidly going to decay. Her cabins exhibit all the splendid decorations of a French palace.

On our return from this visit to the *Royal Louis*, we traversed the mole which divides the old from the new harbour. The latter was constructed in the reign of Louis XIV. and is a gigantic work. It is connected with the former by two

canals or channels, of sufficient width and depth for the passage of ships of the largest class, which here ride in an artificial basin scooped out of the shore, and surrounded on all sides by substantial quays. Another port of similar construction, and equal in extent, is now in contemplation.

The fatiguing but highly gratifying and instructive rounds of this day terminated with a visit to the ship *Active*, to which the Surgeon, who accompanied us, is attached.* He added to his civilities by conducting us over every part of the vessel, showing without reserve its equipments, its regulations, and internal police. After resting awhile in its splendid cabins, and examining the choice library in his own state-room, we took leave, probably forever, of a gentleman whose kindness and hospitality to a party of entire strangers, with no other recommendation than the American name, made too deep an impression upon our feelings ever to be forgotten.

The residue of our stay at Toulon was occupied in perambulating its walls, traversing some of its principal streets, and examining its public institutions. A striking peculiarity was observed in the mode of numbering the houses. The blocks of buildings formed by the intersection of streets are denominated *islands*, designated numerically, and each house is readily found, by the double index of its own number and that of the isle.

A walk to the Botanic Garden, situated without the walls and near the base of the hills which rise to the north of the town, was among our last and most pleasant excursions. The location is admirable, the grounds lying upon a declivity which looks to the south, and always enjoys the genial influence of the sun. In the rear, the enclosure becomes so steep as to rise in terraces one above another, all filled with plants, and adding much to the picturesque beauty of the garden. Among the embellishments of this charming retreat, is a fountain bursting from a pyramid of rock overgrown with

* The vessel had just returned from a voyage to Leith, in Scotland, whither it had been for the purpose of bringing home the remains of Madame Guiche, Dutchess of Gramont, who was attached to the exiled court of the Count d'Artoise, (the present king of France,) during his residence at Edinburgh, where she died, and was for a time deposited in the royal sepulchre at Holyrood House. I believe she was the only one of the refugees, who died in exile, although the party was numerous, consisting of the members of the royal family and their attachées, with maids of honour as well as of dishonour, from the pink of nobility, down to Madame Polistron, the Count's mistress.

grass and moss, presenting a beautiful image of nature. Seats have been erected, where visitants may repose in the shade, and enjoy the coolness and the murmur of this little water-fall.

The plants of the garden all bear labels, designating their generic and specific names. A veteran attendant, who seemed well acquainted with all the members of the numerous family committed to his care, conducted us through the alleys and the green-houses, plucking one flower after another, till each of our party had a fine bouquet. Here the palm-tree spread its branches, though its fruit had been nipped by the unusually severe frost of the last winter. Here also the black pepper was seen clinging to the sunny wall, sheltered from the winds, and finding a tropical climate. Among the other most curious plants, were all the varieties of coffee in full bearing. That from Mocha is a beautiful shrub, six or eight feet in height, finely proportioned and of peculiar foliage. An orange tree was observed which had been engrafted with the lemon, and which was then bearing six different kinds of fruit. One of the productions was a twin monster, half orange and half citron, growing on the same stem. A profusion of Japan roses spread their gorgeous petals to the sun, and many a bud was just starting into life.

The walks of the Garden are open to the public, and connected with the spacious boulevards which encircle the walls of the town, form one of the most delightful promenades imaginable, affording a wide prospect of the mountains on one side, and of the sea on the other. A refuge from the noise and bustle of crowded streets, and from the heat of fervid skies, is here provided at a trifling expense. In these secluded retreats, the naturalist may indulge in his favourite pursuits, and the man of business recreate his mind, after the cares and labours of the day. All classes of the community are interested in institutions of this description, which are to be found in almost every village in France, and which I hope may ere long be as extensively introduced into the United States.

LETTER XLVI.

ROUTE TO NICE—LE LUC—DRAGUIGNAN—FREJUS—CANNES
—ANTIBES—ARRIVAL AT NICE—SKETCH OF THE TOWN.

March, 1826.—At 4 o'clock on the morning of the 17th, we left Toulon in the coach for Le Luc, distant about forty miles to the north-east. The scenery, the weather, and the conversation of our fellow-passengers all conspired to render the ride agreeable, although it afforded few incidents worthy of record. For the whole distance the road traverses a fertile vale from five to ten miles in breadth, bounded on the left by a ridge of porphyritic hills, and on the right by a succession of highlands, which stretch along the coast of the Mediterranean. The soil is of a reddish complexion, and appears to be extremely productive. Groves of olives, vineyards, and fields of grain, enlivened by the bloom of the peach and almond, extended on all sides as far as the eye could reach, forming a rich and varied landscape. The mode of cultivating wheat is somewhat peculiar. It is sown in rows, and innumerable companies of females were busy in stirring the ground about the roots, and in plucking up the superfluous stalks. The peasantry in this part of France, have dark, hard, and severe faces, but are gentle in their manners, and industrious in their habits.

The towns, villages, and insulated buildings scattered along the road, are uniformly mean in appearance, though some of them are romantically situated, being perched upon the very summits of the hills, apparently accessible only to the birds. Such is the location of the village, appropriately called Hauteville, seated upon the pinnacle of a mountain, and incorporated with the rocks, hundreds of feet above our heads. It is said to be the oldest place in Provence, and to have been founded at a period, when it was customary to build upon the most elevated ground, partly for salubrity of air, and partly for purposes of defence. A better reason can be assigned for erecting churches and other religious edifices upon high places. In France the practice almost universally prevails, and numerous chapels and convents were this day

seen, hanging like the nest of the eagle in the topmost crags of the mountains.

Passing the old towns of Solier, Cuers, and several unimportant villages, we reached Le Luc at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, expecting there to meet the coach from Aix, to take us forward towards Nice. But it was ascertained, that it would be necessary to wait till the next day, and then incur the risk of not obtaining a passage. A traveller in this part of France is subjected to many inconveniences. The public conveyances are bad, and the miserable dirty huts called taverns are execrable. Strange as it may seem, at the town of Le Luc, standing at the junction of two great roads, and containing three thousand inhabitants, there is not a single hotel, where a person can rest with comfort.

Reduced to the alternative of taking lodgings in a hovel, or of making a diversion of half a day's ride from a direct course, the latter was preferred; and after partaking of a *déjeuné*, which was of a piece with the rest of the inn, we continued our journey to Draguignan, fifteen or twenty miles to the north, and about the same distance from the sea. The scenery here became extremely picturesque, consisting of mountains clothed with forests, and valleys green with olives and corn. In one place an extensive grove of pines was observed—the first that had been seen in France. The weather was as mild, and the season as forward, as it is in New-York on the first of May. Groups of peasants of both sexes were every where seen throwing up the soil with spades, forks, and a kind of pick-axe, preparing it for the cultivation of the vine. In the south of France, almost every process in agriculture is effected by manual labour; and the greater part of the drudgery is performed by females, who have too much of the coarseness of the other sex. I do not recollect to have seen a plough between Paris and the Mediterranean.

Crossing the classical river Argens, mentioned in one of the epistles of Cicero, a pretty stream foaming over a bed of rocks, and winding for several miles up a deep, rural vale, we arrived just at twilight under the walls of Draguignan, a large handsome town, hidden among the hills. It is the seat of the Prefecture for the Department of the Var; and as much formality was required in entering its gates, as in landing upon the quay at Calais. Our passports were demanded by a circle of police officers, who on spelling out our names and country, eyed us with as much attention and

seemed as much surprised, as if we had come from the South Sea Islands. They probably had never seen an American before. They however seemed pleased with the novelty, and treated us with much politeness. The wonder spread in whispers through the crowd, and even boys gathered about the custom-house to see how we looked.

The comforts of a good hotel consoled us for the pains that had been taken to find it, and the luxury of a dish of tea and a clean bed soothed all the vexations, which the irregularities of the coaches had created. A long ramble on the following morning satisfied us, that Draguignan itself is not unworthy of the traveller's notice. Its ancient ramparts are washed by a pretty stream, which winds through a green vale opening between two long ranges of olive-clad hills. In the centre of the town, is a curious insulated mount, composed of argillaceous slate, covered with green sod, and crowned by an old fantastic tower seventy or eighty feet in height. From an inscription on its exterior wall, it appears to have been erected in 1661; but for what purpose, it is difficult to conjecture. The eminence on which it stands overlooks the antique stone houses and tiled roofs of Draguignan, as well as a wide extent of the surrounding country. Even this town, though nature has spontaneously embellished its environs with plants and flowers, boasts of its Botanic Garden, which is arranged with taste and skill. Here too are found boulevards, promenades, areas and fountains, presenting a miniature picture of the metropolis. The ten thousand inhabitants rely chiefly upon official patronage and the manufacture of sweet oil for support.

At three o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, we set out for Frejus, situated upon the shore of the Mediterranean, at the distance of twenty miles. The capacious vehicle was of an odd construction, and might perhaps be termed a *sociable*. Its body was ten or twelve feet in length, and its two seats ran longitudinally along the sides, so that the passengers sat facing one another, and were almost compelled to talk. A coarse military officer, who appeared to be a foreigner and in a state of intoxication, was of the party, and behaved with much rudeness, often bursting out into peals of loud laughter, and dangling his heavy sword to the annoyance of his neighbours. Few instances of such vulgar deportment had been observed, even among the lowest classes, in any part of France; and a court-martial of bootblacks in

Paris would have cashiered this mercenary for ungentlemanly and un-officer-like conduct.

Between the foot of the hills, in the midst of which Draguignan is situated, and the Mediterranean, spreads a broad alluvial plain, watered by the Argens, and almost on a level with the sea. Its meagre, sandy soil is comparatively barren, lying unenclosed and untilled, presenting a striking contrast with the green, luxuriant glades that had been left behind. Along the way were seen numerous shepherds, shepherdesses, and swineherds, whose large flocks of black sheep, and droves of pigs were grazing the common, less under the care of the master than of his watchful dog. But the solitary waste was unenlivened by the music of the pastoral pipe; and long-bearded old men in red caps, or squalid girls, with sun-burnt faces and without shoes or stockings, afforded but a sorry exemplification of those pictures of love and innocence portrayed by Theocritus and Virgil.

We reached Frejus at 7 o'clock in the evening, and took lodgings at the same hotel, in which Napoleon remained three days, while on his way to the Island of Elba. The house is now in a dilapidated condition, and its undulating floors look as if they had been rocked by an earthquake. An attentive landlord showed us into his best apartments, which had evidently seen more prosperous days, and were an emblem both of the town itself and of the fortunes of the imperial exile, who had once been their tenant. The decayed walls were hung with silken tapestry, rich and beautiful in its prime, but now in tatters, according well with unbinged tables, defaced mirrors, and shattered sofas.

After a short walk by moonlight, which was found too dim to disclose the outlines and the ruins of this old Roman town, I turned into one of the canopied couches of our chamber, which happened to be the self same bed, in which the dethroned monarch had thrice slept. There was no proof positive that even the pillows and clothes had been changed, since they gave a temporary repose to the cares of the imperial fugitive. What an opportunity was here afforded to dream of the follies of ambition and the phantoms of power, the vicissitudes and vanities of human life!—

“I had a dream, but 'twas not all a dream.”

The inspiration of the pillow called up the splendid pageants

of other times ; and the spectres of war and conquest, fields of carnage and conflagrated cities, victories and triumphs, flitted before me in the visions of the night. as they probably did before the eyes of the ex-emperor, on the eve of his departure from thrones and palaces, to a solitary island of the sea !

We rose at day-break the next morning to examine the curiosities of the town of Frejus in season to pursue our journey at an early hour. The only objects worthy of the traveller's attention are its antiquities ; and to these a guide conducted us, beginning with the amphitheatre, in form resembling that at Nismes, but of smaller size, less perfect, and in all respects less interesting. It is built of square stones of moderate dimensions, intermingled with tiles. Its walls are yet tolerably entire, but encumbered with weeds and rubbish. From this desolate pile, the scene of vanished gaieties, we walked quite round the ancient ramparts of the city, making a circuit of a mile or two, which must have once enclosed many thousands of inhabitants, now reduced to a handful of villagers. Traces of the walls are at intervals discoverable, and the massive arches of an extensive aqueduct, the uniform appendage of a Roman town, are yet standing.

Pursuing a narrow pathway, which leads through cultivated fields in which fragments of houses and temples have been disinterred, we visited the Golden Gate, which conducted from the port into the town ; as also the remains of the ancient pharos and baths, in the same quarter. The head of Jupiter was found among the ruins of the latter, and now adorns an arch near the modern promenade. All these public works indicate wealth, taste, and splendour. The port itself, and the estuary which connected it with the sea, are now entirely filled up with sand, deposited by the little river Argens, which gurgles beneath the old walls. A pretty garden, blooming with a variety of shrubs and flowers, now occupies the very site of the haven, where the Roman mariner moored his ship. The heights on which the town stands command a charming view of the Mediterranean ; of the small harbour at the distance of a few miles, whence Napoleon embarked for Elba ; of the circular bay sweeping in a bold, graceful curve to the west ; and of the hills of St. Tropez which range along the coast.

After breakfast we again set forward towards Nice, with a coach and five horses, which were chartered at a moderate price to take three of us as far as Antibes. A strong team

was required in climbing the pine-clad hills of Lestrelles, which rise to the east of Frejus and continue in broken ridges for many miles. Their barren, desolate sides are uncultivated, and without a house or a human being to break the solitude of the road, which winds in terraces to their summits, disclosing at intervals splendid views of the Alpine region on one side, and of the shores of the Mediterranean on the other. At length descending from these wilds through deep gorges, and traversing a luxuriant plain watered by the Luton, we reached the little sea-port of Cannes, containing three or four thousand inhabitants. Here Napoleon landed on his return from Elba in 1815, and hence rode in triumph to Paris, with renovated hopes and new schemes of ambition. The town consists of a crescent of white buildings, standing upon the very beach, with a low narrow border of sand between the street and the waves, which would form but a feeble barrier against the storms and tumultuous tides of the Atlantic.

A high rocky promontory, crowned with a dismantled fortress and defended by a small battery, shelters the port, in which some half a dozen vessels were seen riding at anchor, their white flags streaming in the wind. In the offing, the islands of St. Marguerite and St. Honorat elevate their brown ledges above the sea. The former is strongly fortified, constituting an artificial as well as natural defence to the harbour. On this barren rock, the *Man of the Iron Mask* was confined for many years. The large and commodious hotel at Cannes, stands upon the extreme point of land near the port. Its situation is delightful. The green but gentle swells of the Mediterranean break upon the crags under the very windows, and fill the apartments with their soothing murmurs. To such music we dined upon the products of the neighbouring waters, and after resting an hour or two, left with regret a place possessing so many natural attractions.

Between Cannes and Antibes, the road runs through a rich and beautiful country, at the base of olive-crowned hills, and so close to the margin of the sea, as frequently to require terraces hanging upon the rocks. The same brilliant phenomenon was here observed, as in the complexion of the Sorgia at Vaucluse. To the distance of half a mile from the shore, the water is of such moderate depth, and so perfectly pellucid, as to reflect the party-coloured hues of the bottom, composed of porphyry and lime stone, and presenting at the surface a splendid sheet of mosaic, in which purple,

green, azure, and other colours are fancifully blended. Nothing can exceed the delicacy and softness of its tints, fading gradually into shades which surpass the mimic touches of the pencil.

At 5 o'clock in the afternoon, the towers of Antibes come in sight, and passing through the portals of its high substantial walls, we took lodgings for the night, at an excellent hotel in the centre of the town. Its streets like those of Toulon are filled with troops, forming a strong garrison to guard the frontiers. Our ears were assailed by the din of martial music, and the public squares glittered with military parades. As we passed the long ranges of barracks, injudiciously located in the midst of a dense population, sounds of revelry and riot burst from the rooms, evincing as little decency as discipline.

An hour was occupied in examining the town and harbour. The latter chiefly merits notice, being capacious and unique in its construction; for it is almost entirely the work of art. On two sides it is sheltered from the winds and waves by a mole, fifteen or twenty feet in height, and wide enough at top to form a fine promenade. In the sides of this rampart, substantially built of stone, are long rows of arched niches, four or five feet in depth; and nearly on a level with the water, a wide quay, like that of Marseilles, extends round the basin for the convenience of lading and unlading ships. At the extremity of the mole there is a strong fortress, which effectually commands the narrow entrance of the port. Neither the number nor character of the vessels in the harbour appeared to justify the expense of such a stupendous work.

The situation of Antibes is peculiarly beautiful, and the view from the mole is one of the finest in the South of France, commanding a wide extent of hills, woods, and waters. A rich border of fields, studded with white villages, extends round the head of the bay, across which Nice is seen at the distance of fifteen or twenty miles; and beyond, the Maritime Alps lift their snowy summits to the clouds, while their bold rocky promontories are washed by the sea. Our last evening in France, (how unlike the inclemencies of the first, on the storm-beaten hills between Calais and Paris!) was mild as summer, and led us to anticipate the delights of that country, the confines of which were now in sight.

Early on the following morning, we resumed our journey,

and soon found ourselves on the frontiers of Italy. To the traveller looking back from this point upon the extent of country he has traversed since crossing the Straits of Dover, France appears what it is in fact, an immense empire, boundless in territory, as it is in resources. Situated in the heart of Europe; blest with a temperate climate and a fertile soil; washed by two great seas, and intersected by many noble rivers, affording peculiar facilities for commerce; embracing a hundred splendid cities; enriched by the works of art; and containing an active population of thirty or forty millions—what might not such a country become with political, civil, and religious institutions free as our own! What might it not now have been, had the republican counsels of such statesmen as Foy and La Fayette triumphed over the lawless ambition of Napoleon? or even if the splendid despotism of the latter had not been crushed by the leaden power of a dynasty, possessing neither the talents to be great, nor the virtues to be good? But notwithstanding these drawbacks, no country in the world perhaps, contains a greater variety of interesting objects than France; and after a sojourn of four months, the last foot of its territory was trodden not without feelings of regret, high as were our anticipations of enjoyment in that classic land, which now opened before us.

The transition from one kingdom to the other was not attended by any of those difficulties, expenses, and vexations which travellers sometimes experience. Our passports and trunks underwent a slight examination at the custom-houses on each side of the line, occasioning a delay of fifteen or twenty minutes. The boundary between the two countries is the Var, a broad, shoal river, or more properly the bed of a torrent opening from the Alps. Crossing its long, low, narrow bridge, we entered the dominions of his Sardinian Majesty. The inhabitants upon the frontiers are so assimilated in manners, customs, and language, that few discriminating marks of distinct nations are observable. Straggling guards of short, puny, pale-faced troops, in blue uniform and tight black cloth gaiters, stationed along the road, were the most striking peculiarities which arrested our attention. They looked like a feeble and inefficient race, fit only for the inglorious service in which they are at present employed.

Our entrance into Italy afforded us a favourable specimen of its far-famed climate and splendid scenery. A pure blue sky deepened the azure of a boundless expanse of waters,

spreading towards the south; and the snowy tops of the mountains, glittering in a bright morning sun, presented a striking contrast with their green declivities and with the luxuriant plain which skirts their bases. If Galignani's nightingales did not warble from the rocks, a concert of less poetical though not less melodious birds enlivened the gardens and groves of oranges, which are every where seen blooming in the environs of Nice.

The town is approached from the west through a long and handsome faubourg, denominated *La Croix de Marbre*, from the circumstance of a marble cross having been there erected, to commemorate an interview between Charles V. Francis I. and Pope Paul III. assembled to discuss the affairs of church and state in the 16th century. Long ranges of neat white houses, with Venetian blinds and uniformly surrounded by gardens, line the sides of the street. Here is the principal residence of the swarms of English, sometimes amounting to several thousands, who resort to Nice during the winter, for the sake of the climate and the cheapness of living.

Crossing the bridge of the *Paillon*, which is little more than an apology for a river, and passing through several of the principal streets, which are well built and exhibit an air of magnificence, we arrived at the *Hotel de Yorck*, a stately building fronting one of the public squares, and affording excellent accommodations. The apartments are furnished in the English style. Handsome carpets cover the floors, and the wares of Birmingham impart cheerfulness to the hearth.

The whole of this day was busily occupied in rambling over the town, which is a dull place and contains but few works of art, that can interest the traveller. Nature, however, has been lavish of her bounties in contributing to its embellishment. It is delightfully situated at the outlet of a deep, verdant, and romantic valley, opening from the Maritime Alps to the Mediterranean. On the north and east it is surrounded by ranges of mountains, rising to the height of two or three thousand feet, and terminating in the bold promontory of *Montalbano*, composed of ledges of brown rock and forming one of the boundaries of the bay, which spreads between Nice and Antibes. From the south, the sea rolls in its waves upon the shore, bathing the very foundations of the town. The sides of the neighbouring hills are cultiva-

ted half way to their summits, where white country seats and farm-houses are seen peeping from plantations of olives.

But the most striking and picturesque object is an insulated, precipitous rock, rearing its barren crags several hundred feet above the tops of the houses, by which it is encircled on all sides, except toward the sea, where a terraced road has been extended round its base, to connect the two sections of the town. This curious mount covers several acres, sloping towards the north, and terminating to the south in impending cliffs. Its top is naked, and forms a natural observatory, whence the eye takes in a wide horizon. It is too elevated for purposes of defence, and its parched surface too arid for cultivation.

On the eastern side of this rock, and between its base and Montalbano, is the harbour of Nice, which like that of Antibes, appears to be in a great measure artificial. It is so completely out of sight, that we looked some time before it was discovered. A substantial mole defends it from the violence of the waves, leaving but a narrow entrance. The basin, though not very capacious, is of sufficient depth to admit ships of any burden. It is surrounded by handsome quays, bordered by blocks of warehouses. There were between one and two hundred vessels in port, most of them small. An American deck was looked for in vain among the number; and from all I could learn, our trade with the place is very limited, though the United States have here a Consul.

The handsomest part of Nice is perhaps the stately range of buildings, with arcades in their basements, encircling the spacious open area, denominated the *Piazza Vittoria* from VICTOR AMADEUS III. to whom it owes its embellishments, and in honour of whom a triumphal arch has been erected at its entrance, near the eastern barrier of the town. From this square on which the Hotel de Ville, Custom-House, and other public edifices are situated, a terraced road extends on the north of the singular bluff above described, and along the bank of the Paillon, to the southern division of the town. The river itself, so called by courtesy, is at this season a mere thread of water, not half sufficient to cover the broad stony channel over which it trickles, and scarcely enough to supply the troops of washer-women, who line its shores. Two long, lofty, and substantial bridges thrown across its bed indicate, what is the fact, that at times

tremendous torrents, fed by heavy rains and the snows of the Alps, sweep down this opening from the mountains to the sea.

A visit to the Governor's house and to the public Promenade in its vicinity concluded our rambles over Nice. The former is a new and neat building, remarkable only for the pretty Ionic columns, which adorn its stair-way. The latter is the place of rendezvous for all the fashionables in town. It consists of a long terrace, of the width of an ordinary street, guarded by railings, and erected along the roofs of a range of buildings fifteen or twenty feet from the ground. Handsome flights of white marble steps lead to the walk. One side of it below is bordered by the *Place Royale*, planted with long vistas of trees, and on the other, the waves come in and break upon the beach in unceasing murmurs. At the fashionable season it is thronged with ladies and gentlemen from all countries, who resort hither to enjoy a pure air and a splendid prospect reaching in clear weather to the mountains of Corsica.

Finding few inducements to remain longer at Nice, and many to urge us forward towards the southern limits of our tour, we concluded to take our departure on the same evening for Genoa, in the *Courier*, which carries the mail, and travels night and day. But the weight of our baggage would cause such an impediment to the necessary speed of a conveyance, which is for a considerable part of the way on mules, that the superintendent refused us seats after our passages had been engaged. Other arrangements were therefore made to commence climbing, on the following morning, the Maritime Alps, which, like the walls of Milton's Eden, interposed their icy ramparts between our hopes and the promised paradise beyond.

LETTER XLVII.

ROUTE FROM NICE TO GENOA—MONACO—MENTONE—VENTIMIGLIA—SAN REMO—ALBENGA—FINALE—SAVONE—ARRIVAL AT GENOA.

March, 1826.—On the 21st we left Nice for Genoa, a distance of something more than two hundred English miles.

The commencement of so arduous a journey over the Maritime Alps, which from the disheartening accounts of some of our friends at Marseilles, had long been dreaded, was rendered still more appalling by the gloomy state of the weather, and the wretched vehicle which afforded no shelter from its inclemencies. Disappointed of a seat in the Courier, we were compelled to engage an accommodation coach, at an hour in the evening too late to enable us to examine the establishment; and the traveller who bespeaks conveyances on the representations of their owners is sure to be cheated. What was our surprise on going to the door of the hotel, to find a small, shattered, crazy gig, without a top, with only one skeleton horse, and a hoy for a driver! This was the "*buona carrozza*" and the "*buoni cavalli*," which had been chartered to take us and all our baggage over hills that seemed almost impassable with the best of teams! But the bargain was sealed, and there was no retreating without loss of time and money; so seating ourselves in the tub of a vehicle, with the urchin sitting "squat like a toad" upon the shafts, to guide the horse, we commenced our travels in Italy, for health, information and pleasure, under circumstances, apparently not very well calculated to secure either of these objects. *Sed finis opus coronat!*

In ten or fifteen minutes after leaving the gates of Nice, we began to climb what Madam Starke, the mother of all tourists, would denominate an *Alp*! for she, good lady, seems to view the giant sentinels, planted along the northern frontier of Italy, in an individual rather than a collective capacity, and familiarly speaks of encountering this or that one of the group in her endless adventures. But thanks to the levelling system of Napoleon, whose power was exerted with equal success in humbling monarchs and mountains, the craggy and precipitous acclivities of Montalbano were found to be less difficult of ascent than had been anticipated. Bonaparte here commenced a great road similar to that over the Simplon and Mont Cenis. The first part of it was finished in a style of magnificence which nothing can surpass, consisting of long terraces, often hewn from the solid rock, and hanging upon the crags thousands of feet above the sea. Had he remained upon the throne a few years longer, the whole route from Nice to Genoa, and thence over the Apennines to Pisa, would have been completed in the same style of grandeur. But by the influence of the

Holy Alliance, and owing to the pusillanimous jealousies of his Sardinian Majesty, (familiarily denominated "king of the marmots and anchovies,") who trusts more to the inaccessible fastnesses of his mountains than to the hearts of his subjects for the protection of his dominion, this great work has been discontinued, while the funds which might have been appropriated to its completion, are devoted to the embellishment of palaces, or the endowments of chapels and convents. Such are some of the fruits, which the glorious pacification of Europe, and the restoration of legitimate sovereigns have produced!

For the first thirty-five or forty miles from Nice, comprising the highest and most rugged part of the Maritime Alps bordering upon the sea, the road is wide and perfectly smooth, being safe for carriages of any description. Even our apology for a horse, with an occasional alleviation of a part of his burden, wound his way up the spiral terraces without much difficulty, and at a pace more rapid than was deemed possible. In the ascent, we at first left behind the the orange groves and gardens of Nice; then the plantations of olives, which straggle far up the sides of Montalbano; till at length we arrived at a region of perfect desolation, consisting of bleak and naked ridges of rock. The solitude and wildness of the scenery here strike the mind with terror. For many miles, only three persons of any kind were seen—two of them were shepherds or rather goatherds, who were sheltering themselves under a cliff far above our heads. Their tattered garments, long beards, and red caps gave them rather an unprepossessing appearance, in such a locality, especially to those who chanced to think of banditti. But they were doubtless honest men, gleanng a scanty subsistence from desert hills. The only permanent resident in these solitudes is an old lady, who keeps a little tavern by the way-side. Our juvenile driver was on this occasion her only customer, and drank off his full glass of gin, without sugar or water, at a swallow. To add to the dreariness of this waste of rocks, a snow storm here enveloped us for a time; the first that had been met since leaving Lyons.

In the course of a few hours we escaped from this inhospitable region; the sun burst through the clouds; and the picturesque shores of the Mediterranean, composed of bold promontories, crowned occasionally with a white village, and bathed by the blue waves, came into full view, stretch-

ing along far beneath us. The most considerable of these little towns are Villafranca and Monaco—the former, with its fortress and small port, sheltered under the cliffs of Montalbano; and the latter, the ancient *Templum Herculis Monæci*,* seated in the most romantic manner, upon a high rocky headland. Such an exquisite picture, the features of which can hardly be surpassed in grandeur and beauty, made us forget the inconveniences of our vehicle, and the other vexations of the morning.

From the summit of this point of the Alps, we descended rapidly into a sunny, fertile vale, opening to the south, and like the environs of Nice, blooming with gardens, and groves of the orange and citron, laden with golden fruit. What a change was here within a single hour, from snow-storms, to a climate too warm for comfort in the sun! At the outlet of this beautiful vale, and upon the shore of the Mediterranean, stands the little town of Mentone, handsomely built, containing a pretty church, and a small but neat hotel, at which, refreshments of a good quality were obtained. The landlady speaks both the French and Italian languages, as do most of the innkeepers along this road, though the peasantry have a jargon of their own, which nobody but themselves can understand. Mentone, like most of the villages on the borders of the Mediterranean, has its little port, but no wharves, the small vessels being drawn upon the sandy beach to receive or discharge their cargoes.

* This little village, hidden from the world at the foot of the Alps, is of great antiquity, and was one of the principal towns and ports of the old Liguria. It claims the honour of having been the empire of Hercules; and its name is derived from two Greek words (*μεγας* and *οικον*;) indicating that the demigod alone there reigned, or that he was the sole divinity of the place. It had a citadel as early as the Augustan age, from which and from the Alpine heights in the vicinity, Virgil represents Cæsar descending to meet Pompey from the east:

Aggeribus socer Alpinis, atque arce Monæci
Descendens; gener adversis instructus Eois.

The castle remains to this day, and it is singular that it should have been visited by two such travellers, as Addison and Sir James Edward Smith, without any allusion, I believe, to its classical associations. The latter tourist was confined here two days by stress of weather, and gives an amusing account of his adventures. At the time of his visit, Monaco was a principality, having a sprig of royalty for its sovereign, who boasted of dominions some three or four miles in extent, where he divided empire with the wild beasts of the mountains. The Duke of York, brother of George III. died in the Palace of the Prince.

From this place onward, our passports were several times demanded and our trunks opened, apparently for no other reason than that of exacting a fee, to support the swarms of custom-house officers and soldiers, who are everywhere seen lounging along the road. It is impossible there can be smuggling among petty villages of this kind; and the vexation of being stopped an hour, when the traveller is in haste, besides paying for being detained, becomes intolerable. From Antibes to Genoa, we were subjected to more delay and expense, than in the whole of France and England put together.

Between Mentone and Ventimiglia, the road traverses a beautiful strip of cultivation, extending from the Mediterranean to the foot of the Alps. In some cases the mountains push themselves in high rocky capes far into the sea; and at others, they recede from the coast, leaving little alluvial plains, smiling with tillage, and abounding with corn and fruits of various kinds. A fringe of olives uniformly skirts the bases of the hills, and forms a striking contrast with the barren peaks towering above. Some of these little vales opening from the Alps are extremely picturesque, enclosed by impassable ramparts, on all sides except the south, enjoying a delicious climate, rich in rural wealth, retired from the rest of the world, and blest with unbroken quiet. The inhabitants who are plain, simple, and mild in their manners, appear to be contented and happy, looking out from their solitudes upon the blue and bright expanse of waters, which beat upon their rocks, and roll in with grandeur upon their shores. Most of these valleys are washed by torrents, several of which we crossed during the day. Over one of them is thrown a new stone bridge, called the Pont St. Louis, whence you look down into a frightful chasm, formed by an amphitheatre of perpendicular cliffs.

At Ventimiglia, a considerable town occupying a steep and almost inaccessible promontory, about 40 miles from Nice, the road passable with carriages terminates, and what Madam Starke calls "a bridle path" extends to Noli, within half a day's ride of Genoa. Here therefore without much regret, we were compelled to quit the carriage, such as it was, and resort to the still more humble conveyance of riding upon ponies for a long journey of two days. A donkey was employed to carry our baggage. The poor little fellow had a monstrous load of it, with two large trunks for a foundation,

and a superstructure of sacks, hat cases, cloaks, and umbrellas, seeming sufficient to overwhelm him, as he was not much larger than a sheep. But *Sardo* (for so his master called him) bore his burden with patience, and heavy as it was, would permit neither *Nina* nor her sister pony to lead the way which he had travelled a thousand times.

The muleteer walked the whole distance, upwards of a hundred miles in two days, without complaining of fatigue, being constantly employed in traversing the same route on foot. He was a faithful and kind hearted guide, frequently collecting and presenting to us bouquets of wild-flowers, which bloomed by the side of the path. A singular incident occurred to him on the route. One of his acquaintances from Genoa, whom he met on the road, gave him the first intelligence, that his only brother had just been drowned on the coast of Spain. After stopping for some time, he overtook us, bathed in tears, and frantic with grief. He tore his pocket handkerchief in pieces and flung it away: then stripping off his cravat, he alternately drenched it in tears, and washed it in the rivulets along the road.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, we reached San Remo, and although the weather was delightfully pleasant, and we were anxious to pursue our journey, our conducteur refused to go farther on that day; we therefore took lodgings for the night at the Hotel de la Palma, which was more spacious and comfortable, than the frightful accounts of this route had led us to anticipate. On its top is a fine terrace, covered with flowers, and overlooking the town, with the Alps on one side, and the sea upon the other. As good a table and attendance were here found, as the most fastidious traveller could wish. In the waiter, for the first time was observed the custom of wishing you good evening, as he brings in the lights. A peculiarity still more striking arrested our attention some days before. One of our party in the coach happening to sneeze, the gentleman who sat next to him raised his hat, and sung out "*viva!*" This custom is generally in vogue, and seems to be founded in the supposition, that sneezing is an indication of bad health, calling for the sympathy and good wishes of others. It probably originated with the Roman augurs, who placed sternutation among the *Dira*, whence they drew their omens.

As an evidence of the mildness of the climate along the coast of the Mediterranean, it may be mentioned that a dish

of green peas was among the rarities on the table at the hotel. They were served up raw, in the pod, by way of desert. Oranges just plucked from the gardens, with the leaves green upon the stem, were found in profusion. Great quantities of them are raised for exportation. In short, San Remo, although situated on the very declivity of the Alps, is in the midst of one of the most flowery and delicious regions I have ever visited. The air was fragrant even at this early season, and luxuriant groves of the citron and orange, interspersed with the purple blossom of the peach, everywhere met the eye. San Remo contains two or three pretty churches, a large hospital, and other public buildings, by no means deficient in taste or mean in appearance. A little port, defended by a mole, spreads before the town. We had a delightful ramble at evening along the beach, to see the sun set upon the mountains, and to watch the swells of the sea breaking and murmuring upon the shore. The waters of the Mediterranean are so exquisitely beautiful, that one is never tired of gazing upon the azure expanse, or of listening to the surge as it beats upon the rocks. There is a sort of loneliness along this road, which seems to deepen the murmur of the waves, and which inclines the traveller to seek what Byron calls companionship with the great objects of nature.

In our rambles through the town, we witnessed one of those pictures, which are but too common in this country. A company of perhaps fifty females were employed in carrying baskets of sand upon their heads, to mend the road, while a large party of men, consisting probably of their husbands and brothers, were engaged in playing ball near by, and a group of priests and friars were looking on! In every part of the continent of Europe we have yet visited, woman is made the drudge of life, on whom all its servile offices devolve, reminding one of the aboriginal state of society in our own country. By the indolence or tyranny of the other sex, she is driven from her little sphere of domestic cares, and compelled to undergo toils fit only for beasts of burden. Even in France, polished, gallant France, the land of chivalry and love, ten thousand instances of the degradation and slavery of females strike the mind of the traveller with indignation.

We left San Remo at daylight the next morning, and pursued our journey along the shores of the Mediterranean, through numerous little white villages, which stud the coast, and render it extremely picturesque, contrasted with the long tracts

of olives at the foot of the Alps, and the unpeopled solitudes to the north. The scenery during our ride this forenoon assumed a bolder and wilder character, the valleys becoming less fertile, and the mountains more savage, often terminating upon the sea in abrupt crags of lime-stone. Half a dozen torrents were crossed, which open in deep gorges from the hills, and at certain seasons are swept by impetuous floods. The broad, rocky channels, strewed with the ruins of the mountains, prove that this district, mild as the climate now was, is sometimes scourged by the elements.

The asperities of this route, and the mode of conveyance to which travellers are obliged to resort, seemed sufficiently arduous for the rougher sex, and it occasioned in us not a little surprise to find, that ladies are sometimes sufficiently adventurous to encounter the difficulties of the way. Between Port Maurice and Oneglia, we overtook a well dressed and genteel looking woman, who appeared to be an Italian, mounted on horse-back, with a cavalier and a train of servants behind. She however so far dispensed with female delicacy, as to assume that posture upon the saddle, which she deemed the most secure; and her looks did not indicate, that she was at all conscious of any impropriety, in planting a foot in each stirrup.

From the brow of Monte Diana, a lofty promontory round which the path winds, some miles beyond Oneglia, we had a first and most splendid view of the Apennines, across the Gulf of Genoa, at the distance of eighty or a hundred miles. The long range was visible from the head of the Gulf to a point which our guide thought must be as far south as Florence. Their lofty summits were covered with snow, and almost exactly resembled white, fleecy clouds reposing in the verge of the horizon. A more magnificent prospect can scarcely be imagined, than was afforded by this interminable chain of mountains, awakening the historical associations and the classic dreams of boyhood;—the dim line of coast stretching at their bases;—the deep azure sea spreading on this side; and the whole picture brightened by the unclouded splendours of noon-day. Under the cliffs many hundred feet beneath us, numerous vessels were seen, spreading their white sails to the breeze, and journeying on to different ports. Among these was a brig-of-war, constituting something like the tenth part of the naval force of his Sardinian Majesty.

Passing the villages of Longuella and Allassio, perched upon the acclivities of the Alps, we descended just at evening into the Vale of Albenga, which is the largest traversed on this route, and is watered by a considerable stream. It is four or five miles wide, where it opens upon the sea; and the eye is enabled to follow its windings for a long distance to the left, till it is lost among the hills. Several small villages, each of which shows a steeple or two, are seated along the sides of the vale, presenting a charming picture of happy rusticity and rural quiet. The formation of the hills is here a reddish sand-stone, and nothing can surpass either the fertility of the soil or the exactness of the tillage. Fields resembling extensive gardens for many miles border upon the road, and produce corn, wine, and fruits in abundance. The peasantry were just returning from their daily labours, bearing the implements of husbandry, with cheerful and contented faces; while the smiling landscape bore witness to their honest industry. At the outlet of the vale, stands the town of Albenga, which is one of the most considerable upon the coast, and the seat of a Bishop.*

We had hoped to reach Finale to-day, where good accommodations are to be had; but a heavy shower, which poured in torrents, and the approach of night compelled us to seek lodgings at a miserable dirty tavern in the little village of Pietro. We were drenched to the skin, and the only fire to be had was a pan of charcoals, the fumes of which poisoned the air of the small chambers. So despatching our supper,

* The romantic region about Albenga, and indeed the whole coast between Nice and Genoa, appears to have been, in the middle ages, the scene of chivalrous adventures, which the natural features of the district are so well calculated to inspire. Vaqueiras, a valiant Knight and Troubadour, who accompanied the Marquis of Montferrat to the Holy Land, in the fourth Crusade, thus recounts, in one of the rhapsodies addressed to his patron, a high achievement which was performed by them, between Finale and Albenga, on their way back from Palestine to Provence, at the commencement of the 13th century:

"Do you remember," says he, "the Jongleur Aimonet, who brought you news of Jacobina, when she was on the point of being carried into Sardinia, and married to a man she disliked? Do you also remember how, on bidding you farewell, she threw herself into your arms, and besought you, in such moving terms, to protect her against the injustice of her uncle? You immediately ordered five of your bravest esquires to mount. We rode all night, after supper. With my own hand I bore her from the domain, amidst an universal outcry. They pursued us, horse and foot; we fled, at full speed; and we already thought ourselves out of danger, when we were attacked by the knights of Pisa. With so many cavaliers pressing close

consisting of a boiled egg, and a dish of poor coffee drunk out of a tumbler, we hurried to bed as soon as possible to keep warm. On peeping from the window next morning, a tin sign was seen dangling in front labelled with the words "*Locanda l'Americain!*" an odd compound of Italian and French, to designate the American Hotel. It is difficult to see what should induce the good lady to pay such a compliment to our country, unless it be from her vicinity to the birth-place of Columbus.

Early on the morning of the 23d, we persued our journey from Pietro, through scenery rugged, waste, and wild, with the misty tops of the mountains above us on the left, and the sea, agitated by storms during the night, thundering in upon the rocks far below us on the right. Bright skies and sunny glades had suddenly vanished; and in doubling the tremendous promontories of naked rock, projecting into the Gulf of Genoa, we were pelted with bleak winds and rain from the snowy tops of the Alps. The town of Finale has an appropriate name; for it appears to be at the end of the world.* It is cradled between two mountains, along the crags of which the path runs, whence the eye looks down a precipice

upon us, so many shields glittering around us, and so many banners waving in the wind, you need not ask us whether we were afraid. We concealed ourselves between Albenga and Finale, and, from the place of our retreat, we heard on all sides the sounds of horn and clarion, and the signal cries of pursuit. Two days we remained, without meat or drink, and when on the third day, we recommenced our journey, we encountered twelve banditti, and we knew not how to conduct ourselves; for to attack them on horseback was impossible. I dismounted, and advanced against them on foot. I was wounded by a lance; but I disabled three or four of my opponents, and put the rest to flight. My companions then came to my assistance; we drove the robbers from the defile, and you passed in safety. You, no doubt, recollect, how merrily we dined together, although we had only a single loaf to eat, and nothing to drink. In the evening we arrived at Nice, and were received by our friend Puicclair with transports of joy. The next day you gave Jacobina in marriage to Anselmo, and recovered for him his county of Ventimiglia, in spite of his uncle, who endeavoured to despoil him of it."—*Sismondi's Literature of the South of Europe*, Vol. I. p. 97.

* Sir James Edward Smith performed the journey from Port Maurice to Finale on foot, treading precipices, wading through torrents, and sweetening his coarse fare by exercise. "No part of my whole tour," he remarks, "has left a more pleasing impression than this walk. Traversing these majestic cliffs, among groves of olive and carob trees, and thickets of oleander and myrtle,

'I felt as free as Nature first made man,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.'

of more than a thousand feet, upon the little vale and village below. The descent of this mountain seemed hardly possible, before it was undertaken, and quite impossible, on looking back upon the serpentine path winding down the cliffs. Poor Sardo's mettle was never more severely put to the test, than in sliding down these declivities on one side, and in climbing the paved path on the other. The latter is actually so steep, that ribs are placed transversely to furnish steps and foot-hold for the animals. In many places, this rude terrace, hanging upon the cliffs, is so narrow, that two horses cannot pass abreast. Happening to meet an Englishman this morning, we were all obliged to dismount, and there was as much manœuvring to get by, as between two boats upon a canal. Sardo was a stubborn rogue, not very courteous in his manners, and would turn aside for no man.

Between Finale and Noli, the country becomes still more broken and savage in its aspect. The Alps here push their lofty, dark, and craggy precipices into the Gulf, forming for many miles a series of bleak headlands, and an iron-bound shore. Round these enormous piles of rock, the path, even in its present rude state, has been opened at an immense expense. It is often nothing more than a gallery hewn from the cliffs, hundreds of feet above the water, and frequently shelving, so that the traveller hears the sea beating and thundering beneath his feet with a grandeur absolutely terrific. In one place, the road pierces a precipice for the distance of several hundred yards, forming a magnificent arch thirty feet high and twenty wide. The excavation must have been the work of years. I am sure that no part of the Simplon can surpass the grandeur of this gallery, with a superincumbent mass of rocks rising to the height of a thousand feet above the arch, and the waves lashing the base in the abyss below. The path winding round these frightful bluffs is perfectly desolate and solitary. Not a habitation of any kind is to be seen, and even the aspiring olive ceases to clothe the hills. Here and there the *gens d'armes* of his Sardinian Majesty

His account of the country between Nice and Genoa is decidedly the best I have seen. Indeed the observations of all other tourists, which have come to my knowledge, are extremely meagre, unworthy of one of the most romantic districts I have ever visited. Most travellers, who have entered Italy by this route, alarmed at the reputed dangers and difficulties of a passage over the Maritime Alps, have injudiciously taken a felucca at Nice, and traversed the coast to Genoa by water, thereby losing one of the finest portions of Italian scenery, for the sake of avoiding a few inconveniences,

are found stationed along the road, just in sufficient numbers to remind one of danger. A line of them extends from Nice to Genoa. They are armed with muskets, and guard the most unfrequented passes night and day. They do not generally manifest a remarkable degree of vigilance. In some instances, we saw them sheltering themselves from the wind and rain under the rocks, and in others, basking in the sun, sleeping upon their posts with their guns by their sides. It becomes us, however, to speak well of them, as they neither molested us themselves, nor permitted others to molest us.

At Noli the road becomes passable with carriages to Genoa; but as the charges for coaches are exorbitant, and the gentle pace of our ponies was by no means fatiguing, we concluded to retain them as far as Savone. The situation of Noli resembles that of Finale. It stands upon the seashore, at the mouth of a deep gorge opening from the Alps, and secluded from the rest of the world by an amphitheatre of mountains. The town is inhabited almost exclusively by fishermen, who once formed a little Republic, with barren hills and a waste of waters for their only dominions. In the character of the scenery, one may yet trace the elements of their hardy enterprise, independence, and freedom. The head of the Gulf of Genoa, exposed as it is to sudden and violent storms from the mountains which surround it, assumes a sterner aspect than the seas that bathe the sunny shores in the vicinity of Nice, and is well fitted for a nursery of hardy seamen, accustomed from infancy to buffet winds and waves to gain a scanty subsistence. In our ride along the rocks of Noli this morning, we saw the little boats of these fishermen dancing fearlessly among the billows, which ran so high as often to conceal them in the trough of the sea. Such men, habitually familiar with hardships and dangers, with few wants, an equality of wealth, and no luxuries to soften and corrupt, became naturally republicans, arriving at freedom and independence as a consequence of their habits, rather than as the result of any deliberate plans of policy. It is much easier for the character of a nation to create and sustain free institutions, than for those institutions themselves to create a free people. This remark is strikingly illustrated by the history of our own Republic and of the French Revolution.

We reached the large town of Savone at about noon, and

after taking some refreshments at a hotel, where the landlord and waiters seemed more hungry and voracious than ourselves, we set out immediately in the Diligence for Genoa; a distance of something more than forty miles. The road is excellent, made at a great expense on terraces, by the side of the sea, which it often overhangs, with one or two arched galleries, like that above described. It traverses many small villages, rising along the shore, presenting picturesque views at a distance, but mean and dirty on a nearer inspection. The number of white steeples, everywhere seen on the route from Nice, contributes largely to the romantic beauty of the scenery. In descending into one of the retired vales, embosomed in the Alps, I counted not less than twelve or fifteen in sight at one time, though the whole population probably did not exceed as many hundreds. The people of this district appear to be extremely religious, industrious, yet poor, small in stature, rough in dress and appearance, but mild and inoffensive in manners. In our ride this afternoon, we met thousands of the peasantry flocking to the churches to celebrate one of their great festivals. The females all wore upon their heads a sort of hood, composed among the higher classes of white muslin or lace, and among the lower orders, of counterpane or calico. It is bound tight about the head, and descends gracefully upon the shoulders, somewhat like the costume of the ancient Vestal Virgins. The first group we met, dressed in this way, were taken for nuns, as the white drapery, without hats or ornaments of any kind, give to the face a pale and demure look, like that of the holy sisterhood. Subsequent observation proved, that this meek and comely article of dress, so far from being confined to the cloisters of a convent, is the universal costume of Genoese females.

At 6 o'clock, on a bright afternoon, after crossing the beds of one or two tremendous torrents, which sweep down from the Bochetta, and after passing the splendid *taubourg* of San Pierre d'Arena, bordered by the sea on one side, and palaces and gardens on the other, we doubled a bold promontory, round which the road winds, whence the city and harbour of Genoa all at once burst fully upon our view. The colossal, picturesque tower, used as a light-house, rising to a giddy height from the crags at the extremity of this high bluff—the two immense moles jutting out from either shore, and nearly interlocking the port—the blue waters of the basin, covered

with vessels riding at anchor, and enlivened by the busy din of commerce—the town itself, in all its architectural grandeur, lifting its domes and battlements in the form of an amphitheatre round the harbour—the lofty semi-circular ridges of the Apennines, overhanging the city, with their green acclivities sprinkled with white buildings—presented a magnificent panorama, gilded at the moment of our entrance with the beams of the setting sun. A more advantageous and prepossessing picture of Genoa, splendid as its outlines are, could not have been presented from any quarter, as our subsequent rambles evinced: nor was our ride along the terrace skirting the harbour, and thence beneath the ancient barrier, through Strada Balbi, the finest street in the city, calculated to weaken our first impressions. Half a dozen Genoese gentlemen in the coach, who had said little during the afternoon, appeared to feel a just degree of local pride in pointing out for the admiration of strangers the magnificence of their city; and after entering the faubourg San Pierre d'Arena, scarcely an object of interest was permitted to escape our attention, till our arrival at the Hotel de Yorck, nearly in the centre of the town. At one moment we glided rapidly under the arched ramparts, and at another by the palace of Andrew Doria; now in front of the pillared courts of the University, or along the magnificent façade of the Durazzo. In a word, the whole street is lined with palaces, and in architectural grandeur and beauty can scarcely be surpassed.

Every circumstance conspired on the day of our arrival to give us an exaggerated idea of Genoese splendour. On entering the Hotel, we found that even *that* had been a palace, columns, saloons, and some of the paintings of which still remained. From the windows of our chambers, the eye surveys other ranges of handsome buildings, bordering upon the Piazza Annunziata, and forming a continuation of the Strada Balbi. But the Hotel de Yorck possesses attractions of more importance to the traveller, than its fine situation, or its claim to the honour of having once been the residence of Genoese nobility. A Swiss emigrant has fitted it up in the neatest style with carpets and other fire-side comforts; and it is without exception the best, as well as one of the cheapest hotels we have found upon the continent. By an odd coincidence, the waiter appointed to attend us had passed two or three years of his life in Pearl-street, New-York, in making macaroni.

LETTER XLVIII.

SKETCH OF GENOA—PRINCIPAL STREETS—ASPECT OF THE TOWN
—HARBOUR—MOLES AND DEFENCES—ROYAL NAVY—ARRIVAL
OF THE KING—PALACES—PAINTINGS.

March, 1826.—On the morning after our arrival, a valet-de-place was procured to take us the ordinary rounds, and show us the wonders of the town with all convenient despatch. The first hour's walk satisfied us, that the finest part of Genoa had already been seen. Strada Nuova and Strada Nuovissima are in the same style of magnificence as the Strada Balbi, with which they are connected, opening a wide and superb passage through nearly the whole extent of the city, bordered on both sides by long façades of palaces, three or four stories high, and enriched with the several orders of Grecian architecture. If a stranger should merely ride through these three streets, and make his exit without farther examination, he would suppose Genoa to be one of the most splendid places in the world. But the moment you depart either to the right or left of this broad and beautiful avenue, you are lost in an inextricable labyrinth of crooked, dark, dirty lanes, lined with gloomy buildings, four, five, or six stories high, often nearly meeting at top, utterly excluding the rays of the sun, and almost the light of day. A mere belt of the blue heavens is discernible from the depth of these fissures in fair weather; but when the skies are overcast, the gloom is intolerable.

The width of these streets, if such they may be called, does not generally exceed six or eight feet, a considerable part of which is occupied by incumbrances before the shops and boutiques. They are of course too narrow for carriages, if the steepness of the hills on which Genoa is built did not preclude such a mode of conveyance. At any rate, from one or the other of the two causes, there is scarcely a street in the city, with the exception of the three above named, through which a coach or cart can pass. The consequence is, that the labour generally performed by dumb beasts here devolves in a great measure upon human beings,

Donkies are sometimes put in requisition ; but in most cases, men and women themselves stoop to the burden, carrying enormous loads, and presenting the most abject and revolting pictures of servitude. At one time you see gangs of galley-slaves, chained together, with their irons clanking upon the pavements, attended by drivers, and staggering under loads, which humane masters would not impose upon brutes : at another time, two men, (often infirm, grey-headed, old men, their limbs trembling with age,) are seen bearing a sedan chair, in which is seated perhaps some bloated nobleman, some lazy ecclesiastic, or wealthy dandy, who is afraid of soiling his pumps and silk stockings. I have seen, not without feelings of indignation and disgust, the King himself, together with his royal spouse and court panders, borne about the streets of Genoa, in processions, by the degenerate, degraded descendants of Andrew Doria, and his high-spirited republicans !

With the view of obtaining a more accurate knowledge of the outlines of the city, we made the entire circuit of the Harbour, which is one of the finest imaginable, except that its entrance is too much exposed to the south-westerly winds. It was embosomed naturally by ranges of the Apennines, sweeping round it, and terminating in two high capes, inclining towards each other, as they project into the Gulf. To these natural defences against the winds and waves, have been added gigantic works of art, worthy of the enterprising spirit, which characterised the Republic at the period of their construction. From the two bluffs forming the chops of the channel, immense moles composed of consolidated masses of rock, and impregnable to the sea which at times beats against them with violence, have been extended towards each other, so as to leave an entrance of moderate breadth, though still deemed too wide for the stormy character of this part of the Mediterranean.

Besides these colossal barriers, another rampart of solid masonry, thirty or forty feet in height, pierced at the bottom with numerous large arches communicating with the town, and wide enough at the top for two or three persons to walk abreast, sweeps more than half way round the port. In winter it forms the principal promenade of the citizens, being guarded by walls on the summit, open to the sun, sheltered by the long ranges of buildings on one side, and bordered on the other by the shipping in the harbour. At the time of our

visit, the vernal sun was by no means ungrateful in the fickle and rather inhospitable climate of Genoa, exposed as it is to bleak winds from the Alps and Apennines; and this walk, although it presented nothing rural save the nursling plants and flowers sunning themselves in the windows of the houses, was often selected for exercise, instead of the confined, gloomy alleys of the town. The thoroughfare at the base of the wall on the left, or the shifting panorama of the port on the right, always presented something new for observation. Midway stands a long range of buildings appropriated to what is called the Franc Port. They are all numbered, kept under lock and key, and rigidly guarded by public officers. By a singular regulation, females, ecclesiastics, and the military, are allowed in no case to enter, and all other persons are prohibited, except on special business. Here merchandise may be deposited for any length of time, and reshipped free of duty, the proprietor merely paying for the storage. Many of the warehouses are owned by foreigners, and others rented by the government. This establishment is said to have conduced greatly to the commercial prosperity of Genoa. In the same neighbourhood are the barracks, spacious enough to accommodate two thousand troops.

At the junction of this terrace with the ancient mole, we embarked in a boat, and completed the circuit of the harbour, gliding among the large quantities of shipping riding at anchor in the basin. Out of several hundred vessels, great and small, not a single American deck was to be seen, and the boatman thought there was not then one in port, although our commerce with this place is at times considerable. Most of the shipping in the harbour appeared to be coasters, though some fifty foreign vessels were lying at Quarantine, near the Light-House. There has been a sad decline in commercial prosperity since the proud days of the Republic.

One of the finest views of Genoa is obtained from the water, midway between the two moles, at the entrance of the port; and to this point the boatman was requested to conduct us, where our little bark rode delightfully upon the smooth azure swells rolling in from the Gulf. The position is in the centre of the amphitheatre of hills, at the base and on the acclivities of which the city is built. Nothing can be more picturesque and magnificent, than the crescent of white edifices, crowned with domes and turrets, encircling the port with a graceful curve, and climbing stage above

stage up the verdant sides of the Apennines, often so steep as to require flights of steps in ascending from one street to another. Overtopping the whole, are seen the ramparts of the city, flanked with towers and fortresses, extending for the distance of eight or ten miles over the summits of the mountains. Several chateaux, churches, and convents are perched upon the heights; but a considerable part of the area enclosed by the outer walls is a waste of rocks and uncultivated fields. The town itself is not more than four or five miles in circuit, containing about 80,000 inhabitants. Such a charming picture presented itself to view from this point, the distance concealing all meaner features in the streets and houses, that some reluctance was felt to dissolve the enchantment by again approaching the shore.

On debarking from this excursion, an effort was made to visit the Royal Navy-Yard, which was open to the passage of groups of galley slaves; but a brace of sentinels stationed at the gate thrust us back in a rude manner, informing us that a special permit emanating from his majesty was indispensable. Our principal object was to see the beak of a Roman ship, said to be here deposited; but the trouble and delay of suing for a royal passport induced us to abandon a second trial for admission. The naval force of this potent monarch, who by the grace of the Holy Alliance, is lord of a portion of the Alps and of the Isles of the Mediterranean, consists of some ten or fifteen ships of war, the largest of which is a frigate. Its magnitude, however, far transcends its uses to the state. The only powder it burns is wasted in birth-day salutes, on the festivals of the Virgin, or in honour of the arrival or departure of the royal family.

I was not a little amused with the uproar which this formidable armament, snugly moored under the lee of the moles, created on the great occasion of the arrival of the king and his court from his good city of Turin, which divides his affections and favours with Genoa, each in turn being blest with his royal presence. On the glorious day of his return to the embraces of his second love, the navy of his Majesty was for four hours in a blaze, and the roar of cannon echoed through the deepest recesses of the Alps and the Apennines. To the din of broadsides, were added the merry peals of bells, with the accompaniments of drums and bugles, the rattling of carriages and the trampling of steeds. All the marmots of the hills and the anchovies upon the coast must have

been astounded. Certain it is, that the whole town was in commotion. As fate would have it, a violent gust of wind and rain descended simultaneously with the king from the heights of the Bochetta ; but he thundered on in his coach and six upon the full gallop, unceremoniously leaving the procession of courtiers who went to meet him, far in the rear, and without a salutation, the windows of his carriage being closed. We had a glance at him and his family, as they alighted at the gates of the Palace, and took sedans to go to church, for the purpose of offering up their prayers in public. This trifling event produced as strong a sensation and as much parade, as if another Doria had set the nation free.

So numerous are the Palaces of Genoa, that I am as much at a loss how to dispose of them to advantage, as have been some of their noble, bankrupt proprietors, since the sad reverses of their fortunes and the unhappy revolutions of their country. The continuous façades of these gorgeous piles, stretching along both sides of the Strada Balbi, Nuova, and Nuovissima, have perhaps justly called forth the admiration of all travellers, even after having seen the rest of Italy. Eustace prefers them to the same description of edifices at Naples, Rome, or Florence. Lady Morgan, in one of the poetic, truth-stretching flights of her imagination, converts them into ruins and gilds them with moon-beams. The author of *Corinne*, the romantic, grandiloquent Corinne, during her residence at this place, used to say that these three streets, "seemed to have been built for a congress of kings;" a most ungallant compliment by the bye to the quondam republicans of Genoa.

There are not less than forty palaces upon the lists of the valets-de-place ; and in the eagerness of novices, who had just entered upon the routine of sight-seeing at the threshold of Italy, we went the rounds of nearly the whole number, sweeping indiscriminately whatever fell in our way. But let not my readers recoil with the apprehension, that I am about to conduct them through desolate corridors, over acres of tiled floors, stuccoed walls, and frescoed ceilings. The American motto of "*e pluribus unum*" must be my guide in speaking of the multifarious works of art in Italy.

The most interesting of the Genoese palaces, as well from its position as from its associations, is that of the Prince D'Oria Panfili, once the residence of Andrew Doria, the Liberator of his country ; of Charles the Vth during his visit

to Genoa ; and subsequently of Napoleon, who seems to have been the last imperial tenant of its shattered walls. From the contagion and odium of his name, perhaps, with the present legitimate proprietor, who is high in the favour of his Holiness the Pope, being Secretary of the Papal State, and who has emigrated to Mount Janiculum at Rome, it has been suffered to fall into its ruinous condition, and will probably never be repaired. It is delightfully situated, without the gate of St. Thomas, on the avenue leading to the Lighthouse along which it extends 600 feet, at the very base of the Apennines, rising with inaccessible acclivities to the north. The other façade looks immediately upon the city, the port, and the sea—upon that city which the patriot chief had emancipated, and upon that element, amidst the storms and perils of which he had acquired his renown. Between the Palace and the Harbour, there is barely room for a garden, against the terraces of which the waves beat and echo through deserted halls. A few mutilated and weather-beaten statues about the fountain, over which Andrew Doria once presided in the character of Neptune—a few evergreens bordering untrodden alleys, with here and there a flower left to spring and bloom without culture, are the only remains of former splendour. But even in ruins, this Palace possesses a charm beyond any of its splendid rivals ; and while impatience hurried us through gilded saloons, we lingered long in the dilapidated arcades of the Doria. It was originally finished and ornamented in a style of much greater simplicity than any of its neighbours. Two Doric columns adorn its unassuming entrance. Its decorations were suited to the character of its illustrious tenant. On its ceilings were portrayed the triumphs of Scipio, the shipwreck of Æneas, and the wars of Jove with the Titans. Along the side of the mountain, and above the road, ran a terrace 250 feet in length, and covered at top, designed for a walk in unpleasant weather. This also is in ruins. In a word, this neglected edifice furnishes too striking an emblem of the wreck of that country, which the prowess of the hero set free, as well as of the family who inherit his name, without any of his patriotism and public virtue.

The Ducal Palace ranks next in point of interest, having been the residence of the Doges and the seat of the Senate for several centuries. It stands upon one of the public squares, in the heart of the city, and presents a lofty, majestic front, enriched with three orders of architecture, the basement being Doric, the second story Ionic, and the third

Corinthian, which may be considered the happiest combination, proceeding from strength to beauty. Severe criticism might perhaps deem the façade too much broken, and too much loaded with ornament, especially for a public building of this description, which ought to be characterized by a noble simplicity. The vestibule supported by eighty columns of marble, and the stair-way mounting by a magnificent flight of steps, from a suitable entrance to the great hall of the Senate, which is 150 feet in length, 60 in breadth, and 70 in height. Round its walls are niches filled with statues, which are all draped with white linen. Here the Senate and the Doge convened to enact laws for the Republic, till Napoleon entered and prorogued the body *sine die*. An anecdote is told of the French, which I was unwilling to believe, but which appears to be well authenticated—that on their approach to this venerable pile, they threw down and dashed to pieces a statue of Andrew Doria, which stood on the area in front of the Palace! Adjoining the great hall is another apartment designed for consultation, less grand in its dimensions, though not less elegantly finished than the other. Before the great fire of 1777, by which the building was nearly destroyed, its decorations were suited to the dignity of the edifice. The naval achievements of the Republic; its victories over the Pisans; its chivalrous deeds in the East; and the landing of its own Columbus in the New World, were delineated upon the walls. These ornaments have as far as practicable been restored; but the charm which time and association impart, is in a great measure dissolved.

The Palaces of Genoa are generally uniform in their outlines, two, three and four stories high, including the attics, with spacious courts and sometimes a garden, a profusion of marble pillars in the best taste, and almost always superb flights of steps, leading often to dirty, dark, and desolate suites of apartments, inhabited by any body but noblemen, and exhibiting any thing but neatness or comfort. The largest of these proud structures is the Durazzo, the front of which stretches between three and four hundred feet along the Strada Balbi, and presenting one of the richest façades I have ever seen. One evening during our visit, it was illuminated with coloured lamps, exhibiting a spectacle brilliant beyond description. Its portals are adorned with four Doric pillars of white marble, and the court and stair-way can scarcely be surpassed in magnificence.

Out of the number of palaces to which the valet-de-place conducted us in rapid succession, I select for a more particular notice the Brignole, called by way of distinction the Palais Rouge, on account of its exterior being painted of a palish red colour. In this selection I am governed less by the grandeur of its proportions, the beauty of its architecture, and the splendour of its apartments, than by its gallery of paintings, which is one of the richest and most extensive in Genoa. It is of a square form fronting upon the Strada Nuova. Its porch is adorned with fourteen Doric pillars of white marble, and its broad flight of steps is of the same material. The collection of pictures fills *twenty-one* rooms, and embraces some of the finest productions of the great Italian masters.

Instead of pursuing the safe and beaten track of other tourists, in designating the most remarkable and the most interesting of such a multitude, I shall adopt the more hazardous course of attempting a sort of analysis of the gallery, which may be taken as a sample of the other collections at Genoa, and of offering some general remarks upon the nature of the subjects rather than upon the works themselves. For a perfect novice in *virtu*, educated in what a European at least would consider the wilds of America, unschooled in the fine arts, and making not the slightest pretensions to the taste of a connoisseur, to venture upon such topics at the threshold of Italy may manifest no small degree of presumption and hardihood. But what is the use of travelling, if one dares not observe, think, and speak for himself?

Out of the two hundred articles in this collection, there are but three historical pictures, and half a dozen pieces of landscape, none of which have the remotest relation to the splendid scenery or the eventful story of the country. With the exception of a group of family portraits, chiefly by Vandyke, and here and there a head by other artists, all the rest are illustrative of the religion of the Church of Rome, and of the scarcely less elevated system of the Heathen Mythology, upon which the former in many instances seems to have been ingrafted. The gallery contains not less than twenty copies of the Madonna and her child, in all possible attitudes, with saints, martyrs, and miracle-workers without number. If the artists had confined themselves to illustrations of appropriate passages of the Holy Scriptures, the beautiful

productions of their pencils might have tended to instruct as well as delight mankind. But their imaginations have waned in unrestricted licentiousness; and instead of elevating the feelings and affections of mortals to the skies, they have too often dragged religion down to earth, and, like the fables of the ancient poets, mingled gods with men. Not only have they attempted to portray the Virgin, giving her perhaps the features of some favourite mistress, with angels hovering around in the guise of Cupids; not only have they ventured to represent the Holy Ghost in a material form, and the Saviour in all his divine ministrations, from the cradle to the cross, efforts sufficiently bold for the delineations of the pencil; but they have dared to approach the throne of the Eternal Father himself, and to clothe him with human attributes. One of the descriptions of the gallery has the following familiar designation: "*Le Pere Eternel avec l'Enfant Jesus, du Guercino da Cento*;" and you see an attempted image of the Deity and the Son of God, in the shape of a bearded old man dandling and caressing his child, while some flippant cicerone speaks with the same lightness of the costume, expression, or colouring, as in criticising a neighbouring Venus or Bacchus. However high may be the conceptions of the artist, his pencil must necessarily degrade such a subject; and the spectator turns away with horror and disgust. If the fine arts are ever destined to flourish in our own country, I hope they may never assume this familiarity with sacred subjects, but leave religion, as it now is, all intellectual and spiritual, incapable of being represented by sensible objects, without at the same time being debased.

In examining this and other collections of pictures, another violation of correct taste, in the choice of subjects, struck me as equally obvious. Descriptive poetry, painting, and scenic representations are kindred arts; and to each the same great principles of criticism will apply. In reading an epic, in listening to a tragedy, or in contemplating a picture, a state of the mind called *ideal presence* is supposed to exist; and no scene or object can with propriety be introduced, which would shock or disgust a *real* spectator. This rule is almost as old as the arts themselves, and as fixed as it can be rendered by the highest classical authorities. Vulgar curiosity alone can be delighted with atrocious spectacles and representations of brutal violence, however tragical they may be.

Let us for a moment apply these principles to numerous pictures found in this and every other gallery at Genoa, as well as in all the churches. In one group, are St. Sebastian with the arrows piercing his naked body ; by Guido—St. Thomas thrusting his hand into the bleeding wounds of the Saviour ; by Cappucino—Cato running a sword through his own body ; by Guercino. As if one copy of this last were not sufficient, a duplicate is found in another part of the collection. Again, you find Judith in an air of triumph presenting to a slave the reeking head of Holofernes, which she has just dissevered, and which she grasps by the clotted hair ; from the pencil of Paul Veronese—A man holding serpents in his hands ; by Manfredi—Cleopatra with the asp fastened on her naked bosom, and her features distorted with the agonies of death ; by Guercino—The scourging of the Saviour, with the blood streaming from his back ; by Castello. In short, these images of unnatural crimes and savage cruelties meet you at every turn. Now, to bring these works to the test—would any of the above spectacles be tolerated upon the stage, before a refined audience ? How has Mr. Addison disposed of this same Cato ? He makes him perpetrate the bloody deed in the seclusion of his own closet, and when the news of the shocking catastrophe is brought to Lucius, he very properly exclaims :

“ Oh Portius,
Hide all the horrors of thy mournful tale,
And let us guess the rest !”

But to bring the subject still more directly home to the feelings, would any person of ordinary taste willingly be an actual spectator of the scenes portrayed in any one of the above mentioned pictures ? and if not, how can he contemplate the delineation of them with complacency ? So far as the representation falls short of the reality, the painting is defective and fails in its object ; and so far as it approximates to the reality, it becomes shocking.

With regard to my own feelings, the foregoing objections are well grounded ; and almost the only pleasure derived from an examination of these splendid collections of pictures consisted in an admiration of the imitative powers and wonderful skill of the artists—a pleasure subordinate and mean in comparison with the ennobling sentiments inspired by the subject. Mr. Eustace in his classical Tour remarks, that

the history of Genoa abounds in poetical incidents, and he expresses his surprise that no native bards have arisen to weave them into song. With how much more propriety may this remark be applied to the kindred department of painting, in which Genoese artists, both in number and reputation, hold a respectable rank? But by a fault too common with men of genius, they have looked any where except at home for subjects, and wasted on Madonnas, saints, and martyrs, talents which ought to have been employed in illustrating the historical events and picturesque scenery of their own country. In the 12th century Genoa fitted out a fleet of forty galleys in the first Crusade, and one of its native citizens, Guillaume Embriaco, was Admiral of the whole naval armaments of Europe destined to the Holy Land. What a field is here open to the artist! Every incident in that expedition is the very essence of poetry and romance. The imagination might revel amidst the splendour and luxury of oriental manners, the battles and feasts of knights, and chivalrous deeds for glory or love. In the scarcely less romantic adventures of Columbus—in his embarkations and debarkations—in his interviews alternately with sovereigns and savages—his successes and reverses of fortune—his triumphs and his chains, the finest scenes are presented to the choice of the artist. To all these may be added the wars of the Genoese with the Goths, the Saracens, and the Venetians, together with the emancipation of the country in the 16th century, through the influence of Andrew Doria. Could subjects better adapted to the pencil be found in any country? and yet not a picture of the kind is to be met with in any of the galleries at Genoa; a dereliction not less from taste than from patriotism, which fills the stranger with surprise and regret.

The Serra Palace in the Strada Nuova, is such a perfect unique, and so remarkable for its sumptuousness, that it would be unpardonable to pass it over in utter silence. Two of the apartments in particular, the dining-room and saloon, are entirely peculiar in construction, and the luxury of the east can scarcely surpass them in splendour. They are the works of rival artists, the former by an Italian, and the latter by a Frenchman, who had the wealth of the Serra family at command, and squandered it without limitation. It is said that only one of these rooms, of the ordinary size, cost a million francs. Both are as rich as they can be rendered by gold and precious stones. In brilliancy the Frenchman has

far surpassed his Italian competitor, and the celebrated traveller Dupaty has not inappropriately termed this saloon *the Palace of the Sun*. The supplement to the French Encyclopedia has given drawings of all its sides, and pronounces the work unequalled by any thing of the kind, in the elegance of its proportions, the richness of its ornaments, its gildings, mirrors, chandeliers, tapestry, and other furniture. Between the fluted Corinthian pillars of Parian marble, embossed with massive gold, are placed sheets of mirror, forming the entire walls, and multiplying the splendid objects in the room a thousand times. On whichever side the spectator turns, his eye is absolutely dazzled and bewildered by the painful brilliancy of the spectacle. When the whole is lighted up by the numerous chandeliers, sparkling with rainbow hues, the degree of effulgence must be insupportable.

The last of the Genoese palaces, with which I shall trouble my readers, is in perfect contrast with the Serra. It belongs to the Marquis di Negro, and is seated on an eminence, near the ancient ramparts, commanding a delightful prospect of the city and harbour. Our principal object in visiting it was the spacious garden, laid out in the English style, filled with evergreens, shrubs, and plants, embellished with fountains, and adorned with busts of distinguished men. Over the entrance is an inscription in Latin, the purport of which is as follows:—"To the ambitious many things are wanting—God has satisfied the moderate wishes of di Negro." The sentiment contained in this motto and the simplicity, neatness, and taste, which this charming retirement displays, prepossessed us very strongly in favour of the proprietor, who is a literary gentleman, and has spent ten years of his life in travelling. He was absent at the time of our visit; but his quiet retreat, his library, and the poetical work on a religious subject, in which he is at present engaged, were shown to us by the gardener. These retired shades, elevated by the Apennines above the noise and bustle of the town, and consecrated to learned ease, present far stronger attractions than the gorgeous piles of the Strada Nuova.

LETTER XLIX.

GENOA CONTINUED—UNIVERSITY—HOSPITALS—CHURCHES—
CATHEDRAL—ST. MATHEW'S—ST. STEPHEN'S—ST. MARIA—
ANNUNZIATA—CEREMONIES OF HOLY WEEK—PUBLIC AMUSE-
MENTS—MANUFACTURES—ALBARO—BIRTH-PLACE OF CO-
LUMBUS.

April, 1826.—The University at Genoa occupies one of the most splendid palaces in the Strada Balbi, presenting a noble front to the street. It is three stories high, enriched with a suitable proportion of marble pillars. The portals are of the Tuscan order, guarded by two lions. A terrace on one side of the court, crowned with plants and flowers, gives the entrance a cheerful appearance. The apartments, though sufficiently spacious, by no means correspond with the exterior in grandeur. Their walls are hung with pictures all of a religious cast, and not very celebrated as specimens of the arts. A large library, rich in the various departments of learning, and a botanical garden, are among the appurtenances of the institution. The Janitor conducted us through the room appropriated to Natural Philosophy, and showed us the apparatus, tolerably complete; as also through the Museum of Natural History, which is small and unimportant compared with those of France. In short, the interior of the University contains few objects worthy of notice. The number of Professors is twenty-four—in the faculties of law and theology, four each; in the medical department, seven; and in the sciences and belles-letters, nine. Ample provision appears to be made at Genoa for public instruction. Besides the University, there is a Royal College; an Academy for architecture, painting and sculpture; a school for the deaf and dumb; and three public libraries. A gentleman to whom we took letters of introduction, and from whom we received every attention which hospitality could require, introduced us to a large Reading Room, containing the English and French papers, together with the periodicals and new publications, among which several from our own country were observed.

The charitable institutions of Genoa reflect the highest credit upon the humanity and munificence of its citizens. We visited the two principal Hospitals, the *Albergo de' Poveri* and the *Albergo Grande*, which in extent and arrangement call forth the unqualified admiration of the traveller. The former is situated without the old walls, in a sunny vale opening from the Apennines, and approached by a broad avenue, bordered with groves of ilex. It is a grand, but somewhat irregular pile of buildings, sufficiently spacious to accommodate 2200 persons. The vestibule is decorated with marble columns, and filled with the statues of some of the principal benefactors to the institution. In ascending the noble flight of steps, one would suppose he was entering the palace of a king, instead of a poor-house. Over the entrance are inscribed the words of Solomon, which were never quoted with more propriety—"Nor say there is no Providence." In the interior there is a pretty chapel, containing among other embellishments, the celebrated bas-relief in white marble of the Virgin supporting on her bosom the dead Saviour, by Michael Angelo, and reckoned among his finest productions. Nothing can exceed the affecting simplicity of the design, or the beauty of the execution. The present number of inmates in this Hospital, or rather Work-House, is 1700, of whom 500 are males, and 1200 females, chiefly young persons, who are here clothed, fed, and educated. They are employed in manufactures and the mechanic arts of various kinds. The superintendent conducted us through the long ranges of workshops, presenting a pretty scene of cheerful industry.

The Grand Hospital is upon a still more extended scale. Its dimensions are something like 400 feet square, being the largest building in the city. Its architecture is of the Doric order, simple, grand, and beautiful. These edifices are all the works of the Republic. Seventy-five full length statues of its benefactors, and numerous busts are among its decorations. It is appropriated entirely to the sick of both sexes. Large as the establishment is, the wards were all filled, and exhibited an air of neatness and comfort. Iron bedsteads contribute greatly to its cleanliness. Its extensive pharmacy is open to the city, and the profits arising from the sale of medicine are appropriated towards defraying the expenses of the institution. Besides these two immense establishments, Genoa contains a hospital for incurables, and two houses of

refuge for females, where they are trained to habits of industry, and employed chiefly in the manufacture of artificial flowers. In short, I have seen few cities where more ample provision has been made for the poor, and it may be added, few cities stand more in need of such charities.

The churches of Genoa are not less numerous and splendid than the palaces. Religious enthusiasm and a faith beyond all others fond of outward pomp have consecrated to holy purposes the trophies of war, and much of the wealth accumulated by a lucrative trade. At the time most of these edifices were erected, the Genoese had acquired the ascendancy in the Mediterranean, and pushed their commerce to every part of its shores. Their ships returned laden with the spoils of the east—with the marbles and precious stones of Greece, Egypt, and Africa, together with a taste for oriental splendour. Public munificence vied with private zeal in raising temples, shrines and altars, better suited to the oracles of the Delphic god, or the divinity at Ephesus, than to the meek and lowly religion of the Redeemer. The same spirit still exists, without the same wealth to support it, and the consequence is, that the slender resources of the community are exhausted in the maintenance of a showy faith. A poor woman who begs a sous at the door of the sanctuary, instead of appropriating it to feed her starving children, will perhaps cast it at the feet of the first image to which she kneels, as a contribution towards buying a new tiara, or a new set of ribbons for the Virgin, who it must always be remembered is the great object of worship, not to say of idolatry, in Italy.

We visited perhaps a majority of the forty churches at Genoa, of which a few only will be selected for notice. The first in point of ecclesiastical importance is the Cathedral, called by way of distinction *Il Duomo*. It is a Gothic structure covered on the outside with black and white marble, in wide alternate stripes, giving it a fantastic appearance, and to my taste destroying all the grandeur which its colossal proportions would otherwise produce. Misshapen, spiral columns, add to the deformity of the exterior. The inside exhibits a compound of meanness and splendour. Superb pillars of Parian marble rise along the nave, and chapels and altars glittering with gold and with gems, extend on all sides round the walls. Most of the ornaments are tawdry, and some of them ludicrous. Near the entrance, a statue of a saint stared

us in the face, wearing a cardinal's hat made of wood! The ordinary crowns for the images of the Virgin and her child, (for both are uniformly invested with badges of royalty,) are of tin, sometimes washed with silver. Their waxen or wooden faces are generally daubed with rouge, and their persons bedizzened with all the finery imaginable—embroidered petticoats, silks, laces, furbelows, rings, beads, and trinkets of every description. Such trumpery is often mingled with the pictures and statues by the first Italian masters.

In the Cathedral we found little to admire, though much to dazzle. It was brilliantly lighted up at noon day, and crowds were kneeling on the Mosaic pavement, before the altars, while the priesthood, clad in gorgeous robes, were busy in burning incense and muttering their prayers. We observed a group of people collected round a little crucifix, which was stretched upon the floor, and to which they in turn knelt, kissing the forehead, hands, and feet, as well as the wounds of this rude image of the bleeding Saviour. The picture was affecting, and of too serious a character to excite any other feelings than compassion for such mistaken notions of piety.

Among the relics of the Cathedral is the celebrated *Calino*, or emerald dish out of which tradition says that the Saviour ate the pascal lamb with his Disciples. It was brought from the Holy Land by Guillaume Embriaco, as one of the spoils of the first Crusade. When the French took possession of Genoa, Napoleon sent it to Paris, to undergo an analysis by the Institute. Lady Morgan states, that it was found to be composed of glass. Since the restoration of the Bourbons, this sacred relic has been returned to the church, but it is now kept out of sight.

We went to the church of St. Mathew, to see the tomb of Andrew Doria. A young priest lighted a flambeau, and conducted us down a flight of steps into the vault, which consists of a noble arch of white marble, adorned with bas-relief and embossed with gold. It is a splendid sepulchre, rather imperial than republican in its character, and destitute of that simplicity, which one would wish to find in every thing connected with such a man. He shares a common tomb with the rest of his family. The solitude and silence of the crypt, hallowed by the dust of the hero; the glare of the taper upon the fretted roof and antique sculpture, imparted a deep solemnity to this mansion of the dead. On

our return to the cheerful light of day, half an hour was spent in examining the church of St. Mathew, the interior of which is among the richest at Genoa, being filled with presents from the Doria family. The Gothic front is inscribed with the deeds of the chief, who reposes below.

On taking leave of the young priest who conducted us to the vault, and presenting to him the ordinary pittance for his trouble, he seized our hands and pressed them to his lips. A salutation of this kind was so sudden and unexpected, that there was no time for resistance : otherwise a descendant of Andrew Doria and Christopher Columbus should never with us have debased himself by such an act of servility. I suppose however the *hand* of a republican is at least as good as the *toe* of a Pope ; and the stripling therefore did not stoop to any extraordinary degree of humility. In Italy, every thing is done by kissing. Full grown, bearded men kiss each other on both cheeks, at meeting and parting, as a common salutation—an unmanly custom, displeasing to the eye of a stranger. Devotees kiss not only crosses and crucifixes, the faces and feet of statues, but the very doors and steps of the churches. A practice so universally prevalent is strongly characteristic of the effeminacy of Italian manners.

The antique Gothic church of St. Stephen was visited almost solely for the purpose of examining a celebrated painting over the High Altar, partly by Raphael and partly by his pupil Julio Romano. The subject is *the stoning of St. Stephen*, and the picture has been much admired by connoisseurs, as well as by some who are not connoisseurs. Even to our unskilful eyes, the composition, expression, and colouring, all appeared striking. The history of the picture is at least amusing. It was presented to the church by Pope Leo X. On the conquest of Genoa by the French, it emigrated beyond the Alps, and figured for some years in the Louvre, whence it was restored, at the solicitation of David the painter, by order of the Holy Alliance.

The church of St. Maria de Carignan, founded by the Saoli family, in 1552, is decidedly the most showy edifice of the kind in the city, lifting its lofty front and triple towers above all other objects in the vicinity. It owes much to its position, standing upon an eminence near the extremity of a high promontory projecting into the sea on the south of the harbour. Its central dome is said to resemble that of St.

Peter's at Rome. It is one of the first objects to arrest the attention of the traveller in entering the town. We ascended to the cupola on a bright April morning, and enjoyed a prospect hardly to be equalled in extent, variety, and grandeur. To the north and west the Apennines and the snowy summits of the Alps, sweep in a bold amphitheatre round the head of the Gulf, the immediate shores of which are bordered with numerous white villages. Towards the south, the Mediterranean spreads a bright and boundless expanse of waters, on which vessels are seen leaving and entering the port. Along the coast towards Leghorn, the eye ranges for many miles, till the view is terminated by high bluffs jutting into the sea. The pretty white faubourg of Albaro, the torrent of Bisagno bathing the ramparts of the town, and Genoa in all its architectural pride, are spread at the feet of the spectator. Familiar as the scenery had already become, this picture afforded us far more pleasure than all the statues and portraits of saints in the aisles below, although some of them rank high as specimens of the arts.

In the vicinity of this church, a stupendous bridge resting on seven arches and something like a hundred feet in height is thrown across a gulf to connect two of the hills on which Genoa is built. A street passes in the depth of the ravine, under the bridge, and the houses along the sides are eight or nine stories high. The whole scene strikingly resembles some parts of Edinburgh. For this colossal work as well as for the church above described, the town is indebted to the public spirit and munificence of the noble family of Saoli, who constructed both at their own expense, amounting to a million dollars. An instance of greater liberality is perhaps not to be found on record. Some of the family still reside in a modest mansion, surrounded with trees and pretty gardens, in the vicinity of the church.

The only remaining church I shall mention is that of the Annunziata, situated upon the Piazza of the same name, immediately under the windows of our hotel. It is one of the largest and most fashionable in the city. Its front is rude and unfinished, but the interior is extremely rich in marbles, paintings, and embellishments of all descriptions, which, however, do not show to advantage, on account of the smallness of the windows, and the more than twilight dimness of the long aisles. It owes the splendour of its chapels and altars to the munificence of the family of Lomellini, formerly

the proprietors and sovereigns of the little isle of Tabarca in the Mediterranean, whence they were routed by the Tunisians, who took possession of their sea-girt dominions. Among the gorgeous shrines, which line the walls of the Annunziata, is one dedicated to St. Louis, king of France, and appropriated to the French nation. Near it is the tomb of the Duke of Boufflers, who was sent by Louis XV. with an army to the aid of the Genoese Republic, while undergoing a siege about the middle of the last century. He died during his mission, and his services are commemorated in a neat Latin epitaph.

We were at Genoa during Holy Week, and as the Church and Piazza of the Annunziata formed the great place of rendezvous for all the parades and religious ceremonies, a fine opportunity of witnessing the round of spectacles was afforded us, often without even the trouble of leaving our rooms. This area, or rather enlargement of the Strada Balbi, possesses peculiar sanctity in the estimation of devotees, from the circumstance that the Pope, on his return from the coronation of Napoleon at Paris, in 1804, dwelt some time in a palace bordering upon the square, and from its terrace on one occasion, blessed an immense multitude kneeling upon the pavement. Our first visit to the church was on the morning of Good Friday, when numerous lamps were glimmering at the altars, which rise along its dusky aisles, and an immense crowd of both sexes were engaged in the solemn chant.

The public ceremonies on the evening of that day struck us with utter astonishment, much as had been heard of the rites of the Romish Church. Soon after dark, the procession appeared in sight at a distance, moving slowly along the streets. In front were great numbers of females, walking two and two, dressed in white, with veils upon their heads, and tapers in their hands, the dim light of which, glaring upon their snowy mantles, imparted a pale and ghastly hue to their features. Each bore a book, and united in the chant of a solemn dirge, responding to the priests in another part of the procession. At intervals of some twenty feet, rose a long line of black crosses, of large size and elevated high above the heads of the multitude. They were followed by a lengthened train of boys in black uniform, walking in the same manner, and joining in the general concert. Next came the priests in black robes, and the monks with bald

pates, flowing beards, the coarse brown wrapper, bound by a leathern girdle, and sandals upon their feet, all bearing lights and looking like spirits from another world. To these succeeded, what?—a hearse, with a sable canopy above it, on which was stretched feet-foremost the naked image of the crucified Saviour, all gashed with wounds, and as nearly as I could judge at the distance of a few feet, actually stained with fresh blood. It was made of wax, as large as life, and so exact was the revolting representation, that by the livid glimmering of the flambeaux, no one could distinguish it from a real corpse. Behind the body marched a troop of infantry, with reversed arms, and to the tap of the muffled drum! It was in all respects a pompous funeral procession, and the mangled corse underwent the solemn mockery of interment with the honours of war! On a subsequent day, which is supposed to be the anniversary of the Saviour's resurrection from the tomb, a *feu de joie* was fired at twelve o'clock by all the garrisons and royal regiments throughout the city, and the infantry were then again permitted to shoulder their arms. Amidst this shocking pageantry, which filled our minds with horror, the multitude manifested a great degree of levity. Even some of those in the procession, during the pauses between the choral swells of the chant, were talking and laughing with each other; and a ragged boy to each candle, holding a paper to catch the wax as it dropped, added to the mockery of the scene.

The streets were thronged with religious processions during every day and night of Holy Week. Priests, monks, and women seemed to be allowed to beat up for recruits, and to head processions as often as they chose. Sometimes squads of not more than a dozen boys or beggars, in tattered garments, were seen marching from church to church, under the sacred banner of the cross, and bawling out the service, as if to attract public attention. On one occasion, a pretty Genoese female, who in appearance might pass for a Vestal, was seen leading a band of volunteers, bearing a heavy wooden cross wreathed with flowers. Her party appeared to be composed of ladies from the higher classes of society, who to the costume of lace veils and spotless robes, added the accompaniments of white kid shoes and gloves. They made the tour of the principal streets, singing anthems as they passed, with voices that possessed much of the Italian softness.

On the Sunday following Good Friday, we attended church at the Annunciation, where a regiment of Sardinian troops were paraded under arms along the aisles, and a band of martial music stationed near the High Altar. They actually went through the forms of public worship at the word of command from their officers, kneeling and rising in long lines with as much exactness as they would go through with the manual exercise. Peals of the trumpet gave notice of the elevation of the host, and of other stages in the holy rites. At the conclusion of the service, the band played some spirited marches, with which the priesthood seemed as highly pleased as the multitude.

At 11 o'clock the next day, the whole body of troops stationed at Genoa were paraded in the same church, to take the annual oath of allegiance to the King. They all knelt upon the pavement, and held up their right hands in concert, while the form was administered. On this occasion the Bishop made a long harangue, throwing himself into an oratorical attitude. At the close of his speech, the troops shouted "*Viva il Re!*"—Long live the King! As the cry was simultaneous, it was evidently preconcerted applause. Martial music from the same band as on the day previous, the notes of the bugle, reverberated from the lofty dome, and the pompous ceremonies of the church, gave a theatrical effect to the whole scene.

It would be impossible to describe in detail all the shows, chiefly of a religious character, which the streets of Genoa exhibited during the Holy Week. On one occasion we saw a crowd collected upon the steps of a church in the Strada Balbi, and, on stepping up, found a priest in the centre, blessing a tub of water, which he was dealing out to a ragged multitude, each bearing a pitcher, bottle, or jug, and pressing to receive a portion of the consecrated liquid. A benediction is pronounced upon every thing here: even horses at certain seasons are led up and touched by holy hands. One day in passing through a public square, I observed an itinerant and street auctioneer, mounted upon a stool, with a basket before him, and encircled by a squalid group of purchasers. He was vending little prints of saints and martyrs, which were generally knocked off at about a sous a head. He kissed each picture as he drew it from the basket, and on holding it up for a bid, all the crowd took off their hats. But this habitual prevalence of religious feeling

does not seem to have much influence in the prevention of crimes. On the same day or the day after, in threading one of the narrow streets, we observed fresh blood upon the pavement, and on inquiry, a by-stander informed us, that a man had just stabbed another to the heart, who expired immediately.

There are few public amusements at Genoa. A minor theatre, and a temporary circus were open : but neither of them was worth attending. The foundations of a large Opera House have been laid, and a Russian Mountain is in progress. At this time the churches seem to be the most fashionable places of resort : though on one afternoon, we saw most of the nobility, taste, and beauty of the city upon the new Promenade, which has recently been opened near the ancient walls of the town. The Genoese horses and carriages are both handsome—much more so than the French. There were many of them upon the course, chasing one another round a circle perhaps half a mile in diameter, to show their equipages to the crowd. A lady of the first rank was pointed out to us, with a whiskered chasseur, six feet high, in a military coat, for her servente. It was ludicrous to see this grenadier obsequiously treading in the footsteps of a female, keeping a few feet behind her, stopping when she stopped, and crossing the streets when she crossed. To such service the bone and muscle of Italy are trained.

Of the manufactures of Genoa I have but a word to say. Like those of France, and unlike those of England, they are carried on in private establishments, upon a small scale. Immense quantities of coral are made into beads and other ornaments for exportation. We visited one of these manufactories, common all over town, and constituting perhaps the most prominent article of industry. Genoese jewelry is also splendid. All the shops are concentrated in one street, forming its only embellishments. We likewise examined several of the manufactories for damasks, silks, and other fine stuffs, which appeared in no respect inferior to those of Lyons. In one of the looms was a beautiful web for his Holiness the Pope ; another for a Spanish nobleman ; and a third for the Lima market. The Genoese are an ingenious people, and need only a free government to revive the spirit of industry and enterprise.

One morning was not unpleasantly employed, in a ramble

along the wild and rocky banks of the Bisagno, and through the village of Albaro, standing upon its shore. Here Lord Byron resided for the last nine months, previous to his embarkation for Greece. An anecdote was told us respecting his departure, which perhaps is not new, as few incidents in his life have escaped the avidity of the public. On the night after sailing, the ship was overtaken by a tremendous storm in the Gulf, and the master was so frightened as to be incapable of performing his duty. Byron assumed the command, seized the helm, and guided her back into port. The furniture of the house in which he lived remains just as he left it, and is now in possession of his banker at Genoa. His mode of life was as eccentric here as in other places. With his countrymen he held no fellowship. He kept his horse, and used to ride to the city once a day to read the news. A gentleman informed us, that on receiving the intelligence that Lord Castlereagh had cut his throat, Byron remarked—"it is the best thing he has ever done for his country!"

A full day was occupied in an excursion to Cocolletto, the reputed birth-place of Christopher Columbus. Although much obscurity still hangs over the cradle of this great man; yet the American traveller in particular will feel a satisfaction in visiting a spot, which tradition has associated with the Discoverer of the New World. - I have neither time nor inclination at present to enter into a disquisition upon the contradictory authorities in relation to this subject, nor to balance the conflicting claims of rival places to the nativity of the adventurous navigator.

The village of Cocolletto is situated at the head of the Gulf, about fifteen miles from Genoa, on the road towards Savone. On arriving at the little hotel, enquiry was made for the house of Christopher Columbus, and some half a dozen villagers, who seemed to exult in the name, led the way to the antique and humble mansion. It stands upon the seashore, encircled by the Alps, and looking south upon a waste of waters. If the grandeur of natural scenery can inspire genius, and awaken young thought to noble pursuits, Cocolletto may hence draw an argument to strengthen her claim, and in this particular at least challenge competition. The low, arched ceilings, and decayed walls bear all the marks of great age; but one can hardly bring himself to the belief, that they have stood between three and four centuries. A small

chamber, perhaps ten feet square, is shown, in which it is pretended Columbus was born. Many fragments of the ceiling have been carried away as relics. The furniture of the room looks as if it might be coeval with the apartment. A little image of the Madonna, a cross, and a cup for the holy water, are suspended from the curtain at the head of the bed. The present tenant is a kind-hearted woman, who spread her frugal board and insisted on sharing its hospitality with the stranger from a distant land, which her illustrious predecessor had discovered. Her ideas of cosmography were not very precise, and like many other less pardonable Europeans, she seemed to consider all Americans, as the descendants of the Aborigines.

In front of the house is a small terrace, overhanging the shore ; and when the Gulf is stormy and the waves run high, a shower of spray patters upon the roof. If this was really the birth-place of Columbus, it may almost be said, that he was cradled upon the sea : the first sounds he heard must have been its murmurs, and the first object of his vision, its blue expanse. As I stood leaning over the balustrade, watching the swells breaking at my feet, and the line of little boats moored along the beach, incredulity for a moment vanished, and imagination pictured the juvenile navigator, launching his adventurous bark, and sporting with that element, which was destined to conduct him to imperishable renown.

LETTER L.

ROUTE FROM GENOA TO PISA—ITALIAN COACHES—CHIAVARI
—SESTRI—MOUNTAIN SCENERY—BORGHETTO—GULF OF
SPEZIA—SARZANA—MASSA—PIETRA SANTA—LUCCA—RIDE
TO PISA.

April, 1826.—On the 8th, a *vetturino* was engaged to take us from Genoa to Pisa, a distance of something more than 150 English miles, for sixty francs each, including dinner and lodgings during the journey. This is the ordinary mode of travelling in Italy. The *vettura* is a sort of public coach, with two, and sometimes three or four horses, generally owned by the driver, who performs the whole route with the same team, making long rests at the hotels, in the manner of

private carriages. Throngs of *veturini* are found in all the principal cities, who have a kind of exchange of their own, where they wage an active competition, besetting every person that passes with their importunities, and cries of their coaches for different places. They can hardly be said to have a home, leading a wandering life, and journeying on, like vessels employed in the carrying trade, clearing out for one port after another, and waiting for a new cargo. In point of honesty they may more properly be compared to pirates, having no fixed prices, and commonly demanding twice or thrice as much as they will ultimately consent to take. As much time and formality are required in striking a bargain with them, as in negotiating a national treaty. Duplicate bonds are regularly drawn, signed, sealed, and delivered; and the traveller often receives a Napoleon or two, as a farther pledge for the fidelity of the driver.

The road from Genoa to Pisa, like that between the former place and Nice, traverses the shore of the Mediterranean, crossing alternately lofty ridges and deep vales, springing from the western declivities of the Apennines, and forming one of the most romantic districts imaginable. All the combinations of natural scenery, which can arise from the grandest and most beautiful elements—from bright skies and still brighter waters—from mountains now heaving their snowy tops to the clouds, and now sinking into woody slopes—from bold, picturesque promontories shooting into the sea—from deep, azure, and tranquil bays, setting up between the hills—from secluded, sunny glades, clothed in verdure, and even at this season teeming with fruits and flowers—from little white villages perched upon the crags, with perhaps its tiny port spreading beneath—in a word, from rocks, woods, and waves, wildness and cultivation, thrown together in the most romantic forms, are here successively presented to the eye.

Eustace, in his "Classical Tour," went from Leghorn to Genoa by water, partly, he said, because the road is uninteresting, and partly from a fear of banditti, by whom it is at times beset; and Madame Starke, though never wanting in a spirit of adventure herself, advises the traveller to take a felucca and navigate a waste of waters, to the loss of all this enchanting scenery. These hints and the accounts of other tourists led us to look upon the route with the same sort of dread, as was felt in our departure from Nice; but as we were travelling in Italy for information, we deemed it advisa-

ble at least to keep in sight of land. Our expectations were so agreeably disappointed, that I would to-morrow be happy to retrace the same path merely for the sake of the succession of fine views it affords. For the greater part of the way, the road is excellent. It was surveyed and commenced under Napoleon; and the present government has had the good sense in one instance, to follow up his splendid plans, and at an immense expense execute a work, which reflects credit upon the country. In extent and magnitude, the undertaking will bear a comparison with the passages over Mont Cenis and the Simplon, as terraces, bridges, and galleries were necessary almost every mile. It is constructed in a substantial manner, and when completed will endure for ages.

At the close of my last letter, I gave a brief sketch of a little village, which claims the honour of giving birth to Columbus. One of the first objects, that attracted our attention after leaving Genoa, was the rival village of Quinto, which puts in its claim to the same distinction, as sharply contested and left almost in as much doubt as the cradle of old Mæonides. What a picture of the fate of genius is here exhibited!—towns disputing for the birth-place of a man, who in life was loaded with ignominy and chains! So has it been with Dante and Gallileo, Petrarch and Tasso—so will it be with Byron and Napoleon.

The pretensions of Quinto appear to be even more equivocal than those of Cocolletto. We rambled about the village and inquired of half a dozen persons, before the house could be found. It is a less modest as well as a less antique mansion, than its rival at the head of the Gulf. At present it is owned and occupied by an English family, who seem to have gone there partly on the strength of the association, and partly for the sake of the beautiful view which the village affords of the Mediterranean and the surrounding country. The house stands back of the principal street, at the foot of the Apennines, and perhaps fifty yards from the sea. In front is a small garden, filled with parterres of various plants and flowers, among which the rose was in full bloom. The gardener permitted us to pluck a bouquet, and showed us every thing to be seen about the premises.

On the opposite side of the road is the village church, seated upon a beautiful green cape, within a few paces of the water, which breaks and murmurs under its very windows. Just at the moment of passing, a funeral procession

issued from the doors, and moved in solemn pomp to the place of interment. It was a kind of masquerade, which from its associations perhaps, had more the appearance of mockery than of real sorrow. In Italy, societies are formed for the purpose of burying the dead. All the members are clad in dominos and masks, with their eyes and mouths peeping out, in more of a comic than serious manner. The object of this disguise was originally good, it being intended to prevent ostentation, and the world from recognizing persons engaged in a public act of humanity.

Passing the palaces and velvet manufactories of Nervi, to which point the southern faubourg of Genoa may almost be said to extend, we reached Rapallo and the little harbour of Porto Fino about noon, when the vetturino left us to ramble about the hills and gaze at the sea spreading beneath our feet, for two hours. This place presents a splendid view of the city, which had just been left behind, and of the Alps beyond. Between Rapallo and Chiavari, the road traverses one of the boldest spurs of the Apennines, terminating in tremendous cliffs overhanging the sea, and apparently presenting an insuperable barrier. But art has scaled the rampart of rocks, and opened a path, at one time through galleries piercing the mountain, and at others, along terraces suspended from the cliffs hundreds of feet above the water. In one place the loose fragments of the hill, appearing ready to slide, have actually been propped up by artificial means. It would not be matter of surprise, if at some future day, the whole side of the mountain, road and all, should be precipitated into the sea.

Chiavari is a large town, both sides of the main street being lined with handsome arcades, beneath which fancy goods are displayed at the shops in the Parisian style. Coffee-houses and promenades exhibit no ordinary share of village splendour; and well dressed people, exhibiting an air of gaiety and fashion, seemed to be enjoying a little world of their own. The town occupies the outlet of a broad and deep vale, winding up among the hills—green, flowery, and exuberant in its productions. From a small port in the vicinity, the few wants of a frugal population are supplied, in exchange for the fruits of their industry.

Crossing an alluvial plain bordering upon the sea, and several miles in breadth, we reached Sestri just before dark, and took lodgings at the London Hotel—a high sounding

name for the depth of the Apennines! The house has once been a palace, with all its showy appurtenances of chapels, galleries and gardens. In its gates and turrets, it still exhibits some wrecks of its former splendour. An old fortress crowns an eminence in the rear, and a pretty brook babbles by in front. I could gather nothing of its history from the jargon of its present tenants, who have converted one end of the stately edifice into a stable, and the other into lodging rooms, claiming but a slight superiority in point of neatness.

The next morning we resumed our journey at 4 o'clock, and saw the day dawn and the sun rise upon the mountains and waters about us. In climbing long ridges of the Apennines from this point, our progress was slow and toilsome. At every step the scenery assumed a sterner, wilder, and more savage aspect, till on all sides we were surrounded by unbroken solitudes. For many miles there is not a house, nor a vestige of cultivation to be seen. The rocks here become granitic, and show themselves in enormous crags along the road. In many respects the hills bear a striking resemblance to the Highlands of Scotland. The formation is the same, and a scanty covering of heath and prickly gorse adds to the similarity. There is a sort of loneliness about these wastes, which at times becomes almost terrific, and the traveller is not sorry, when he finds himself rapidly descending again into deep and sunny vales, enlivened by bounding brooks, shaded by groves of chestnut or olives, and rendered cheerful by human habitations however humble.

We reached the little village of Borghetto at 10 o'clock, and passed an hour not unpleasantly in rambling upon the banks of the crystal stream which hurries down from the mountains, and in admiring the rural quiet of this retired vale. Spring breathed around us in all its freshness and beauty. The villagers seemed to be enjoying their narrow resources, happy in their solitudes. Their toils were suspended; for it was a *festa*, and groups of the peasantry, arrayed in their best attire, exhibited an air of rustic contentment. A singular costume was here for the first time observed. The females wear on the head a white napkin, folded square, and projecting in front, to shade the face. Here also the ancient mode of wrapping children in swaddling clothes arrested our attention. It gives them the appearance of mummies, and must be extremely injurious to

health, producing a stagnation of blood, and preventing a natural developement of their limbs. The practice prevails among all the lower classes in this part of Italy, and may be one cause of a dwarfish population.

These warm and rich valleys, extending far into the bosom of the Apennines, are chiefly appropriated to the culture of corn, the olive, and vine. The mode of cultivating the latter is peculiar, forming a striking feature in the landscape. It is trained upon a tree, (the elm or mulberry,) the top of which is shorn into the form of an inverted hollow cone, four or five feet in diameter, and ten or fifteen from the ground. The wine is far inferior to that of France, and the French mode of cultivating the grape is preferable to all others, by exposing it fully to the sun, and giving it a chance to ripen.

In descending into Spezia, the road passes through extensive plantations of olives, the largest and finest I have ever seen, being of the size of full grown apple trees. This plant is supposed to be a native of Palestine, and its abundance on the whole coast of the Mediterranean, from Gibraltar to Naples, forming a beautiful border of verdure, has led to a belief that the first colonists of these shores were from Judea. But such a conjecture carries us back to as high an antiquity, as the Genoese Bishop claims for his countrymen. The olive was as prominent a product of Italy, at the period when Virgil wrote his *Georgics*, as it is at present.

The town of Spezia is delightfully situated on the Gulf of the same name, spreading southward to the mouth of the Arno, and bounded on the northwest by a lofty promontory, or more properly, one range of the Apennines, extending for many miles along an uninhabited coast. At the extremity of this mountain, the brow of which is crowned with a strong fortress, erected by the British in 1814, is Porto Venere, a spacious haven sheltered from the winds by the surrounding hills and celebrated for its security even in the time of the Romans. Farther to the east is the harbour of Spezia, in the ancient bay of Luna. Moles and other improvements were projected by Napoleon, who intended to make of it another Toulon. The town is large and populous. Its streets are finely paved, and were thronged with genteel people, walking on a bright afternoon in their holiday attire. Here another new costume was observed. The women wear crimson head-dresses, ornamented with a profusion of ribbons of the same colour, the reflection of which deepens the roseate hues of

their cheeks. An extensive promenade, embellished with trees, and commanding a charming view of the shores of the Mediterranean, for the distance of fifty or sixty miles towards Leghorn, has been opened between the gates of the town and the margin of the bay.

Nothing can exceed the deliciousness of the climate—the serenity and softness of the skies, the brightness of the waters, and the picturesque beauty of the hills, in all this elysian region. At every step our senses were regaled with the charms of the landscape, and the breathing odours of spring. In leaving Spezia and riding along the margin of the bay, a scene disclosed itself to the east, which baffles description, and was absolutely enchanting. The conical tops of the Apennines, covered with snow, and gilded with the setting sun, shot up into the blue firmament above a cloud, which draped the central portions. It seemed almost like a studied spectacle in the great theatre of Nature, designed purposely for the admiration of mortals, with the elements for its scenery. The vapour curled for some minutes in white, fantastic wreaths round the peaks, leaving at times only specks of the glaciers visible, till at length the whole cloud rose gradually and concealed the mountains.

At evening we reached the Magra, a broad torrent sweeping down furiously from the Apennines over a bed formed of the ruins of the hills. It was the boundary between ancient Etruria, and Liguria, the latter extending from this stream to the Var in the vicinity of Nice, mentioned in a former letter. Its channel is so wide, its shores so flat, and its current at certain seasons so impetuous, that no attempts to bridge it have hitherto been made. After traversing its right bank for some miles, we reached the point where it is forded. A group of guides were collected upon the strand, ready to conduct us across. Stripping off their shoes, stockings, and pantaloons, they plunged in, one to each horse, pursuing a zig-zag course to keep upon the shoals. Another carriage led the way, and ours followed. The water was up to the horses' sides, and so rapid as sensibly to bear the coach down stream. In the obscurity of twilight, in a desolate region, and under the protection of guides wholly unknown to us, the adventure was not without some slight apprehension, although it might be without danger. In high floods, the torrent is crossed lower down in a ferry-boat.

On arriving at Sarzana, situated a few miles below, on the opposite shore, it was found that our fellow travellers in fording the Magra were two gentlemen from New-York, whom chance threw into company with us, in the bed of a mountain torrent. As they were pursuing the same route as ourselves, with much the same objects in view, more agreeable associations and stronger ties than those growing out of a romantic incident, afterwards brought us frequently in contact, much to our instruction and social enjoyment, and it is hoped not without mutual gratification.

I seize this opportunity to say, that the depth of erudition and strength of memory, which one of these gentlemen manifested, struck me with perfect astonishment. Vanity had led me to fancy myself decently acquainted with the Latin and Greek classics; but the learning of my friend made me ashamed of my limited attainments. If a hill or a stream, a plant or ruin, chanced to suggest an idea in a Roman historian, orator, or poet, he could not only give me chapter and verse, but repeat the passage in the language of the author. In the course of our rambles, whole pages of Livy, Cæsar, Tacitus, Cicero, Virgil, Horace and the rest, were poured forth without effort, as if nothing were necessary but to hoist the floodgates of memory. I do not recollect an individual within the sphere of my observation or reading, except perhaps Charles James Fox, who could quote so much of Homer; yet this gentleman has all his life been engaged in a laborious profession, requiring no farther knowledge of the dead languages, than would enable him to cite Grotius, Bacon, and the Pandects. If Eustace had met with such a companion in his "Classical Tour," he might not have subjected himself to the imputation of borrowing quotations from the books of others.

At 5 o'clock on the morning of the 10th, we left Sarzana. Of this town little was seen, except the comforts of a decent hotel, and it is believed there is little to be seen, although it claims a high antiquity. It was badly lighted by a few dim lamps at the time of our entrance, and not lighted at all at the hour of our departure. In every point of view, it is an unimportant place, and the Genoese never made a worse bargain, than when they took it in exchange for Leghorn, excepting always the commutation of a Republic for a Monarchy. Sarzana is the south-eastern extremity of the

dominions of the King of Sardinia, unless his territory like his title extends to Jerusalem.

In our ride this morning, we passed the ruins of the ancient Luni. The country bordering both sides of the road here resembles continuous gardens, exuberant in fertility and in the highest state of improvement. Fields of wheat were observed already in the ear, and the flax was in full blossom. From these facts some idea may be formed of the mildness of the climate and the forwardness of the season. In the same parallel of latitude in our country, the latter of the above mentioned products is not sown so early as the 10th of April, and should it peep from the ground for many days after, it would be nipped by frosts.

At 8 o'clock we reached Massa, and persuaded the coachman to pause half an hour at the gate, to give us an opportunity of looking at the town. It is beautifully situated at the foot of the Apennines, which rise in green swells above it, and is girt on all sides with flowery fields. An arched gateway leads into a spacious public square, on one side of which the Ducal Palace, a colossal fabric, presents its weather-beaten and decaying front. Our attention during a short stay was chiefly occupied with the marble shops, where ornaments of all kinds are manufactured in great quantities. Two or three of these establishments were visited and the proprietors showed us whatever was to be seen. The marble is of a beautiful quality, as many of our own luxurious countrymen are aware. Carrara, where inexhaustible quarries of it are found, wrought, and thence exported to all parts of the world, is situated among the mountains, five miles from Massa. It was our wish to visit this great manufactory; but the vetturino could not be driven from his route, as the digression was not in the bond. Here are forged many of the gods and goddesses, heroes and poets, who are rough hewn from the mountains, and subsequently put on board of transports for Rome, or Florence, to be retouched and sold by the first artists. It is believed, that many of them are made to order by apprentices, and shipped for other countries, without ever having navigated the waters of the Arno or Tiber. But so that the world admires, where is the difference?—Carrara is the school for all young artists, and for all the drudges of the profession.

During a tedious pause at Pietra Santa, we strolled through the silent streets of the town, and examined two or three of

the churches, which smell of the neighbouring shop at Carrara, but perhaps deserve credit on the score of patriotism, for displaying a profusion of those ornaments, which the district so abundantly supplies. They are extremely rich in marbles of a beautiful quality. Even the organ in one of them is supported by four magnificent columns, cut from solid blocks, and the pillars of the nave are equally massive and splendid. The show of pictures is scanty and mean; but in the brilliancy of altars, and finery of Saints and Madonnas, these village churches will bear a comparison with those of Genoa, if that be any credit to them.

Onward from this town, we traversed another delicious plain, where our senses, were surfeited with perfumes and the luxuriance of the landscape. From a high and solitary ridge of the Apennines, a good-night was waved to the Gulf of Spezia, slumbering along its green and quiet shores. Thence the coachman, taking a hint from his vehicle, which in speed was likely to outstrip his horses, hurried us down a steep declivity into the vale of the Serchio, winding through a wide and verdant champain, under the walls of Lucca. This stream is more like a river, or in other words, less like a torrent, than any one that had been seen since leaving France. It rolls on through its gay and flowery borders with a broad, rapid, but silent current. From its bridge, a straight, spacious avenue, lined with trees, leads to the gates of the city.

The fields on either hand are so many gardens, every foot of which is manured and cultivated to the highest degree, by an overstocked population. Not a tendril of the vine, not a plant, nor a blade of corn is suffered to be out of its place, or to occupy more ground than is just sufficient for its support. The peasantry of both sexes are always in the fields, sometimes apparently only to watch the growth of plants under their charge, which they feed and nurse with more care than they do their children. They mix manure with water in casks, forming a sort of nutritious pap, which they ladle out daily in exact proportions, for the food of vegetables. To the American farmer, who is lord of his hundred or his thousand acres, this exactness might seem a trifling occupation; but here it is absolutely necessary, that every rood should maintain its man. It would take but few farms, such as are found in the interior of New-York, to cover the whole Duchy of Lucca, which contains only 320 square miles, more than

half of which consists of barren mountains, incapable of tillage. Yet this territory has a population of 120,000, who depend chiefly on the cultivation of the soil for support. The richness of the landscape bears ample testimony to their honest industry, and the utmost nicety in the mode of culture. Females who never saw festoons of silk or damask, are engaged in adjusting festoons of vines, stretching from tree to tree in waving and graceful wreaths.

After a slight examination of our passports and baggage, with an inquiry whether our trunks contained any contraband articles, we were permitted to pass under the stately arch which opens through the walls of Lucca. Passing through several narrow but well paved streets, the vetturino set us down in a dirty court, filled with coaches and groups of his own brethren. As the interior of the tavern was almost as dirty as the outside, we ordered our luggage to be taken to the Hotel de l'Europe, where excellent accommodations were obtained, though at rather an extravagant price. The saloon was furnished with handsome carpets and sofas, and the walls were hung with so many paintings of no ordinary merit, as to constitute quite a gallery, with the convenience of being examined while sipping a dish of tea.

A considerable fragment of the afternoon yet remained, and as an economy of time was an object with us, dinner was postponed till evening, and a cicerone immediately put in requisition to show us the city. He conducted us first to the church of St. Dominica, which is a stately edifice, rich in marbles, and containing some good pictures. The ceiling and pavement are both splendid. Many votaries were kneeling at the altars, gazing with a steadfast eye at the image of some saint, and whispering a prayer. Particular care was taken on our part never to disturb these acts of devotion, though the valets-de-place step up without hesitation, and begin to talk aloud of the merits of a painting, before which some votary is bending the knee, fixed like a statue upon the pavement. The Lucchese are ultra religious, through the influence and example of the late Dutchess, who was an enthusiast and devotee.

Our next visit was to the Cathedral, a Gothic edifice of the eleventh or twelfth century, stately, spacious, and rich in its multiplicity of arches and pillars. Its pavement is a splendid mosaic of different marbles. An antique tabernacle, loaded with arabesque ornaments, filled with relics and votive

offerings, occupies the centre of the nave. Round the walls are several sepulchral monuments, among which is the tomb of Adalbert, ancestor of the House of Este and of the Brunswicks, kings of England. In the dim twilight of the church, it was impossible to decipher the long epitaph, inscribed in the old Saxon character upon the sarcophagus.

Calls were made at two other churches, St. Giovanni, and St. Maria. In the former, a crowd were engaged in chanting their vespers; in the latter, are two good pictures, one by Titian, and the other by Guercino. The Ducal Palace is a large edifice, destitute of ornament, fronting a spacious public square, on which a statue to one of the Bourbons has lately been erected. Lucca is a well built city. The houses are generally plain, but substantial, indicating a taste for simplicity and comfort, which characterised its inhabitants during the happy days of the Republic. Even now, although the late revolution has wrought many changes for the worse, their manners retain a spirit of activity, industry and cleanliness. In walking through their streets, crowded with a population of 30,000, I do not recollect to have been beset by beggars in a single instance—a rare phenomenon in any part of Italy I have yet seen.

Between sunset and dark, we walked quite round the ramparts—a circuit of about three miles. It is a charming promenade. The walls are built of brick fifteen feet high, with regular bastions, like a fortress, and girt by moats. At top they are covered with earth, planted with groves of elms and poplars, with a carriage road in the centre, and side-paths for pedestrians. This is the ordinary *Corso*, of the citizens, where from their coaches they can look abroad upon their little green dominions, as well as upon their distant mountains. The coronet of foliage, encircling the antique towers of the city, has a peculiarly picturesque effect. At the close of his third campaign in Gaul, Cæsar went into winter quarters at Lucca, whither Poinpey and Crassus, followed by a considerable part of the Roman Senate, repaired to meet him. It was not difficult for the imagination, while musing at twilight upon the ancient ramparts, to summon up the spirits of other ages, and to fancy the picture which the city must have presented, when it was thronged with the legions of the conqueror, and with the splendid equipages of the masters of the world.

Early next morning, while breakfast was preparing, we

again rambled over the town, anxious to improve every moment of a short stay. While walking through the crowded market place, I witnessed a scene which was entirely new to me. In a splendid caleche, with two mouse-coloured horses, richly caparisoned with tassels and feathers, an itinerant quack was standing up like an auctioneer, crying his drugs for sale, and tendering his medical services to the crowd. He had a stentorian voice, and his fingers were covered with half a dozen massive rings, which are worn by all classes of the Italians, from the nobleman down to his boot-black. The doctor did not seem to lack patients. He extracted twenty teeth in as many minutes, and there was no want of bids for his medicines among the multitude.

At 8 o'clock, we resumed our journey towards Pisa, distant only twelve miles from Lucca. The road traverses a beautiful plain, passing between an insulated range of mountains on the left, and the Serchio on the right. On entering Tuscany, a fee of four francs was exacted of us, by way of initiation. Our passports underwent a slight examination, but our trunks were not opened. Few vexations have been experienced from custom-house officers, since arriving at Genoa.

A few miles from the Tuscan borders, we passed the Baths of Pisa, situated at the base of Mount Julian, whence issue tepid and copious fountains. A handsome village has sprung up round this celebrated watering-place, which is much frequented by invalids from all parts of Italy. The number in summer often amounts to six or eight hundred at a time. Opposite the Baths, a large building called the Casina, capable of accommodating all the visitants, has been erected by a company, and the prices of board and lodging established at a low rate, not exceeding half a dollar a day.

From this point onward, the road is bordered on one side by an aqueduct, which supplies Pisa with water. The declivity from the foot of Mount Julian is so gentle and uniform, that nothing more has been necessary than an open channel, excavated in a light soil, at a small expense. It is filled with a stream sufficiently copious to be used as a canal, on which small boats were seen dragged against the current by *females*, while robust men were acting the subordinate part of riding and directing the helm!

LETTER LI.

SKETCH OF PISA—BANKS OF THE ARNO—BRIDGES—LEANING TOWER—ANCIENT PORT—CATHEDRAL—BAPTISTRY—CAMPO SANTO—CHURCHES—SANTA MARIA DELLA SPINA—BOTANIC GARDEN—UNIVERSITY—THEATRE—EXCURSION TO LEGHORN—SKETCH OF THE TOWN AND HARBOUR.

April, 1826.—Pisa is situated in the midst of an extensive plain, stretching from the base of the Apennines to the sea at Leghorn, a distance of not less than twenty miles. It stands so low, and is so bidden by its woody environs, as not to appear to advantage from any quarter, the assertions of certain travellers to the contrary notwithstanding. We were close under its walls, before the celebrated Leaning Tower, the dome of the Cathedral, and the Gothic pinnacles of the Baptistry could be seen overtopping the ramparts and rising behind a curtain of trees. The lofty arched gateway, the antique walls overgrown with shrubbery, and the complexion of the buildings, give a venerable aspect to the city, deepened by its comparative depopulation and silence. Our entrance was at noon-day through some of the principal streets, which are neatly paved, with spacious side-walks and lined with arcades. Few people were seen, and in fact there are few in the town. Its present population does not exceed eighteen or twenty thousand, scattered over a space five or six miles in circuit, which in the glorious days of the Republic contained 150,000 inhabitants. A sort of languor and inactivity seems to characterize those that remain, who are scarcely sufficient to guard and preserve the wreck of former splendour.

The first glance at the Arno, second only perhaps among the Italian rivers to the Tiber in celebrity, was extremely interesting, although it is far from being either a grand or beautiful stream. It is here perhaps a hundred yards in breadth. The water is shoal, sluggish, and so turbid with clay as entirely to destroy its original complexion. It sweeps through the heart of the city, with a bold and rather graceful curve. On both sides are embankments and quays of hewn stone,

like those of the Seine, to which they are scarcely inferior in exact masonry. Three stately bridges are thrown across the current at nearly equal distances. The one in the centre is of white marble, and claims as much celebrity for the beauty of its proportions, as for the richness of its materials. On this bridge, once in every three years, a combat takes place in honour of St. Raniero, the patron of the town, and in imitation of the Elia Games, in the Peloponnesus, whence Pisa claims to derive both its name and its origin, boasting of old Nestor, the Pylian sage, for its founder. These combats are sometimes fatal to the champions, who like the ancient gladiators, die for the amusement of the assembled multitude.

The two handsomest streets in town are the *Lung' Arno*, extending along the quays, open to the river on one side, and lined with ranges of rather splendid buildings on the other. Next the water, the street is guarded by a wall, breast high. As there are few boats on the river, and none lie along the quays, they exhibit nothing of the noise, bustle, lumber, and filth of ordinary wharves in a commercial city. They are both clean and tranquil, enjoying a free air, presenting a pretty prospect, and affording on the whole an eligible, as well as fashionable residence.

In a few minutes after our arrival, we were upon the top of the Leaning Tower, at the height of 190 feet from the ground. The ascent by means of spiral flights of steps, winding up in the interior, is less arduous and fatiguing than might be supposed. This tower was to us a perfect novelty, both in design and construction. It is the belfry (*Campanile*) to the Cathedral, though standing several rods from it, and erected at a subsequent period. Its form is circular, perhaps thirty feet in diameter at the base, slightly tapering towards the top, eight stories high, and built of white marble. The style of architecture is mixed, and scarcely reducible to any of the settled orders. All the stories except the uppermost, are girt with open galleries, composed of pillars and arches, presenting the most light, airy, and fanciful piece of fret-work imaginable. The seventh story contains a chime of bells; and the eighth is left open, guarded by an iron balustrade.

But the greatest curiosity about this tower is its inclination. It nods towards the south-east, by a variation from a perpendicular at top of about fourteen feet; and another

slight jog would throw it without the centre of gravity. To the spectator, as the clouds swim by, it really appears in the attitude of falling. It has, however, stood in this position for six centuries, and may, perhaps, stand as many more; though a moderate shock of an earthquake would apparently rock it from its base, and prostrate its enormous load of marbles upon a block of houses directly under it. Its inclination has given rise to various speculations. Some have supposed it was originally constructed in this way as an architectural curiosity. Others believe, that while it was in progress, the ground gave way, causing the inclination; and that another story, leaning in a contrary direction, was subsequently added, by way of a balance, to keep it from falling. But what kind of a philosopher must the architect have been to place a heavy weight in *any* position, upon the top of a structure, to prevent it from tumbling? In my opinion, the subject does not admit of a doubt. On examining the base, the lower tier of stones was found above ground on one side, and sunk into the earth on the other. Now, unless the whole was intended as a curious deception, the foundations would not have been thus planted.

From the top of the tower, we had an enchanting view of Pisa, and of the broad plain by which it is encircled, all green, bright, and lovely as the landscape was at this season. Towards the northwest and north, the Apennines, dim with distance, rise in amphitheatric pride round the Gulf of Spezia; eastward, Mount Julian rears its woody summits; and to the south-west, the eye traces the windings of the Arno through its luxuriant borders, till its waters mingle with the sea. Farther to the south, glimpses of Leghorn, and of one or two mountainous islands beyond, heaving their chalky cliffs above the waves, complete the magnificence of the picture.

Such variety and softness of scenery, added to the interesting features of the old town at our feet, and to the delicious mildness of the day, chained us for an hour to the spot, with the cicerone all the while chattering his well conned tale. He pointed out, by way of episode, the site of the ancient port of Pisa, where perchance old Nestor landed, or Ulysses came to anchor for the night, in his erratic voyage along these shores. Certain it is, that here in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, the Pisan galleys rode in triumph, hoisting the flags of vanquished nations, and

wafting home from Parian quarries, or the ruins of oriental cities, perhaps the very marbles which now elevated us to the skies. But with this once glorious republic, "the days of chivalry are gone." Its port is choked with mud, and the wind sighs through the reeds, which rustle above its buried navies.

The Cathedral is such a colossal, irregular, and unmanageable pile, that one hardly knows at which end to commence a description. But to begin, where the architects probably did, with the foundations: it is elevated on substructions several feet above the surrounding area, and the ascent to it is by five steps composed of enormous marble slabs. The edifice is all of stone, porous, and remarkable for beauty. It is a huge mass of mixed materials, thrown promiscuously together, in a style of architecture, which the Italians call Moorish or Saracenic Gothic, in contradistinction to that from Germany. Its sides are three stories, retreating inward, embellished with a profusion of pillars and arches, and the whole surmounted by pinnacles and statues. The ends are five stories, or rather consist of five ranges of pillars and arches, finished in the same style. Many of the columns are of oriental granite and porphyry, and some of them claim to be of Egyptian and Roman origin, thus exhibited as national trophies, at a period when the Republic was fast rising to the zenith of its glory, in the middle of the eleventh century. The church is in the shape of a cross, with a large dome at the point of intersection, which, however, does not show to much advantage. Its massive doors are of bronze, beautifully wrought and representing in bas-relief sacred scenes from the scriptures.

The inside is as rich and as complex in its ornaments, as the exterior. Double aisles, formed by four rows of granite columns, of the Corinthian order, extend in long perspective on the sides of the nave. The high altar, enriched with porphyry pillars, lapis lazuli, and precious stones of all descriptions, occupies the head of the cross. On a gilded canopy above it, three monstrous black figures, misnamed angels, with their goggle eyes stare the spectator out of countenance; and below, a pretty little bronze cherub, with its spread pinions and symmetrical form, is degraded into the servile office of candle-holder to the priest. At the extremities of the transepts, are two other shrines scarcely inferior to this in splendour, and in no wise superior in taste.

The ceiling is divided into pannels, and highly gilt, reflecting its golden hues upon the mosaic pavement. One column of porphyry and one of Spanish marble support the pulpit—a perfect sample of the wanton mixture of ornaments in the whole edifice. The walls are hung with paintings, which cannot be seen to any advantage, owing to the dimness of the aisles. We examined every one of them, while waiting for a group of chanting canons to leave their stalls at the high altar; but the collection afforded me little pleasure, and a description would afford still less to my readers. Unlike most of the galleries at Genoa, the subjects of two thirds of them are poetical allegories, and have no connexion with religion.

The Baptistry to the Cathedral is another separate building, flanking it on one side, as the Campanile does on the other. It is a magnificent rotunda, enriched with pillars and arches, rising range above range, in the same style of architecture, as the primary edifice of which this is one of the satellites. The roof is covered with innumerable pinnacles and statues, amidst which the dome swells to a still loftier height, surmounted by the image of St. John the Baptist, the presiding saint. It was erected a century after the Cathedral, by the voluntary subscriptions of the Pisans. The interior is a grand, rich, and splendid temple. A circle of eight massive columns of Sardinian granite, hewn from single blocks, rise from the mosaic pavement, to the height of perhaps thirty or forty feet. Above these, sixteen marble pillars, disposed in double ranges, support the dome springing from their capitals. The front is elevated several feet above the pavement, and approached by a flight of steps. It is of an octagonal shape, divided into five compartments, the central one being large and designed for adults, and the four smaller ones round the circumference for children. The pulpit or reading desk rests on a circlet of ten granitic columns, and its pannels are adorned with bas-relief, portraying the leading events in the life of the Saviour. Among the less interesting curiosities of the building, is an unusually perfect echo, together with a whispering gallery. I held my watch, while the cicerone strained his lungs, and found the reverberations of his voice to be distinctly heard for ten seconds.

The *Campo Santo*, or Cemetery, is the last, though in no respect the least of this celebrated group of edifices. It is

a long parallelogram, situated a few yards in the rear of the Cathedral, the Leaning Tower, and the Baptistry, which range nearly in a right line. The history of it seems to be briefly as follows. In one of the crusades to the Holy Land, the Pisan galleys brought home large quantities of the consecrated soil, which was here strewed to the depth of ten feet, and which is said to possess the peculiar properties of decomposing bodies in the short space of forty-eight hours! Round this deposit of holy earth, thence denominated Campo Santo, or sacred field, ranges of white marble cloisters were erected in the twelfth century. They consist of beautiful arcades, perhaps ten feet in breadth and fifteen or twenty feet in height, with a blind wall on the outer side, and lateral windows, or more properly arches, looking inwardly to a spacious court open at top.

Over the entrance is a statue of the Virgin, and a group of devotees, in the act of bending the knee in adoration, among whom the artist has taken the liberty of giving himself a conspicuous station. The cloisters are paved entirely with tombstones, consisting of white marble slabs, inscribed with almost roods of epitaphs. Six hundred families of the Pisan nobility sleep beneath, besides much untitled dust; for the cemetery was originally the only one in the city. The stuccoed walls are divided into compartments, and covered with fresco paintings nearly coeval with the edifice itself, and strongly illustrative of the history of the art. Among these is a delineation of Dante's Hell, in which devils and mortals are seen sprawling about in all possible attitudes. Proud piles of monumental marble, sarcophagi, and busts, together with Greek, Roman, Egyptian, and Italian antiquities crowd the galleries, rendering them not less a school for artists, than a depository of the dead. In this respect the Campo Santo is much superior to Westminster Abbey, though its moral associations were to us far less interesting.

The Archbishop's Palace and other stately buildings, front upon the square of the Cathedral, presenting not a single mean object to detract from its grandeur. In the vicinity stands the Church of St. Stephen, the interior of which dazzles the eye with the richness and brilliancy of its embellishments. Near this place, our guide pointed out the prison of Ugolino, whose confinement and starvation by the aspiring Prelate are sung in one of the episodes of Dante.

The most interesting building, next to those above de-

scribed, is the church of St. Maria della Spina, so called from a tradition, that a thorn from the crown of the Saviour is among its relics. It is almost another Santa Casa, so tiny and light that it might apparently have been borne hither from Palestine or some other oriental clime, by less potent beings than angels. Its dimensions do not exceed forty feet in length by twenty in breadth, one story high, and crowned with a profusion of little Gothic pinnacles. The pillars without number are of all possible orders of architecture. Its front is adorned with small statues of the Saviour and his twelve Disciples, and scores of Saints perch among the turrets above. The Madonna, who was supposed to possess peculiar virtues, has been removed and placed in a more conspicuous situation, over the arched entrance of the most frequented street in the city, that her sphere of influence might be enlarged. This unique and fantastic structure is of black and white marble, striped like the Cathedral at Genoa. It is said to have been built in the 13th century. Its position, upon the left bank of the Arno, standing on the very brink, and insulated from all other buildings, gives prominence to its oddities. When it was first seen across the river, it was not suspected of being a church. It really looks, as if it might have been brought in a Pisan galley, and here set ashore as the most convenient landing place.

I visited the large Botanic Garden, forming an appendage to the University. Its compartments are extensive, and tolerably well filled with exotics, as well as with native plants. Artificial mounts have been constructed, and clothed with evergreens, which add to the variety of the enclosure. One striking peculiarity arrested my attention:—the alleys are all paved like so many streets, for the convenience of treading them in wet weather. Such an improvement is much more conducive to health than to correct taste. It destroys in a great measure the rusticity and beauty of the garden.

As to the University itself, once so celebrated, and which still boasts of its scholars, I could not learn that it contains any thing worth seeing or hearing. It has declined with the other interests of the city, till it has become the shadow of what it once was, and the professors out-number the students. The former are at present engaged in a high literary quarrel, respecting the construction of a line in Dante, whose obscurities, like those of Shakspeare, probably in both cases arising from blunders, open a glorious field for commenta

tors. Several paper shots, in the form of pamphlets, have already been exchanged ; and I am informed that one of the combatants has challenged his antagonist to meet him with less harmless weapons.

We attended the theatre one evening—the first that had been visited in Italy. The building is large and handsomely finished, in the style of an Opera House, with four tiers of boxes, each designed to accommodate three persons. Gilded galleries, frescoes, and chandeliers rendered the *coup d'oeil* rather brilliant. The scenery, dresses, and decorations were respectable. Although the piece for the evening was comic and full of action, the slow, indolent movements of the performers, and the measured pomp of the language presented a striking contrast to the brisk, bustling, sprightly gesture and rapid articulation of the French. An excellent orchestra constituted the most agreeable part of the entertainment. The audience was not numerous, and by no means orderly. Even in the lowest theatres in France, every spectator is silent, and intent on the spectacle, whatever it may be. But here, a majority of the house did not seem to regard the play, and were engaged in loud conversation.

One day was occupied in an excursion to Leghorn, fourteen miles from Pisa, in a southerly direction. We left early on the morning of the twelfth, in company with our friends from New-York, and accomplished the ride in about two hours. The road runs nearly the whole way over a low, unbroken plain, of moderate fertility, sprinkled with a few mean villages and houses, sometimes skirted with a grove of pines, but generally devoid of interest, and leaving us to draw upon our classical resources for amusement. A canal connects Pisa with Leghorn, and most of the heavy goods from Florence and the Vale of the Arno pass through this channel. It was made at little expense and is of great practical utility.

Leghorn makes no show at a distance, and it may be added, that it does not appear to much advantage from any point of view. It stands low, on ground in a great measure artificially made ; and the first objects which strike the traveller on his approach to it, are the stagnant moats and canals surrounding the walls, and setting up into the heart of the town. Yet I could not learn that these sluggish waters, choked with every species of filth, and mantling with cor-

ruption, produce disease, or that the inhabitants even in the heats of summer are subject to epidemics. On the contrary, the Florentines and strangers from other parts of Italy resort hither in the hot months, to enjoy the luxury of sea-bathing, and for the benefit of their health.

Leghorn is in all respects the very reverse of Pisa, and in the sudden transition from the deserted, desolate, silent streets of the one, to the active, busy, bustling, noisy crowds of the other, the effect was peculiarly striking. The former is a modern and emphatically a commercial town, with no antiquities, little architectural beauty beyond that of utility, and few works of art. It has sprung up in modern times, and doubled its population since the commencement of the present century, amounting now to about 60,000, within a circuit of two miles! Pisa has been ruined, and Leghorn made by a subjugation to the Tuscan government. Anterior to this period, the latter was an insignificant, dirty village, sunk in the mud, and hidden among the weeds of the shore. The Medicean family laid the foundations of its prosperity, and its own innate vigour has continued the impulse, till it has become the only port of any importance in Tuscany, and the greatest mart in Italy.

The streets of Leghorn are generally regular and well paved, most of them wide and convenient, and a few of them handsome. They nearly all converge and open into a public square in the centre of the town, containing an area of perhaps five acres, lined with ranges of stately buildings on both sides, with a palace at one end and a showy church at the other. This is the fashionable promenade. It is surrounded with side-walks, but has no trees, no arcades--nothing save the wide awnings spread before the doors, to shield the passenger from the influence of the sun. The street leading from this area to the port is the centre of business and the thoroughfare of the town. It is lined with hotels, coffee-houses, and shops of all descriptions, at the doors and windows of which the wares are fancifully displayed. As Leghorn is a free port, foreign goods are here sold fifteen or twenty per cent. cheaper than in the interior of Italy. Immense quantities are purchased and smuggled by individuals for the annual consumption of their families, and sometimes for purposes of speculation. It is no uncommon thing for Florentine ladies to come hither (a distance of 60 miles) to do their shopping. The market is flooded with French and English

goods. Porcelain from Sevres, fancy articles from Paris, the wares of Birmingham, and the cutlery of Sheffield, attract your eye at every step. Even our own country contrives to do its share.

Soon after our arrival at the Royal Oak, the rendezvous of most of our countrymen who visit Leghorn, we made our way through the multitude to the Port, which is more interesting to the stranger than any other part of the town. A strong barrier surrounds the harbour, and the main street opens through a high, narrow arch, where the rush of the crowd, like a torrent contracted by lateral rocks, is incessant, and often dangerous. Carriages, hackney-coaches, carts, wheel-barrows, and all the apparatus of commerce, pour through this passage, and leave no protection to the pedestrian.

The first object which arrested our attention on reaching the quay, was a conspicuous pile of monumental marble, consisting of a colossal statue of Ferdinand I. Grand Duke of Tuscany, and four bronze slaves in chains at his feet, surrounding the pedestal ! The work is executed in a masterly style, but the design is absolutely repulsive—worse, if possible, than the monument to Nelson, in the Exchange at Liverpool, to which it bears a striking resemblance. Petty sovereignty is here clothed in its most revolting attributes. The expressive faces, the piteous, uplifted eyes, the manacled limbs of the captives, meet only with a frown from the unrelenting brow of the victor ; and from almost the only specimen of the fine arts worth looking at in the town, the spectator turns away with disgust.

At the dock we took one of the hundred row-boats, furnished with carpets and awnings, always in readiness, with an importunate gang of watermen resting upon their oars, and made an aquatic excursion, occupying two or three hours. The inner harbour, or rather basin, is separated from the outer by a mole, covered with a block of ware-houses, and surrounded on all sides by substantial quays. It is narrow and crowded with vessels. A bridge at one point, and a ferry-boat at another, connect the insulated buildings with the town. There are now lying at this basin two ships of war ; one for the Greeks, and the other for the Turks, destined probably to meet hereafter in action upon the ocean. The latter is now upon the stocks, a monstrous half finished hulk.

The port of Leghorn is connected with the basin by a narrow pass, just wide enough for one large vessel, and generally choked with boats. It is closed from sunset till sunrise, and no one is allowed to enter during the night. The object of such a vexatious regulation is scarcely discoverable, unless it has some connexion with the quarantine. Even boats that are out on commercial business with foreign vessels, must hurry home at nightfall, lest the gates be barred against them.

The outer harbour is spacious, but neither deep nor safe. It is almost entirely artificial, encircled on all sides, save one, by moles and quays. Tremendous and rude ledges have been thrown together next to the sea, to break the violence of the winds and waves. Some of these masses of rock are so enormous, and have so much the appearance of being *in situ*, that we could hardly believe they had not been planted here by the hand of nature herself. The principal mole has a handsome superstructure, behind which the vessels ride at anchor. But all these defences against the elements are not sufficient to render the port secure, and ships are often dismasted by squalls, while moored under the lee of the mole. The quarantine ground is still worse, being in the open roads, exposed to all the storms, which at certain seasons lash the coast.

The quantity of shipping in the harbour did not equal my expectations, though allowance must be made for the stagnation of commerce during the last year, and perhaps for the time of our visit. Vessels, like birds of passage, are generally periodical in their migrations; and none of the Indiamen had yet arrived. British ships were numerous. In fact, the greater part of the business of Leghorn is done by English and Scotch merchants. They receive nearly all the consignments of our countrymen. The boatmen took us alongside the family yacht, belonging to Mr. Baring, the London banker. She is one of the prettiest models I have ever seen; neat, tasty, and without any superfluity of ornament. Once a year, the proprietor and his family make a trip along the classic shores of the Mediterranean, touching at Naples, Palermo, Malta, and other ports.

Having examined the harbour and shipping, we extended our excursion without the mole to the Light-House, standing upon a rocky islet, also artificially made. The lantern is poised upon a substantial tower, perhaps 150 feet above the

waves. In our toilsome ascent, two or three families of females were observed, in apartments not uncomfortable, but at a fearful elevation. Some of them had pretty Italian faces, wreathed with smiles, and looked like imprisoned beauty. If a Sappho should chance to be of the number, she might find both the rock and the wave at her own window.

The lantern is furnished with a good telescope, and in clear weather, the island of Elba, as well as the mountains of Corsica, may be distinctly seen. But unfortunately the horizon was hazy, and these islands were not visible. We however had a charming view of the two small islands off the coast; of Monte Nero, and its white villages to the south; the long line of green shores to the north, with the Apennines beyond; and the harbour and town spreading beneath us. A distinct survey of these objects amply remunerated our toils, and consoled us under the disappointment of not catching a distant glance at the sea-girt birth-place and prison of Napoleon.

On our return from this excursion, we visited the Jews' Synagogue, which is said to be the most splendid building of the kind in Europe, or indeed in the world. About one third of the inhabitants of Leghorn are of the scattered tribes of Israel. They here enjoy more freedom, or in other words, experience less oppression, than in any other of the Italian cities. Many of them have accumulated fortunes, and liberally contributed to embellish their sanctuary, where they all worship the God of their Fathers. The edifice is two stories high, without much external show, and situated on one of the dirtiest streets in town. But the interior is both rich and splendid, with blind galleries for the accommodation of the female part of the audience, and a spacious aren below for the men. The reading-desk rises in the centre, and the Holy of Holies, the depository of the book of the law and the sacred symbols, is a superb shrine, erected at one end against the wall. All the ornaments are of massive gold, silver, and precious stones. There are no less than *three thousand* lamps, and the flood of light, pouring upon so many brilliant decorations, is said to be on some of the great festivals almost insufferable. Select passages from the scriptures, in the Hebraic character, cover the walls. The Grand Duke and Dutchess of Tuscany not long since paid the Synagogue a visit, and the congregation in return presented the latter with a gorgeous dress, sparkling with the gems of the East. Se-

veral natives of Jerusalem, Judea, the shores of Africa, and the isles of the sea, are here gathered together, and find a quiet asylum.

Our visit to the Protestant burying-ground was to me extremely interesting, fond as I am of brooding over cemeteries and reading epitaphs. In certain moods of the mind, it is more agreeable to linger round the mansions of the dead, than to frequent the habitations of the living. This graveyard, according to my taste, is worth a hundred of the Campo Santo at Pisa. In the latter, the hand of art alone is visible; in the former, nature and art are charmingly blended. The enclosure is small, situated in the suburbs of the town, where the sacred repose of the tomb is undisturbed by the din and levity of the streets. A neat iron railing, supported by stone pillars, encircles the area, fringed on all sides by rows of cypress, and the whole beautifully shaded by weeping willows, which hang their long rich tresses over the white marble monuments. There is almost thought—certainly sentiment in this tree, the very image of which is melancholy and sepulchral above all others. The sod is perfectly green and enamelled with flowers, among which the wild poppy is conspicuous, rearing its crimson petals above the rank grass, and by a sort of heedless gaiety striking the mind by contrast; as the most cheerful music sometimes only serves to sadden the feelings.

The monuments taken collectively, are the handsomest and in the best taste I have ever seen. They are of fine statuary marble, uniformly chaste in design, and executed with all the exactness of the Italian chisel. Their dates reach as far back as the year 1746, when the cemetery was commenced by Mr. Bateman, an Englishman, who munificently gave a sufficient sum to purchase the ground, and defray the expenses of the enclosure. Among the most beautiful monuments, is one to the memory of captain Gamble, of the United States Navy, who died at Pisa in 1818. It is of the purest Carrara marble, and consists of a square pedestal surrounded with four eagles, above which rises a fluted column, surmounted by an urn and girt with a cincture of stars. Those in memory of captain M'Knight, of the United States Marines; Miss Bowdoin, and Mr. Reed, of Boston; Mr. Seton, and Mr. Pollok, of New-York; Mr. Hawley, of Connecticut; Mr. De Bull, of Baltimore; and two Midshipmen in the United States Navy, are all beautiful. The

tombs of the English, Irish and Scotch are extremely numerous ; but none of them are very remarkable or interesting to a stranger, except that of Dr. Smollett, the immortal historian, novelist and poet. His monument is a plain pyramid, rising on a square pedestal, inscribed merely with the date of his death at Leghorn, his age, and his country. He could scarcely have selected a more rural and quiet spot for his grave, even upon the banks of his native Leven, whose praises he has so sweetly sung.

Some of our friends in France were so kind as to give us several letters to Leghorn ; but our stay was so short, and our anxiety to reach the South of Italy before the beginning of summer was so great, that none of them were delivered. We had not even time in this short visit, to pay our respects to the veteran American Consul, the correspondent and friend of Mr. Jefferson, who has been here many years, and if reports be true, has amassed a handsome fortune. After dining comfortably at the Royal Oak, we returned to Pisa on the same evening, highly gratified with the incidents and pleasures of the excursion.

LETTER LII.

VALE OF THE ARNO—ARRIVAL AT FLORENCE—SKETCH OF THE CITY—EXTERNAL APPEARANCE—BRIDGES—CATHEDRAL—BAPTISTRY—CAMPANILE.

April, 1826.—At Pisa a coach was chartered to take us to Florence, with the express condition of furnishing a relay of horses midway, to relieve us from the necessity of resting two or three hours at some unimportant village or dirty hotel ; and early on the morning of the 14th instant, we set out for the capital of Tuscany, under the auspices of a bright and charming day. The distance is about fifty English miles, in an eastern direction, and the journey was accomplished in nine hours, giving us ample time to examine the little which is to be seen between the two places. An excellent road, sometimes hilly, but always smooth, pursues the left bank of the Arno the whole way, often on the very margin, and seldom out of sight of the river. A classic stream of so much celebrity was a welcome companion, and its banks were surveyed with an attention proportioned to their fame.

The outlines of the Vale of the Arno may be conveyed to the reader in few words. On leaving Pisa, or more properly Lucca, the Apennines make a bold sweep towards the Adriatic, receding from the western coast of Italy, and their declivities sinking into swells of moderate elevation. The loftier peaks in the chain, still covered with snow, are seen in the distance, rising in a long line round the head of the vale, and behind the green slopes, which form the fore-ground. On the left bank of the river, none of the hills exceed a few hundred feet in height; and on both sides, the formation is the same, consisting of chalky limestone and argillaceous slate, imperfectly shaded with verdure. Plantations of olives occupy the bases, and above these rise groves of fir, chestnut, and pine, generally of a dwarfish growth towards the summits.

The Arno itself, like almost every river we have yet seen in Italy, partakes of the character of a torrent, forming little else than a channel for the floods, which descend from the mountains at certain seasons. It may be considered as an extremely sensitive hydrometer, swelling with every shower, and shrinking almost to a rill during a drought. Its bed is two or three times the breadth of its ordinary current, exposing to view long tracts of naked gravel, washed down from the hills, and presenting a picture of perfect desolation. Here no plants nor flowers, as on some of our streams, skirt the very brink, deriving nutriment from a rich animal deposit, playing as it were with the gentle current, and hanging enamoured over its glassy surface. On the contrary, the Arno scourges a hundred times a year whatever falls within its reach, piling still higher its wastes of sands. In many places dikes are thrown up, to confine its floods within due limits. Neither the complexion of the hurried, turbid waters, nor the aspect of the misshapen boats by which they are navigated, affords much relief to the eye, and the stream itself is, on the whole, far from being picturesque or interesting.

But the secondary banks, spreading from the shores to the foot of the hills, are rich, green and beautiful. The vale is often several miles in width, and one of the most highly cultivated, as well as of the most productive in the world. It appeared to me, that no soil, however manured and tilled, could support the exuberance of foliage sometimes found along the road. The ground is laid out in small squares, or parallelograms, bordered with thick rows of elms, mulber-

ries or poplars, with heavy vines hanging in luxuriant festoons from tree to tree. These plantations are so dense over the whole landscape, as to constitute a perfect forest, through which the eye can penetrate but a short distance, till from some eminence it stretches over wide tracts of matted verdure.

The beds opening between the lines of trees, and cultivated with as much precision as an ordinary garden, are sown with flax, wheat, grain, and vegetables of all descriptions, one crop succeeding another in rapid succession, and indeed often seen mingled together in the same field. All the tillage is done by manual labour, and the mode is very similar to that described in my notice of Lucca. But exact as this culture now is, it might evidently be much improved, by adopting the French mode of cultivating the vine, and by removing the trees, which exhaust the soil; though this would make serious innovations upon the beauty of the landscape. Flax is a staple article in all this part of Italy. Females are seen along the roads, with the distaff stuck in a belt at the left side, twirling the spool dangling below, and spinning as they walk, or while engaged in watching their flocks. Fields of the raw material, hanging its blue blossoms, by the side of patches of wheat full in the ear, and beneath vines shooting their tendrils from branch to branch, presented novel scenery for the middle of April.

The Vale of the Arno is as populous, as it is productive, though the houses are so constructed and situated, as to add nothing to the beauty of the landscape, except when seen at a distance. Here are no neat little cottages, sprinkled over the fields, half concealed by foliage, and wreathed with flowers, as in some parts of England. What relief and what an additional charm would such lodges, peeping from among the trees, and overshadowed by the vine, furnish in this hot climate! But with very few exceptions, the people of Italy seem to have no taste for retirement and a rural life. Even the peasantry are fond of herding together, in crowded, dirty towns, and often walk several miles to their daily labours. This circumstance, together with the paucity of animals both domesticated and wild, renders the Italian landscape extremely inanimate, in comparison either with our own, or that of Great-Britain. No children are seen frolicking at cottage doors; no cattle are heard to low in their pastures; and the rustic laugh, after the toils of the

day, never gives cheerfulness to the fields. At evening the country is as solitary as the desert. The labourers retire to their villages, shutting themselves up within high walls, confined streets, and cheerless houses.

We passed something like a dozen of these populous villages between Pisa and Florence, scattered at distant intervals along the road. When occupying eminences, they appear remarkably well at a distance, as the buildings are generally white, and contrast finely with the green slopes on which they are seated, often exhibiting a liberal share of domes and pinnacles. But the moment you enter the gates, the charm vanishes. Though the pavements are uniformly good, the streets are dark and narrow, lined with houses built of small stones and mortar, with stuccoed walls, and often without window sashes, giving them an unfinished and gloomy appearance. I have not yet seen a village in Italy, which may not be considered a prison, in comparison with those of New-England and the Middle States. The traveller dreads to enter, and rejoices when he again breathes a free air.

The Tuscan peasantry have perhaps justly been ranked among the better portions of the population of Italy. So far as my observation has extended, they are generally industrious, temperate, and frugal in their habits, cultivating their lands with neatness, and pursuing their respective occupations with assiduity. But to this remark there are many exceptions, and there is certainly among them a great deal of poverty. Our coach was pursued by beggars half of the way between Pisa and Florence. This may probably be in part owing to an overstocked population, but still more to a bad government and worse religion. In the age of the Republic, Tuscany supported twice the number of inhabitants within the same territory. Swarms of mendicants are now seen, either from a want of employment, or a want of inclination. The pictures of rural industry along the road were, however, often striking and agreeable, particularly among the females, who were busy in weeding their fields, training their vines, and braiding their straw hats. In the latter employment thousands are engaged. The peasant girls are celebrated for their personal accomplishments. Many of them have pretty faces, and a small fur hat, often poised on one side of the head, with red bodices tightly laced, gives them an air of nonchalance and archness. From costume

as well as from a general resemblance of character, it has been inferred that they are of Grecian origin. It is certain that the Etrurians were a powerful and comparatively a civilized people, acquainted with letters and the arts, before the foundation of Rome ; and many of the improvements of the latter were borrowed from the former.

In the vicinity of Florence, the Vale of the Arno becomes wide, and the river makes a bold sweep to the west, passing near the base of the hills on the left bank, and leaving a broad basin on the opposite side, rising by gentle slopes to the height of the Apennines. The scenery is here in the highest degree rich and picturesque. Numerous white villages, and villas of the Florentine nobility, are seated upon the acclivities, swelling stage above stage, and beautifully shaded with foliage of a luxuriant growth and deep verdure. Italian scenery, like a splendid painting, seems to be made purposely for show ; and to appear to advantage it must be seen under a favourable light, and at a proper distance. Its strong lights and shades often produce a fine coup d'œil ; but its lines will not bear a close inspection. In running down one of these showy villas, and in attempting to seize the elements of the picture, I was often reminded of the rustic in chase of a rainbow. The bright illusion vanishes on a nearer approach, and the traveller is left to wonder, how coarse stucco walls, gardens and evergreens shorn into fantastic shapes, and weatherbeaten statues could by any possible combination thus allure and deceive his eye.

Passing the long Faubourg, which extends several miles on the road towards Pisa, we reached the gates of Florence at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The city stands so low, and the walls are so high, that the environs and a few of the more elevated towers only can be seen in approaching on this side. A stately and handsome arch forms an entrance through the massive ramparts, which are so thick and strong as to appear impregnable. The portals are guarded by a troop of soldiers, custom-house officers, and placemen of a subordinate rank, who gave us as much trouble as possible. After examining our passports, and inquiring if our trunks contained any contraband articles, one of them opened the coach door, and intimated in an under-tone, that by the payment of a liberal fee our luggage might be exempted from inspection. As we were in no particular haste, entertained no fears of an examination, and did not feel disposed to

yield to extortion, such terms were promptly rejected. The officer was evidently irritated by the refusal, and determined to render the search as vexatious as he could. He made us leave the carriage, while he examined the boxes and packets. Our trunks were opened, and their contents underwent a minute inspection, some of them being strewed upon the ground.

Natives of the country appeared to fare no better than ourselves. During a delay of something more than half an hour, it was amusing to see others undergoing a search in the hands of these harpies. Among the rest an old market woman drying her donkey and small cart filled with vegetables, was brought to at the gate, and the contents of the vehicle emptied upon the pavement. In cases where the load cannot be taken out, the officers use an iron rod for probing the contents of casks and chests.

At about 4 o'clock we found ourselves in the centre of Florence, and comfortably settled for a week at the *Locanda d'Inghilterra*, where our New-York friends had taken lodgings the day previous, and invited us to join in the fellowship of the table. This hotel is one of the largest and most celebrated in Europe. It is kept by Schneider, a German emigrant, who has realized from its profits a princely fortune. His son has lately clandestinely married the daughter of the Governor of Leghorn, and mine host on the Arno, by way of showing that a runaway match would not dishonour a sprig of Italian nobility, gave a marriage portion of \$200,000, together with a Florentine palace, a splendid carriage, and other outfits. In the mean time, the enterprising old German continues to levy his contributions upon the traveller, for which perhaps the latter receives an equivalent in neatness and comfort. The palace, (for so it may justly be styled,) is beautifully situated on the left bank of the Arno, in by far the finest part of the city. Spiral flights of marble steps, guarded by handsome copies of Egyptian and Roman antiques, lead to the chambers; and the terraces of the spacious court are crowded with statues,* intermingled with domestic plants. The accommodations are in all respects worthy of the exterior; and it is not surprising that such a hotel is constantly full.

* Happening to rise one morning at an early hour, to take a few turns upon the terrace before breakfast, I was not a little amused to see a scrub, busy in washing these statues, which had become somewhat tarnished du-

Our first glance at Florence was calculated to produce a deep and vivid impression. After winding through some of the more obscure streets, we emerged suddenly upon the banks of the Arno, lined on both sides by ranges of palaces, connected by four stately bridges, and exhibiting a partial view of the towers and domes on the opposite shore, as well as of the green swells of the Apennines beyond, gilded by the evening sun. In the river itself, I was prepared to be disappointed, after what had already been seen. It here preserves much the same character, as at Pisa and between the two cities, except in so far as it has been modified by art. It pursues a straight course, lengthwise through the city, dividing it into two nearly equal parts. The channel is here even wider, than it is sixty miles below, and the turbid water is scarcely of sufficient depth to cover the mud. At the lower extremity of the city, a dam has been thrown quite across, over which there is a fall of several feet, producing a faint murmur through the town, and a considerable bustle, when the river is high.

The embankments, like those at Pisa, are entirely artificial and constructed in the same manner, as also of the same material. If the Arno possessed any natural beauty, these quays, extending the whole length of the city, would destroy it; but fortunately there was nothing of this kind to be lost. As there is no navigation above the falls, the streets, called the Lung' Arno, are perfectly clean, and form the fashionable promenades. So variable is the current of this river; that although the banks are twelve or fifteen feet high, and notwithstanding the great breadth of the channel, the floods sometimes fill it to the brim and threaten to burst their barriers. From the lower bridge to the falls, and from the second bridge to the upper extremity of the town, the buildings extend to the very brink of the river, leaving no passage along the left bank, and only a part of the way on the right. Napoleon, while master of Tuscany, projected a splendid improvement, by continuing the Lung' Arno on both sides through the whole length of Florence, and thence to the Cascine, which is a sort of Champs Elysées, on the

ring the winter. Apollo and the Muses seemed to turn up their noses at having a dish-clout flapped full in their faces. They however looked all the better for being subjected to a lustration. The graceful limbs of Venus were rendered as snowy and pure, as when she first rose from the foam of her native sea.

right bank of the river below. But the work will probably never be executed under the present prosing government. Some of the palaces between the two lower bridges present showy façades, and the view at this point has no ordinary share of magnificence. The streets in front of them, open on one side to the Arno, are spacious, and finely paved with large flags, fitted together in the most exact manner. Nearly all the pavements in the city are of the same description, and exceed in firmness, as well as in convenience and beauty, any I have elsewhere seen. They will endure for ages, and it is questionable, whether on the whole they will not be cheaper, than small stones which require to be taken up and re-adjusted every few years.

Although all the bridges are substantial structures, much cannot be said in favour of either their grandeur or beauty, with the exception of one, the Santa Trinita, which is of marble. Its arches are graceful, and its proportions elegant. It is probably one of the finest bridges in the world. Handsome statues guard its extremities. Fortunately this is the most exposed by its location, and shows to good advantage. The Ponte Vecchio, or old bridge, is an oddity. It is wide, and the passage on both sides lined with shops of the ordinary size, which are all occupied by jewellers. A line of buildings suspended in air across the Arno has a grotesque, but by no means an agreeable appearance, as it prevents the eye from ranging up and down the river. Enough of silver, gold, and precious stones, wrought into ornaments of all kinds, is here deposited, to choke the current, should the bridge give way.*

But the Ponte Vecchio is not the only curiosity of the kind in this quarter. A gallery also extends across the river, connecting two of the Ducal Palaces on the opposite shores. Like hundreds of other buildings at Florence, it was con-

* The Italians of both sexes and of all classes are extravagantly fond of jewelry; finger-rings, bracelets, necklaces, and pendants. Immense quantities of these articles are sold at Genoa, Leghorn, Florence, and the other great towns. Even a peasant girl sometimes has gold ornaments about her person to the value of \$2000. They frequently descend from one generation to another, constituting the only dowry, and often the only property. I have seen females begging with knobs in their ears. Nothing is more common than to see a coachman or a servant, with two or three heavy gold rings upon his fingers. The jewelry is of the most showy but rich kind; and the peasantry will consent to work hard and live poor for life, provided they can make a handsome display of their ornaments on *festas*.

structed during an age of jealousy between rulers and their subjects, to afford a secret and safe passage to those, who feared to encounter on the open bridges the effects of their own tyranny in the exasperated feelings of their enemies. Most of the old palaces are built for purposes of defence, looking more like castles or prisons, than like dwelling-houses. The lower windows are all grated with heavy bars of iron, and the doors are as massive, as the portals of a city.

On the Sunday after our arrival, we all went to the Cathedral, which stands on a public square of the same name, at some distance from the right bank of the Arno. It is a huge pile, striking the spectator with astonishment at its size, rather than with the grandeur or harmony of its proportions. Its form is that of a Roman cross, the head of which is octagonal, giving it an unique appearance. The front is unfinished, being rudely plastered; and the other sides are encased with black and white marble, like the Duomo at Genoa. Gothic pinnacles and statues crown the roof.

Over the point of intersection of the cross, rises a stupendous dome, which preserves the octagonal shape of the end of the church below. Its dimensions almost equal those of the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, being but fifteen feet less in breadth, and only thirteen less in height. It was designed by Brunellesco, a celebrated Florentine architect, in the 14th century, about a hundred years after the rest of the church was built, and anterior to that of St. Peter's. The former is indeed said to have suggested the first idea of the latter—a circumstance by no means improbable, as Michael Angelo used to say, that the work of Brunellesco could only be imitated, but not surpassed. This dome, which at present is said to be in danger of falling, is surmounted by a cross sixteen feet in height, and 320 feet from the ground. I have seen men at work on the very top, who were reduced almost to the size of sparrows. The piazza of the Cathedral has lately been extended, so as to afford a full view of the enormous edifice. At night it appears to rise like a mountain against the horizon.

The inside of course conforms in a great measure to the exterior, in the general contour of its features. Splendid chapels fill the octagonal projections; and long lines of immense pillars separate the aisles from the nave. Directly under the centre of the dome, closed at top, is the choir,

some thirty feet in diameter, still preserving the octagon, and surrounded with Ionic columns, better suited to the lightness and gaiety of a theatre, than to the solemnity of a sanctuary. Elevated upon a throne, on one side of this enclosure, is a statue—of whom? of the Supreme Being, or God the Father, as the valet-de-place familiarly termed him! He is represented in a sitting posture, with one hand resting upon his thigh, and the other raised, as if in the act of speaking. His countenance is that of an old man, with a hoary beard and a stern look. Within a few paces of this image, one of the Medici was stabbed to the heart by his rival, while in the attitude of kneeling at his devotions; and if I am correctly informed, crimes of an opposite character are often perpetrated before the altar. The Cathedral is the rendezvous of the whole city, and among the crowd of fashionables, vows are said to be whispered to other ears than those of the Virgin.

The walls of the church are lined with piles of monumental marble, and the chapels are filled with pictures of the Tuscan school. Whatever merit any of these works may possess, it is not displayed to much advantage, owing to the more than twilight dimness, glimmering through the Gothic windows, of painted glass, and unusually small, added to the total obscurity of the dome. The forms of devotees, gliding round the choir, or kneeling before the altars, appeared like spectres, half disclosed by the rays of tapers, blending with the indistinct light of day; and peals of the chant, sometimes bursting from unseen lips, and sent back in echoes from the vaulted roof, had no tendency to diminish the effect. Towards the foot of the cross, the front and lateral doors render the vacant aisles less gloomy, and more fully bring to view the mosaic pavement, which is partly the work of Michael Angelo. Beneath it sleeps the dust of great men—Brunellesco, Giotto, and others.

A shattered picture of Dante, in the attitude of reading his Divine Comedy, is suspended from the wall, and arrests the attention of every traveller, although it forms but a frail and inadequate memorial of the great Tuscan poet, the creator of a new language, and in point of prominence the Shakspeare of Modern Italy.* His remains still rest at

* "The power of the human mind," says Sismondi, "was never more forcibly demonstrated, in its most exquisite master-pieces, than in the poem

Ravenna, upon the shores of the Adriatic, whither he was driven into exile by the persecutions of his countrymen, who are proud of his reputation, and have in vain sought to reclaim his ashes. He died in 1321. A cenotaph-monument to his memory is now in the hands of Ricci, a celebrated Florentine artist, and will soon be erected in the church of St. Croce, among the other illustrious names, which consecrate its aisles. It is to be of white marble, presenting a group of statues, which will comprise a figure of Italy, pointing to her favourite poet, together with his own likeness and suitable illustrations of his works. The whole expense is estimated at \$40,000—a greater sum than Dante ever saw during his life. It is some gratification to see the posterity of his fellow-citizens, attempting by these acts of liberality to obliterate the ingratitude of their fathers, and to appease the manes of persecuted genius.

But let us turn to a less poetical subject: In front of the Cathedral and at the distance of a few yards, stands the Baptistry, an octagonal edifice, encrusted with black and white marble, and finished in the same style as the primary structure to which it belongs. The interior is extremely rich, the pavement consisting of beautiful mosaics, and the shrines glittering with precious stones. On the whole, however, it is less splendid than its Pisan rival, dedicated to the same purposes. The three bronze doors are reckoned masterpieces of art, and old Michael Angelo, in the enthusiasm of his admiration, and in his characteristic liberality towards the works of others, used to call them “the Gates of Paradise.” They are enriched with bas-relief of exquisite workmanship, and appropriately representing the principal events in the life of St. John the Baptist.

What shall we say of two massive iron chains, suspended by rings from the antique pillars on each side of the principal portal, all taken from captive Pisa, and still displayed as trophies of conquest? Coming as I recently had from the wreck of that interesting little Republic, these spoils from a port now in utter ruin, thus ostentatiously exhibited, awakened in my breast a tide of mingled emotions. The Florentines attempt to soften the features of the picture by sta-

(the *Divina Comedia*) of Dante. Without a prototype in any existing language, equally novel in its various parts, and in the combination of the whole, it stands alone, as the first monument of modern genius, the first great work which appeared in the reviving literature of Europe.”

ting, that the chains were presented to them by the Pisans for guarding their territory, while they were engaged in foreign wars. Notwithstanding this explanation, the traveller regards the manacles in no other light than as an emblem of the subjugation of Pisa. If either state had been benefitted by the conquest, such a boastful display of the trophies of war would admit of some palliation; but both were ruined and depopulated by civil dissensions. Let the citizens of the United States mark the picture, and see what must be the fate of our country, if any of the flourishing and happy little Republics, which like the planetary world now form parts of the great system, and are mutually supported by one another, should yield to the impulses of ambition, wander from their orbits, and strive for the mastery over their neighbours.

The Campanile or Belfry in this group of buildings, like that of Pisa, is an insulated tower, standing a few paces from the corner of the Cathedral, and rising to the height of 288 feet. It is perhaps twenty feet square, constructed of the most solid materials, and faced on the outside with variegated marbles, among which the white prevails, beautifully clouded with other colours. The workmanship is as finished as the smallest and nicest piece of mechanism; and for five centuries, it has stood the admiration of all travellers, from Charles the Vth, down to less imperial visitants. It was built by Giotto, who by dint of genius became, from a peasant boy, one of the most renowned architects of the age.

Arduous as was the ascent by means of spiral flights of steps in the interior, the word as usual was upward! and we climbed to the very top, even to the tiled roof, which rises above the open balustrade. The view of Florence and its antique towers; of the Vale of the Arno both above and below the town; of the river itself, at this height divested of its minor defects, and flowing through its bright and luxuriant borders; of the hilly environs, infinitely varied, and crowned with castles, palaces, villas, gardens, churches, and convents—such a landscape, glittering beneath an Italian sky, and blooming in all the freshness of Spring, may be conceived, but cannot be adequately described. Eastward the prospect reaches to the woody heights of Vallombrosa, and the peaks of mountains overhanging it, still enveloped in snow. Three or four miles towards the north, the dilapidated walls and nodding towers of old Fiesolé, seated upon one of the

loftiest swells of the Apennines, imperfectly show themselves through the intervening foliage. The seven gates of Florence, and all the great avenues by which it is approached, were distinctly traced. Of these the Porta St. Gallo, leading across the mountains to Bologna, St. Croce, the Roman, and Pisan are the principal. The walls, of an elliptical form, are seven miles in circuit, and enclose a population of about 70,000. Crowded faubourgs, extending on all sides, considerably augment the amount; but what is this handful of inhabitants, compared with the 400,000, whom the city alone contained in the prosperous times of the Republic! Can any person ask a more palpable demonstration than this of the superiority of one form of government over another? Yet the Florentines, slumbering in ignoble ease, enslaved by ecclesiastics, and bound hand and foot by the despotism of the Holy Alliance, are suffering the glorious inheritance of their fathers to waste away, without one generous effort to regain their long-lost liberties.

While we stood leaning over the balustrades of the Campanile, surveying the dusky battlements of the city, the bells tolled and the chants of numerous processions of priests in their robes, followed by a multitude, ascended in murmurs from below. As they moved through the deep and dark windings of the streets, they alternately vanished and re-appeared, and the sound of their voices by turns faded and revived upon the ear. There was something absolutely melancholy and painful in the picture. What a different scene did the activity and bustle of the town present in the early days of the Medicean family, when commerce and the arts flourished; when the citizens assembled on the public squares to discuss the interests of the state; when every high-minded Florentine was ready to rally at a moment's warning under the banners of the Republic, and the enthusiastic shouts of freemen rang along the banks of the Arno!

The Piazza del Duomo is spacious, and surrounded on all sides by blocks of stately buildings, some of which have an air of venerable antiquity. On the western side stands a monument, to commemorate the miracle of St. Zenobi, whose coffin coming in contact with a withered oak, is said to have caused it to put forth its foliage afresh. This square has from time immemorial been the rendezvous of all loungers, literary, political, and fashionable. It is a sort of Exchange, whither the Florentines resort at evening, to converse

and gather the news of the day. Here are several of the principal coffee-houses in town; and the very benches are shown, on which Machiavelli and his contemporaries used to lounge.

LETTER LIII.

FLORENCE CONTINUED—CHURCHES—SANTA CROCE—SAINT LORENZO—TOMBS OF THE MEDICI—LAURENTIAN LIBRARY—SANTA MARIA NOVELLA—A^NNUNZIATA—MUSEUM—ROTTENIC GARDEN—PITTI PALACE—BOBOLI GARDEN—CASCINE. *

April, 1826.—To the church of Santa Croce we paid several visits, chiefly on account of its interesting associations. It stands on a large square of the same name, surrounded with antique and grotesque buildings, some of which have been the cradles of distinguished men. The church itself, elevated by half a dozen steps above the piazza, presents a rude exterior. It was built in the same age with the cathedral, but the outside has never been, and probably never will be finished. The colossal proportions of its interior, its long-drawn aisles, its ranges of massive columns, its Gothic wooden roof, and the sombre aspect of its chapels and altars, impress the mind with a solemnity of feeling. An inattention to the lesser ornaments, such as embellish most of the Florentine churches, comports with the dignity of a sanctuary, which enshrines much of the holiest dust of Italy.

On entering the front door, the eye of the visitant is at once arrested by the tomb of Michael Angelo, erected against the wall to the right. It is enough to know, that the ashes of such a man, equally distinguished for his genius, his skill, his patriotism, and noble attachment to liberty, sleep beneath the pavement. But the monument itself is worthy of his memory, and furnishes another proof that his countrymen are much more fond of heaping honours upon the dead, than of doing justice to the living.* It consists of a pyramidal pile of marble, which rises above a splendid sarcophagus.

* On the downfall of republican liberty, Michael Angelo, who had manfully struggled for its support, became a self-exile from his country, indignantly retiring to Rome, whence he refused to return, till his remains were restored to his native earth by his enslaved and degraded countrymen.

Among its ornaments are figures of Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting, with their appropriate insignia, designed to be emblematic of the three great departments of the fine arts, in which this astonishing man attained an almost equal degree of eminence. A little medallion of his own painting also forms one of its most interesting embellishments.

Next in order, and on the same side of the church, is the tomb of Alfieri, the great dramatic poet, and one of the master spirits of modern Italy; though the eccentricities of his character detract somewhat from the veneration which the traveller is ready to pay to his talents. He was the personal friend of Canova, who has done not less credit to his feelings than to his taste in the design of this monument. The same marble will indissolubly connect two illustrious names; and they who were so intimate in life, will not be wholly separated even in death. A work with which the artist evidently took great pains has not been considered as one of his happiest efforts; for what reason I know not: to me it appeared both appropriate and beautiful. The sarcophagus is extremely rich. A draped figure of Italy, crowned like Cybele with triple towers, is in the attitude of pointing to a medallion of the poet in bas-relief, and weeping for the loss of a favourite son. Is it possible for a design to express more simplicity or greater pathos? There is however one defect so glaring as to strike every spectator, but which was not the fault of Canova. The name of the Countess of Albany, widow of the last of the Stuarts, at whose expense the monument was erected, is even more conspicuous than that of Alfieri himself. It is emblazoned in large letters in front, and a special record is made of an act of munificence—perhaps a tribute of genuine affection. This titled personage was in plain terms the mistress of the poet, and whatever was the strength of her attachment, taste and refinement surely might have dictated a less ostentatious and a more delicate mode of expressing her sorrow.

A few feet farther on in the same aisle, the visitant finds the sepulchral urn of Machiavelli, with a figure of History holding his medallion. In the minds of most of my readers, a prejudice is probably associated with his name, which has become a generic term in our language, to express a sort of jesuitical, refined, wily, and cunning policy. Such a stigma, it is believed, has arisen rather from the calumnies of his enemies, than from a fair construction of his writings.

In the course of my collegiate studies, I recollect to have read a translation of his works, from the mere curiosity of arriving at the origin of a word in common use in our country, and to have laid down the book without finding any thing to justify the etymology and import of the epithet. The doctrines broached in his *Prince*, the only objectionable portion of his voluminous works, are not principles upon which he himself acted, but merely abstract views of policy, drawn from a profound knowledge of the human passions and of the corruptions of courts. If others have availed themselves of his insight into character, and have reduced his hypothetical cases into practice, the fault is not chargeable upon him. At all events, the Florentines consider Machiavelli as one of the most illustrious men of his age, distinguished alike for his talents and his devoted attachment to republican principles.

In the character of old Galileo—he that was denounced as a heretic for inventing the telescope, and for broaching the dangerous doctrine, that the earth moves round the sun, instead of the sun round the earth—there can be no mistake. His tomb is in the other aisle of this church, nearly opposite that of Michael Angelo. Notwithstanding the opinion of critics, the design appeared to me peculiarly appropriate. The monument is surmounted by two figures, one representing Geometry, and the other, Astronomy, emblematic of the departments of science, in which the philosopher particularly excelled. He owes his pile of sculptured marble to the munificence of a private family; for like all the great men of Florence, he died an exile from his native city, persecuted, blind, and pennyless. The events of his life are too well known to need a recapitulation. He is said to have been born on the day of Michael Angelo's death, and on the day of his death, Sir Isaac Newton was born. If this remarkable coincidence be a fact, such an unbroken chain of intellect would almost lead one to believe in the Pythagorean doctrine of the transmigration of souls.

On one side of Santa Croce is an extensive convent, enclosing spacious, open areas, tastefully shaded with evergreens. We could not learn that it contains many inmates; the whole precincts were silent as the grave. The cloisters are still used as a cemetery, and numerous white monuments, elegantly wrought, have recently been erected along the walls. But the principal burying-ground of Florence is

two or three miles from the town, and the practice of interring the dead in churches has here, as in all the other large cities of Italy, been in a great measure discontinued.

The church of St. Lorenzo ranks next to that of St. Croce in point of interest. It was founded by one of the untitled ancestors of the Medicean family, in the same age with the Cathedral, and was built by the same architect. The plain, substantial, republican merchant by whom it was endowed, sought only to erect a temple which should be expressive of his piety, and not of his wealth, accumulated by honest industry. His intentions were fulfilled, and the edifice is indicative of his character—simple, dignified, and unostentatious. Every one is acquainted with the history of the Medici. As with all other aristocracies, the links in the chain of cause and effect are few. Wealth and talents begat power; power, luxury; and luxury, oppression. An epitome of the story of the family is read in the ornaments of St. Lorenzo. John de Medici, the founder, though a secular man, thought only of a church, regardless of a tomb, content that his dust should mingle with common earth: his descendants, on the contrary, though invested with the highest ecclesiastical dignities, forgot the church, so far at least as it respects any practical purposes of piety, and dreamed only of splendid mausolea.

John, the pious and worthy ancestor, has received no sepulchral honours. His son Cosimo, sometimes styled *pater patriæ*, sleeps in front of the High Altar, under a porphyry slab in the pavement, elegantly inlaid with gems. But even this degree of magnificence did not satisfy his posterity, Pope Leo X. and Clement VII. The former planned, and the latter employed Michael Angelo to execute the sacristy in St. Lorenzo, as a family cemetery of the Medici. By the time the place of interment was prepared, the stock had so far degenerated, that their deeds were not worth commemorating. Both of the Popes died at Rome, and their tombs must of course give additional éclat to St. Peter's. Thus was the great artist left to waste his skill in immortalizing dunces. His works have been much praised and ranked among the chef d'œuvres of his chisel. The execution no doubt is very perfect; but are the designs so?—One of the tombs is ornamented with figures of Night and Day, and another with Dawn and Twilight. Now who, without the aid of a cicerone at his elbow, would be able to recognize

these allegorical personages? I was more pleased with a rough hewn and unfinished block of his marble, than with the more elaborate specimens of his skill; because the former presented a vivid image of the man at his work, exhibiting the rude marks of the chisel, just as they were impressed and left three centuries ago.

But I have not yet done with the historical description of this church. The descendants of Lorenzo de Medici, the other son of John who was the progenitor of the family, aspired to military nobility, as the other branch of the stock had to ecclesiastical preferment. Cosimo I. assumed the title of Grand Duke, under whose auspices was commenced an addition to the church of St. Lorenzo, which with all its immeasurable wealth may emphatically be styled *the Folly of the Medici*. It is in the form of an octagonal chapel or rather tower, about ninety feet in diameter and two hundred in height, standing behind the church, and communicating with it by a rude entrance. No pen can adequately describe the splendid waste of materials, which the interior exhibits. Its riches set oriental luxury at defiance, and the whole chapel filled with gold would scarcely amount to the sum, which has been expended, to the impoverishment of millions of Tuscan subjects. The spectator stands amazed with the chaos of brilliancy, which flashes around him; and it is some time before he can bring his mind to an analysis of the architecture, or the confused splendour of the materials. Oriental granite, the most precious marbles from all countries, several varieties of jasper, lapis lazuli in profusion, porphyry, chalcedony, green, yellow, and red antique, topazes, rubies, pearl, and whatever else the east or the south produces, have here been thrown together without much order and with less taste.

The walls are entirely covered with these precious stones. Luxury has wantoned with wealth, and the only governing principle seems to have been, to be as prodigal as possible. The pavement is strewn with glittering rubbish, and the dome is yet in a rude state. As for the few dead whose ashes have been gleaned and deposited in this sumptuous mausoleum, they present nothing save proud sarcophagi and royal insignia to attract the eye of the traveller. Let them sleep on: their slumbers shall not be disturbed by the trampling of my footsteps over their tombs. The family of the Medici was extinct, before this chapel was in a state of

forwardness to receive even the last of a degenerate race ; and although it has now been in progress two hundred years, another line of Grand Dukes may descend to the tomb of the Capulets, ere the splendid gew-gaw is completed. A few men were lazily at work, the clinking of whose hammers like the tapping of so many woodpeckers, was reverberated from the vacant and gloomy dome.

Our visit to the Laurentian Library, in an old convent adjoining the church of St. Lorenzo, was extremely interesting. A fine shaded court spreads before the cloisters, and the building has an air of retirement as well as of venerable antiquity. Here indeed is a monument, worthy of the better days of the Medici, when liberty, learning, and the arts flourished under their protecting influence, till Florence became the Athens of Italy. The library was founded by the elder Cosimo, and enriched by his descendants with a munificence commensurate with their wealth, power, and love of letters. Even the Grand Dukes found patronage fashionable, and spared something from their luxuries to swell the contributions to its treasures.

The arrangements of the hall are entirely unique. On each side of the aisle, substantial oaken benches with backs to them like the seats in our old-fashioned churches extend to the walls. To these the rarer books are fastened with iron chains, and covered with canvass to protect them from the dust. Some of the ponderous folios, locked by massive clasps, scarcely require such precautions to keep them in their places, as one man would be unable to lift the volume, if he were disposed to pilfer. A Florentine gentleman, of whose numerous attentions and kindnesses I shall hereafter have frequent occasion to speak, accompanied us to the library, and as he was intimately acquainted with all its officers, they cheerfully brought out its choicest treasures for our inspection. Among these were a copy of Virgil, made in the third century—the Pandects of Justinian—Missals of the Pope with splendid illuminations—a Syriac copy of the Gospels, done in the sixth century—and Dante's works containing likenesses, executed with a pen. To these were added the still choicer manuscripts of Petrarch's Letters, and some of his poetry, in his own hand-writing ; the original of the Decameron of Boccace ; together with the autograph of Alfieri's Tragedies. The latter was in the habit of first writing out in full all his plays in prose, (copies of which are

preserved,) and of then doing them into verse—a mode of composition, which would seem to be unfavourable to any thing like inspiration, and a species of drudgery to which one would hardly think an impetuous character like the poet could be brought to submit. He has prefixed to each of his productions his own opinions of its merits, by which it appears, that he was seldom satisfied with his writings.

Our credulity was somewhat severely put to the test by a philosophical relic, preserved under a glass case in this library. It is said to be the forefinger of Galileo. Nothing is more common than to embalm the different members of saints, such as ears, noses, teeth, and toes; but that such a mark of veneration should be shown to the profane dust of a heretic, is one of the greatest miracles in which the church of Rome abounds. However, as the old philosopher previous to his death retracted, on his bended knees, the damnable heresy that the earth moves round the sun, it is possible his persecutors relented and consecrated a portion of the learned penitent. At all events, having long since found that scepticism is one of the most uncomfortable commodities, which a traveller can possibly carry about with him, we renounced all doubts and gazed upon the withered relic, as the veritable index, which once pointed to the blue heavens of Italy, and traced the phenomena of the planetary world.

The church of the Annunciation, like the one at Genoa of the same name, is the most fashionable in town. It fronts the head of one of those wide, straight and handsome streets, which diverge like radii from the Piazza del Duomo. Its principal popularity arises from the celebrity of its Madonna, who continues to perform all sorts of miracles even in this age of philosophical truth and knowledge. She sets more bones, staunches more wounds, and performs more marvellous cures, than all the physicians of Florence, if the legends of devotees are to be taken as authority. At the very threshold of the church, consisting of a deep porch, or more properly cloisters, votive tablets cover the walls from the pavement to the ceiling. Here may be seen portrayed innumerable accidents by flood and field—wrecks of vessels—frantic horses and capsized vehicles in all possible attitudes—wounded persons spouting blood—and skeleton forms rising from their sick beds—all; all are restored to life by the miraculous interference of the Madonna. Some of the tablets have just

been suspended, bearing the dates of 1825 and 1826. There will doubtless be a plentiful accession during the present season, as the return of the papal jubilee gives to the year unusual sanctity.

The interior of the *Annunziata* is extremely rich and beautiful. Its dome is magnificent, and its chapels and shrines are as splendid as the costliest materials can render them. In the month of May, a donkey is led in solemn procession over the mosaic pavement to the High Altar, bearing a sack of presents to the Virgin. In the cloisters of the adjoining convent there is an extensive cemetery which was examined without finding many distinguished names. On the wall, near the point of junction with the church, is the celebrated fresco painting of the *Madonna della Sacca*, so called from its having been executed by Andrew del Sarto for a sack of corn. If it possesses no other merits than I could discern, the monks had the worst of the bargain.

The Museum of Natural History is one of the most interesting objects which the traveller finds at Florence. It is one of the best arranged and best regulated institutions of the kind I have ever seen, not excepting even the Garden of Plants at Paris, to which it bears a strong resemblance, inferior indeed in extent, but not in the preservation of its articles. All the departments of natural science are respectably filled, and some of them, particularly those of ornithology, mineralogy, and conchology, are extremely rich. The arrangement of the birds is remarkably neat. Each of them perches upon the branch of a tree, and holds in its beak a green leaf, inscribed with its name in white letters. The fishes and reptiles are disposed in jars, filled with transparent fluids, thus appearing to be immersed in their native element. In the cabinet of Mineralogy are several marble tables, inlaid with gems, and of exquisite workmanship.

But the anatomical preparations in wax form the most striking and peculiar feature in this Museum. I believe the world is indebted to Florence for the invention of these substitutes to supply the place of real subjects; and so celebrated have they become, that copies of them are frequently made for medical institutions in other countries. Several sets have gone to the United States. Here may be seen every part of the human body, internal as well as external, so exactly delineated and coloured, as almost to deceive the

spectator into a belief, that he surveys real bone and muscle. Many of the more difficult cases of surgery are portrayed to the life; and a knowledge of the fact, that the preparations are of wax, relieves the mind from a portion of the pain, which it feels in examining an exhibition of real suffering. The articles are displayed in as delicate a manner as possible, and ladies often go through the whole collection.

There is however one department of this Museum, on which the eye of neither man nor woman can light without creating a thrill of horror:—I refer to the illustrations of the ravages of the plague at Florence in 1348, alluded to in the introduction of the Decameron. These delineations are also in wax, forming a series, and contained in three glass cases. It must have required no ordinary effort of the imagination to combine so many horrible images, and such loathsome forms of death, as are presented in these vivid pictures of the pestilence. Even the masterly descriptions of Thucydides and Boccace are here surpassed. Imagine the ruins of a splendid city—reptiles of the most odious kind crawling over broken pillars, and nestling in dilapidated houses—heaps of the dying and dead piled promiscuously together in all possible attitudes—carniverous animals fastening upon dilacerated corpses, with an image of Death surveying the hideous scene of destruction with a malignant smile—and then you will have but a faint idea of these shocking illustrations. It is a fact, that one of our countrymen, who was at Florence last winter, and whose nerves are not remarkably delicate, declared that he could not sleep for several nights after witnessing this exhibition.

I am happy to escape as soon as possible from the breath of the pestilence, and to conduct the reader into a fine Botanic Garden, which joins the Museum and forms a part of the establishment. The grounds are extensive, and laid out with more science than taste. Too much rather than too little has been done; and the eye looks in vain for any of that negligent wildness of nature, which constitutes the charm of an English Garden, even when devoted solely to improvements in botanical science. The green-houses are sufficiently numerous, to give all the principal climates in the world; and the labels of the plants exposed to the open air are protected by small glass receivers—a peculiarity which appeared to me worthy of imitation.

Not far from the Museum stands the Ducal Palace, called

the Palazzo Pitti—an enormous pile, which appears the more lofty and huge from its position on an acclivity so steep, that a carriage can scarcely drive up to the front door with safety. It is three stories high—the first of the Doric, the second of the Ionic, and the third of the Composite order of architecture, the whole rusticated in the Tuscan style, giving to the exterior an air of rude and gloomy grandeur, but nothing of beauty. The dark complexion of the stone contributes to its heavy and sombre character. It was built by Luca Pitti, a wealthy republican merchant in the 15th century, and on the decline of that family, it was purchased by Cosimo I. From that age to the present time, it has continued to be the principal residence of the Grand Dukes of Tuscany, who have constantly been contributing to its embellishments, till the interior has become one of the richest palaces in the world. But all its splendour cannot obliterate the traces of crimes, of which it has been the seat, from the secret murders of a former period, to the court intrigues of a more recent date.

The only entrance is by lofty arched portals, leading into a spacious court, which is ornamented with a fountain. In a pannel of the wall is a bronze bas-relief likeness of the ass, which drew all the stones with which the Palace was constructed. A handsome Latin inscription commemorates the patient labours of the animal, the remembrance of whose services is likely to outlive the fame of some of the nobility, who have since been tenants of the edifice.

After ascending several stately flights of marble steps, and being kept waiting half an hour, shut up in a cheerless antichamber, with brick pavements, naked walls, and a group of smutty-faced statues for the companions of our imprisonment, the doors were flung open, and we were admitted into the Grand Duke's long suite of apartments. These are certainly not only rich and splendid, but in good taste, far surpassing any thing of the kind I have seen in Italy. Some of the rooms have floors of walnut—others of marble or composition, all neat and highly polished. The ceilings are covered with frescos of more than ordinary merit; and the walls are hung with Lyonese tapestry of the finest qualities and richest figures. Chairs, sofas, and couches covered with crimson velvet, and large French mirrors set off the saloons to advantage. The tables and mantel-pieces, both of the finest marbles, are exquisitely beautiful. Some of the form-

er are inlaid with precious stones, forming a variety of figures; and one of the latter is supported by two large white eagles, of elegant workmanship. The fire-places generally have an air of neatness and comfort, not to be met with in most palaces on the continent.

In a small octagonal temple, at the extremity of the suite of apartments, stands Canova's celebrated statue of Venus. She occupies the centre of the magnificent shrine, of which she is the sole tenant, elevated upon a pedestal in peerless beauty, and multiplying her image in the mirrors which cover the walls. The Grand Duke has certainly given the Paphian goddess an opportunity to show off her charms in all their brilliancy; and notwithstanding her modest drapery, she by no means stints the admiration of the beholder. This statue is reckoned one of the *chef d'oeuvres* of the great master, who could do all but make the marble speak and breathe. If I durst venture a remark upon the conception of such a mind, and upon the creative skill of such a hand, it would be, that some of the limbs and features of his personification of abstract beauty are slightly wanting in delicacy of proportion. The neck appeared to me too gross, and the nose, where it joins the forehead, too thick. But it is more than ten thousand to one, that the artist is right and my criticism in the wrong.

The Pitti Palace contains much the choicest collection of paintings, that has ever fallen within my sphere of observation. Here are many of the first pictures of the great Italian masters. One room after another opens its treasures upon the visitant, till his mind is surfeited with the very richness of the repast. We gazed and gazed, till our necks were stiff, and our legs weary. Several hours were intensely occupied in the examination, and as many days would scarcely enable me to do justice to such a gallery. Where so many are good, it is difficult to select the best. But with regard to the productions of one artist, there can be no mistake. The pictures of Raphael do not in my opinion admit of comparison. He is as immeasurably elevated above all others, as Homer and Virgil and Dante and Shakspeare are above the minor Greek, Latin, Italian, and English poets. Other artists may occasionally, nay frequently do a good thing; but he is always great, always supported by his genius, and never sinks to the level of ordinary minds. These remarks should be restricted to his second and third manner, after he

had escaped from the trammels of Perugino, and formed a style of his own.

This collection contains half a dozen of his pictures. Of these his *Madonna della Seggiola* is the most celebrated, and probably one of the most perfect productions in the world. It has been to Paris, where it made a great noise, and was imitated in the tapestry of the gobelins. 'The Virgin Mother is represented in a sitting posture, (whence the distinctive appellation of the picture,) with the infant Saviour in her embraces, and another child, St. John the Baptist, at her side. Her form, her features, an indescribable sweetness of expression, the maternal tenderness beaming from her soft hazel eye, the modest and pious consciousness of being the mother of a God, the position of the child's cheek to her own, expressing at once both dignity and fondness of affection, the propriety of costume, the colouring, the finish—all, all are divine. The canvass is but a few feet square, and therefore conveniently portable. It is said the Grand Duke never goes any distance from home, without carrying the *Madonna della Seggiola* in his coach, as a sort of Palladium; and any one who has seen the picture will pardon an act of idolatrous partiality, which to others may manifest a superstitious weakness of character.

Among the other productions of the same artist in this collection, are portraits of Cardinal Bibbiena, and Pope Julio II. The former was the personal friend and patron of Raphael. He has justly been immortalized for his liberality. The latter (his Holiness) is represented sitting in his arm-chair, with a table before him, in conversation with an ecclesiastic, and another person behind him. All three of the faces, the peculiar and strongly marked features, the attitudes of the trio, the perfect nature of the drapery, evince the matchless skill of the master. Some connoisseurs prefer either of these pictures to the *Madonna of the Chair*, above described, more perhaps from the subject than the manner.

It is the fashion in Italy at present to decry the portraits of Carlo Dolce, for what reason I am unable to say, having never been initiated into the secrets and technicalities of professed amateurs. A young artist told me gravely, that it was very easy to make such pictures, and then went on to describe how it might be done. He reminded me of a flippant sophomore, who imagines himself capable of imitating the attic

simplicity of Addison's style, until actual experiment satisfies him to the contrary. My only reply to the exposition was—"go thou and do likewise." With me Carlo Dolce is a favourite, and some of his faces are surpassed by no pencil save Raphael's.

In this collection is the far-famed Cleopatra, by Guido; and the Three Fates, the weird sisters of antiquity, by Michael Angelo. The latter artist, in my humble opinion, succeeded better both as an architect and a sculptor, than as a painter. I have however yet seen but few productions of his pencil. Salvator Rosa's pieces afforded less pleasure than was anticipated. He is considered the Byron of painters, darkening his canvass with a sort of wild and gloomy grandeur. A high wind has always splintered all his trees. Titian's mistress is a tenant of the Pitti Palace. She is rather pretty, but tricked out with too much finery, and too broadly betraying her real character. "The torture of St. Agatha" furnishes a striking illustration of my remarks on the Genoese galleries. Two huge pairs of pincers, such as blacksmiths use in shoeing horses, are fastened with a firm gripe upon the naked breasts of this martyred saint, for the purpose of eradicating the fountains of life. Is it possible, that any one can contemplate such a picture with complacency, whatever may be its merits? This is by no means a solitary instance of the delineation of such barbarous scenes.

The Pitti Palace contains the private library of the Grand Duke, consisting at present of 48,000 volumes, divided into twenty-six compartments of science, literature, and the arts. Among the curiosities and rarer publications of the library are a splendid copy of the Magna Charta, on fine vellum paper, in letters of gold, with illuminations, and a portrait of George the 4th—a description of the coronation of Napoleon, with portraits of the Emperor, Empress, Marshals and the principal personages of the French Court—beautiful editions of several English works—history of the oaks and forest trees of North America—and a copy of Wilson's Ornithology. The Grand Duke Leopold is said to pass most of his mornings among his books. He is a young man under the age of thirty, apparently of feeble constitution and phlegmatic temperament. He is a nephew of the Emperor of Austria, and married a princess of Saxony. But more of these things hereafter: justice compels me to add, that I entered the palace of the Grand Duke not without prejudice,

and left it with rather a favourable impression of the taste of the family.

Much cannot be said in praise of the Boboli Garden belonging to the Grand Duke, but open to the public on all *festas*, when it becomes a place of fashionable resort. We paid it a visit on one of these occasions, and found half of Florence reposing in its shades and treading its alleys. The grounds are something more than half a mile square, embracing a great variety of surface, and affording every opportunity for the display of rural scenery. An acclivity, so steep as often to render terraces necessary, rises from the rear of the Palace to the extremity of the garden, which commands a full view of the town, of the Vale of the Arno, and of the distant mountains. From this eminence the ground descends by a declivity equally rapid into a deep gorge of the hills on the south of the city. The whole park, if so it may be called, is intersected by walks, and planted with groves of ilex, laurel, myrtle, cypress, pine, fir, and other shrubbery, interspersed with flowers. Sometimes tangled copses of great wildness and beauty are seen; but too often the alleys are bordered by walls of verdure shorn of their negligent tresses, and not unfrequently overarched by bowers. Half a dozen of these perfectly straight arbours extend up the slope, nearly the whole length of the garden, presenting long vistas, quite too artificial to be pretty.

The whole of the little dominion of pleasure and gaiety is numerously peopled with statues. Divinities, nymphs, and heroes without number haunt the shades. Many of them are mutilated and rusty, originally bad for Florence, and the worse for years, adding with few exceptions very little to the embellishment of the garden. At the entrance are two colossal Dacian slaves, by Michael Angelo. In the depth of the ravine, above alluded to, is a circular fountain, with a green and flowery island rising in the centre, crowned with statues of Neptune, the Nile, Euphrates, and other river gods. The circlet of water is several rods in width, and enlivened by swarms of fishes, which seemed as intent on their little sports, as the thousands of gay hearts and pretty faces that watched their finny gambols.

On the very top of the eminence, the Grand Duke has a pavilion, and a sort of observatory or terrace, whence he can survey no small portion of his Tuscan Dominions. Here we stood to see the sun go down behind the distant Apen-

nines, and the purple light of evening steal over the landscape. The Italian skies are certainly rich and beautiful. In softness and delicacy, they exceed our own; but in brilliancy and purity, ours are by no means inferior. The great secret on this subject is, that the skies of Italy have always been compared with the hazy and humid atmosphere of England. If it be possible for our artists to catch and copy the glories of an American sunset in autumn, the richness of their tints on comparison will not be found inferior to those of Salvator Rosa or Claude Lorraine.

The other great public promenade at Florence is the Cascine, which in plain English means a cow-pasture, but is here applied to the farm and farm-house or lodge of the Grand Duke. It is beautifully situated on the right bank of the Arno, below the falls, and extends several miles along the river. These grounds are always open to the public. They are richly shaded with forest trees, and intersected by avenues for carriages as well as for pedestrians. In the centre of the woods rises the modest and pretty lodge of the Grand Duke, with its attendant buildings. Here is the great Corso or drive, as well as the promenade of the city. From 5 o'clock till dark, the roads are thronged with coaches and equipages, which are rather splendid. Our first visit was on the evening of a festa, when all the world, as the French say, were here assembled. The moon-beams played in the silver ripples of the Arno, and groups of both sexes were warbling their soft Italian airs, in the voluptuous bowers upon its banks.

LETTER LIV.

FLORENCE CONTINUED—GALLERY—SKETCH OF FIESOLE—EXCURSION TO VALLOMBROSA.

April, 1826.—Some of my readers may by this time begin to inquire for the Gallery, which is by far the most prominent object at Florence. Let them be assured that it has not been forgotten. It received both our earliest and our latest visits; but as it contains a little world of curiosities in itself, its contents have been reserved, till other topics were despatched, and until my observations gleaned at sun-

dry times might be thrown together in a connected sketch. How exhaustless the subject is, may be learned from the fact, that one of the hundred works, to which it has given rise, is comprised in *seventeen volumes folio*, and several other descriptions contain *ten folio volumes* each. If an acquaintance with the fine arts qualified me to abridge these tomes, or to present an analysis of such a mass of materials, inclination would recoil from the task; and such of my readers, as wish for any thing beyond a desultory and brief notice, must refer to other writers. They have a choice among several scores of authors of all countries, Italian, German, French, English, and even Americans.

The situation of the Gallery and the splendid specimens of the works of art scattered about its threshold, in some measure prepare the mind for its accumulated treasures. At the end of one of the wings, and near the entrance, stands the Palazzo Vecchio, (the government house of the republic, and once the residence of the Medici,) presenting two of its venerable façades to the Square of the Grand Duke, elevating its fantastic, castellated tower above all the adjacent buildings, and surrounded with an equestrian statue of Cosimo I. a fountain with its pile of marble, the colossal Hercules of Bandinelli, and the David of Michael Angelo. The other wing terminates on the same square, in the open Loggia, or Portico, once used as the rostrum of the republican magistrates, and still adorned with the celebrated bronze statue of Perseus, bearing the head of Medusa, and Judith decapitating Holofernes, in marble, with many other proud monuments of former greatness. The gallery itself, designed by Lorenzo the Magnificent, and built by Vassari, the pupil of Michael Angelo, under the auspices of Cosimo I. in the year 1564. is in the shape of the Greek letter *Pi*, (Π) its parallel sides extending from the public square above described to the Arno, a distance of something more than five hundred feet. Here the wings are united by an arch and a transverse gallery, upwards of sixty feet in breadth. The open court is traversed by a street, bordered by arcades, which are converted into extensive bazars. In point of architecture, this stupendous edifice has little to boast. It is of the Tuscan order, two stories high besides the basement, in the uppermost of which is the Gallery. The frequent ascent to such a height is tedious, particularly for the ladies; and stately as the flight of steps are, the weariness

of the legs more than counterbalances the pleasures of the eye, including the laugh of the jolly god, who waylays the visitant upon the stairs, and the group of Grand Dukes and other patrons, in marble and porphyry, who, at the entrance, welcome him to the fruits of their munificence. In the second vestibule, he cheerfully pauses a moment to take breath, and survey the cabinet of antiques, which crowd the little octagon.

At the door, a living custode, in a laced coat, and with a military air, bows to the stranger and gives him free admission, at any hour between 9 o'clock and 3, and on all days except festas. Neither he nor any one of the platenmen, scattered through this immense establishment, is allowed to receive a sous from visitants, who are notified of the fact by the regulations posted up at the entrance. The whole expense is defrayed by the government, and all classes of the public are freely permitted to share in the common stock of instruction and pleasure provided by its liberality.

The interior of this great repository of fine arts conforms to the outside as above described. A gallery, twelve or fifteen feet in width, and about twenty in height, extends in unbroken aisles quite round the building, a distance in all of nearly eleven hundred feet. The floor is highly polished and kept perfectly neat, and the ceiling divided into compartments, is covered with frescos. One side of the gallery opens into the court, and is furnished with coarse curtains to regulate the degree of light. Beneath the windows is deposited a range of antiquities, consisting of statues, busts, and sarcophagi, extending the whole length. The other side is lined by a blind wall, covered at top by a series of portraits of distinguished personages, of all ages and all countries, chronologically arranged. Under these is a stratum of pictures, running quite round, and illustrating the progress of the art. At the bottom is another range of antiques, similar to those on the opposite side, disposed in chronological order, which is the governing principle in the arrangement.

Only one moiety of the Gallery has yet been described. A series of distinct apartments, communicating with one another internally, and opening by a lateral door into the corridors, extend the whole length of both sides, forming something like twenty magnificent temples of the arts. Many of them would be worth visiting merely for the beauty of their architecture, and their intrinsic decorations. Here

are deposited the choicest treasures of this endless and invaluable collection, kept under lock and key, but opened daily to the examination of the admiring multitude, who follow the keepers from room to room. Among these chambers, are several appropriated to paintings of the Italian school in general—two exclusively to the Tuscan school—two to the Venitian—one to the French—one to the Flemish—one to the Dutch—one to the portraits of celebrated painters—one to ancient and another to modern bronzes—one to medals and inscriptions—one to antique vases—and one to gems and precious stones.

Pre-eminent and triumphant over all the rest, rich as they are in the productions of the great masters of every age, is the apartment called the Tribune. This superb little temple in the form of an octagon, twenty feet in diameter, with a pavement of splendid mosaic, walls lined with crimson velvet, and a dome inlaid with pearl, has been selected, on account of enjoying a better light, as the depository of the most precious articles in the Gallery. Immediately on entering the door, the eye of the visitant falls full upon the immortal statue of the Venus de' Medicis, which presents a form as matchless in beauty, as did the goddess herself, when she rose in all her purity from the wave. What must have been the imagination of the man, who could conceive the image of a being so divine—what the skill and taste that could embody the conception, and call it forth from the marble!

But the subject so far transcends my powers, that I will neither repeat old panegyrics, nor attempt new ones. He who has read Byron's poetry will never read my prose. With the authors of some of the folio descriptions of the Gallery, I might apply the scale, and inform the public, that the diminutive goddess is exactly 4 feet, 11 inches, and 4 lines in height: with the dancing master, I could describe her attitude upon the pedestal, resting upon her left foot, with the right brought to the first position; one arm forming a graceful curve, and the other dropping to her waist; her body gently inclining forward, and her head, soldier like, addressed to the right: with the antiquary I might trace her to Adrian's Villa, look up the label of old Cleomenes, the Athenian artist, and record just what part of her legs, and arms, and trunk, have been added by modern sculptors: I might pursue her adventurous voyages and travels to Sicily and across the Alps, in the midst of revolutionary turmoils;

her sojourn in the Louvre, and her crowd of Parisian admirers; and after all, he that has never seen the statue would know little of its merits. There is a grace seated upon the polished brow, and lurking in the tangles of silken tresses, a delicate softness in the slightly contracted eye, a charm in the pouting lip, a sweetness of expression in the whole face, as inimitable as it is indescribable. As to the rest,

"I leave to learned fingers and wise hands,
The artist and his ape, to teach and tell
How well his connoisseurship understands
The graceful bend, and the voluptuous swell."

In the Tribune are four other pieces of ancient sculpture of extraordinary merit. Opposite to the Venus de' Medici, stands the young Apollo, or *Apollino*, as he is called on account of his diminutive size, being only four feet and a half high, and designed to represent the *beauty* of the god of the silver bow, in contrast with the *dignity* of the Belvidere. He leans in an easy attitude against the trunk of a tree, upon which his quiver is suspended, and his right arm is thrown carelessly over his head. This statue is entirely ancient, and from its similarity has been ascribed to the immortal author of the Venus.

On the left of the latter is the Knife-whetter, whose character has excited much controversy among antiquaries. He has at one time been converted into the barber of Julius Cæsar; at another, into the slave who discovered the conspiracy of Cataline, or that of the sons of Brutus to restore the Tarquins. But the general opinion at present seems to make him the Scythian slave, who was ordered to flay Mar-syas; and he is in the attitude of sharpening his broad knife upon a stone, to perform the bloody office. It is ludicrous enough that such an instrument, which is as broad and as heavy as the point of a scythe, should have ever been considered a razor. Cæsar would have had more reason to fear such a weapon playing about his throat, than all the spears and darts of his Gallic foes. The slave is sitting upon his legs, busy at his task. His short coarse hair, and the rude, deep lines of his face, as well as the tension of every muscle, give a strength of expression which can hardly be surpassed.

On the right of the Venus is the group of the Wrestlers.

It is rough and tumble with them, and they do not show what an American ring would consider fair play. If this is a specimen of ancient wrestling, it was a trial of strength, rather than of skill. One of them has the other down ; and the great object of the artist seems to have been, to exhibit the muscles to advantage, though the face of the vanquished has a strong expression.

The fifth and last article is the statue of a Faun, whose air expresses all the gaiety of those rural and jolly divinities. He is playing upon cymbals, with a pipe at his feet, and his countenance hung with wreaths of smiles. Michael Angelo gave him a head and arms ; all the rest is ascribed to the chisel of Praxiteles. A spectator can perceive no difference in the workmanship ; and it is no small credit to the former, that his skill could restore the mutilated relic of one of the greatest of ancient statuarics.

The Tribune is as rich in pictures as it is in sculpture. Here are four or five by Raphael, two of which are considered his masterpieces—St. John in the Wilderness, and a portrait of La Fornarina, or the Baker's Daughter. They are of opposite characters, and show the versatility of his genius. The former is worthy of all the grandeur and sanctity of the subject. But on the latter he has lavished the utmost of his skill and taste. La Fornarina was the lady of his love, or in plain terms, his mistress, and the influence of his passion may be seen in every touch of his pencil. No portrait that has ever fallen under my observation will bear any comparison with this. He has given her one of the sweetest faces imaginable, blending the dignity of the Roman matron with "the amiable weaknesses" of her character. An elegant simplicity is observed in costume and ornament. This picture may probably be regarded as the strongest expression of the taste of Raphael ; and taking a similar production of Titian, in the Pitti Palace, as a standard, the striking contrast between the two celebrated artists is infinitely in favour of the former. The latter has two Venuses in the Tribune. Both are gross in person, attitude, and expression. If his pencil was true to nature, he must have been acquainted with a very different class of females from some of his competitors. One of his recumbent and voluptuous goddesses has been called the rival of the Venus d' Medici ; but there is just as much difference between the two, as between a personification of love and lust.

Michael Angelo's most celebrated easel painting is in the Tribune. It is a small picture of the holy family—the Virgin mother upon her knees presenting her child to Joseph. I endeavoured to admire it for the sake of the man, but could not, however perfect it may be. The drawing is said to be very exact, but his manner appeared to me dry, stiff, and formal. Leonardo da Vinci's genius is here admirably represented by his picture of Herodias' daughter receiving the head of John the Baptist from the executioner. The expression of the latter is indescribably powerful. If there is any defect in the piece, it is the smirking indifference of face, with which the daughter accepts such a present. It is unnatural for any female to appear thus light-hearted at such a moment.

Guercino's two productions, the sleeping Endymion and the Samian Sibyl are both fine. In the character of the latter personage, I was much disappointed. With the exception of a slight degree of wildness in her eye, her portrait resembles that of a handsome, well dressed lady. The ancient poets certainly represented these prophetesses, as a sort of weird sisters, as every tyro knows who has read Virgil. Corregio has four pictures in the Tribune—two holy families—the head of St. John in a charger—and the head of a colossal child. Both of the latter are vigorous efforts of his genius. His productions are rare, and highly prized by the Italians.

Guido's pencil is represented by the Virgin in contemplation; and Annibal Caracci has a Bachante, with a group about her, conceived in all the poetry of his imagination, and executed in his best style. There is here one prominent and revolting picture—the Murder of the Innocents. It is a shocking piece of butchery—mothers wild with despair, and clasping their mangled babes to their bosoms. The Grand Duke Leopold did not manifest much taste in adding it as a present to such a collection. A North American Indian taking a scalp would furnish just as fit a subject for the pencil.

In the far-famed group of Niobe and her children, in another part of the gallery, I was disappointed. To me the arrangement appeared horrible, calculated to destroy entirely the picture of family grief. The statues are scattered over a large saloon—twice the size of the Tribune—filled with many intruders upon the pathetic woes of the mother. She,

with her youngest child clinging to her side and nestling under the drapery, is tolerably conspicuous and the very image of grief; but the visitant absolutely requires a cicerone to inform him which are Niobe's children, and pick them out from a gang of foreign personages, who have nothing to do with the story. There is generally so little defect in the arrangement of the articles, that this palpable instance of a want of taste only becomes the more striking.

Among the ten thousand other rare works in the Gallery, are the celebrated marble statue of Bacchus, by Michael Angelo, and a Mercury in bronze, by John di Bologna. The former is one of the greatest efforts of the mighty master; and the latter has a form, light, airy, and symmetrical beyond description. He is in the attitude of mounting upon a zephyr blown from the lips of Æolus, and one such breath, all gossamer as it is, would apparently sustain a dozen such aerial beings. The idea is entirely original, and this statue alone is sufficient to immortalize the author.

I visited all the apartments once, and some of them over and over again; but time would fail me were I to retrace the long rounds, even if my readers did not recoil from such a circuit. A very small proportion only of the first rate pictures have been mentioned; and the second portrait, in my opinion, in the Gallery—the Magdalen of Carlo Dolce—has not been named at all. The compartment containing the portraits of celebrated painters, and the rooms appropriated to the Tuscan school are full of interest. So indeed are the long corridors filled with statues; the rich collection of bronzes; and that most resplendent and fantastic of all museums, the cabinet of gems.

The Gallery is constantly thronged with visitants of both sexes from every part of the world, who here assemble as at a great Exchange of the Fine Arts. Numerous artists, both male and female, are constantly busy in making copies of the most celebrated pictures, generally in miniature, which are for sale in the shops of Florence. Every facility is afforded them for working in the gallery. A pretty English girl was attempting to imitate the inimitable face of La Fornarina; and one or two other female painters had planted their easels before the Magdalen of Carlo Dolce. Morgen, the most celebrated engraver probably in the world, has multiplied prints of the principal works of art in the

Gallery to an illimitable extent. - We visited his immense establishment, which has become a mart for all nations.

During our stay at Florence, one morning was occupied in a delightful excursion on horseback to Fiesolè, three or four miles from town, in a northerly direction. We left before sunrise, by the avenue leading through the Porta Pinta, and after climbing constantly through the splendid environs, reached the brow of the Apennines, on which the old town is perched, at 7 o'clock. The day was fine, and the view into the vale below, reaching far towards Pisa, and embracing Florence with its dusky battlements, was truly magnificent, alone worth the labour of the arduous ascent.

On the very summit of the hill stands a convent, with a pretty grove of evergreens in front, and enjoying unbroken retirement, save the occasional visits of such intruders as ourselves. It was once celebrated for its learned inmates; and it is said the Medici used here to find a modern *Tusculum*.* But the cloisters are now silent, and the inmates few. Within a short distance stands a small neat church, on the site of an ancient temple to Bacchus. The nave is separated from the aisles by eighteen beautiful Ionic pillars, which belonged to the fane of the heathen god.

The cathedral, (for Fiesolè has its cathedral,) is in rather a shattered condition, and contains few objects worthy of notice. It was ornamented with red banners and other ornaments preparatory to a festa. The tall square tower is conspicuous even from the banks of the Arno. A few sepulchral monuments were found in the gloomy aisles; and among the rest, one to commemorate a learned peasant. A

* The poet Milton here resided for some time, and did not forget the secluded retreat of science and learned ease in his immortal work, for the first idea of which he was perhaps indebted to the *Divina Comedia* of Dante, to which the plan of *Paradise Lost* in some points bears a striking resemblance. However this may be, one of his grandest images is associated with this seat of the Tuscan Muses:

"He scarce had ceased, when the superior Fiend
Was moving towards the shore; his pond'rous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders, like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening, from the top of Fiesolè,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, on her spotty globe."

classical Latin epitaph records the distinction and eminence to which he attained.

Old Fæsulæ has almost vanished, and the little that is left is fast wasting away. Even the second city on the same site exhibits but a vestige of its former splendour. We found a section of the ancient walls, planted by a Greek colony long anterior to Rome and Florence. To the former, Fæsulæ gave arts, and to the latter population. The remnants of the ramparts are massive, ten or fifteen feet in height, and composed of large blocks of stone laid without cement. One of the gates is nearly entire. A peasant was ploughing in the midst of the very ruins. He stopped his team of oxen, (snowy as ever wore the garland and went to the altar of a heathen god,) and conducted us to the ruins of an amphitheatre in the same field. A mere fragment of it is left. One of the steps at the entrance is visible, and feet which are now dust have worn it nearly through. The part left seems to be the segment of a large structure, whence the size of the town may be inferred. It is certain that the first dramatic corps went hence to Rome.

Near the theatre were the ancient baths, into some of the arches of which, now choked with rubbish, we descended with the ploughman for our guide. Within a few paces, the foundations of a palace peep through the coat of verdure. The peasant stooped down and tore away the rank weeds, which concealed the wreck of former magnificence. A lizard started from his covert, and shot a glance of his keen eye at intruders upon what are now his undisputed dominions. What a picture was here of a city, which was the cradle of Florence, and gave civilization and refinement to Rome! It is said an earthquake commenced the work of destruction, and rival states completed it. Even the daughter, (Florence,) instead of paying the tribute of respect to venerable and declining age, turned her parricidal arms against the parent that gave her being, and imposed the same chains which ruined Pisa.

Our visit to this remnant of a city was full of interest. We walked nearly the whole way back, often pausing to contemplate the glories of the vale spreading beneath us, and to examine the villas, whither the Medici, in the golden age of the republic were wont to retreat, to devise new measures for promoting the freedom, prosperity, and greatness of their country. The Tuscan muses followed them into their clas-

sic shades, and the gratulations of thousands welcomed their return. What an era was that for national renown, and how has it vanished under titled dukes! Our associations were in a moment dissolved by the proud pile of marble, which rises above the gate of St. Gallo, inscribed to Ferdinand III. and surmounted by the double-headed Eagle of Austria. The four captives in chains, which recline on the entablature of twelve rich Corinthian columns, and which hide the figures of Fame and History, are but too true an emblem of the degradation of this once glorious Republic.

On the 18th, I made a solitary excursion to Vallombrosa, my friends preferring the charms of the Gallery to the Paradise of Milton. For the first thirteen miles the road leads up the Vale of the Arno, and is bordered by fields luxuriant in foliage, producing corn, olives, and wine. The air was fragrant with the odours of the sweet-scented bean, which is extensively cultivated, and was in full blossom. Its flower is as grateful as the product itself.

Virgil was my sole companion, and the attractions of the country left me time to read only a few of his Eclogues. I had the text and comment both before me; for at least a dozen shepherds and shepherdesses were observed during my excursion. They were tending their flocks of sheep and goats by the way-side; and while the latter quietly browsed the herbage, the former employed their time in spinning, or other labour. But it is difficult to trace any of the poet's *dramatis personæ* in these ragged and dirty rustics, who are generally of the lower classes of peasantry.

Thirteen miles from Florence, I was obliged to leave the carriage and mount a donkey for the remaining five miles, over a mountainous and rugged path. Some part of the way was so steep as to compel me to walk. In one instance the by-path actually leads through the porch of an old chateau, and my donkey found himself unexpectedly among Grecian pillars. A fountain in the court bears the following curious inscription:—"Potabunt onagri in siti sua"—the wild asses shall drink in their thirst. My pony understood enough of Latin to take the hint, and ran his nose into the trough without ceremony.

Soon after passing this villa, the path leads along the bank of a little stream, which hurries down from the Apennines to the Arno, filling the solitary vale with its murmurs. It is crossed by a rustic bridge, and the traveller soon finds him-

self climbing a ridge of mountains clad with forests of chestnut and oak. At short intervals on the way, crosses and little shrines to the Virgin have been erected by the Monks. A person might trace his way through the woods by means of these pious beacons.

The approach to Vallombrosa bears but a faint resemblance to the gates of a Paradise. A curtain of mountain fir forms the vestibule. The grove is artificial, which detracts much from its beauty. It is, however, thick, dark, and umbrageous, forming rather a pretty screen to hide the convent from the rest of the world. But the smooth lawn beyond is clearly most unromantic. Some dozen dependants on the Monks were cutting and burning the green turf in the field, for the purpose of raising a crop of potatoes, and the whole premises were enveloped in smoke.

On my arrival at the door of the Convent, one of the brotherhood, clad in his surplice and black cap, received me with great cordiality, and bade me welcome to the secluded and hospitable retreat. He conducted me to a neat and comfortable suite of apartments, consisting of dining-rooms and bed chambers, appropriated to the use of strangers, for whose wants it is his peculiar duty for the time being to provide. From his office he bears the title of *Forestiero*, and he seemed resolved to render his honourable station, as a dispenser of the rites of hospitality, by no means a sinecure. His first order was to kindle a fire in the saloon, as the morning was chilly, and then inquired what refreshments he could offer from his humble store.

Having settled the preliminaries for dinner, he conducted me over every part of the Convent—the cloisters, the cells, the chapel, the library, the refectory of the Monks, and even the kitchen. It is an extensive pile of buildings, three stories high, standing round a spacious court, with a handsome yard in front. The architecture is plain, and the complexion of the edifice a little darkened by time. In the chapel are many respectable pictures, which chiefly attract attention from being found in solitudes, embosomed in the depth of the Apennines. The walls of the church are lined with sepulchral monuments, where sleeps the monastic dust of eight centuries. Much classical learning and some taste are displayed in the epitaphs.

The refectory resembles the dining-halls in the English universities. A table was spread for dinner, to accommodate

perhaps twenty persons, the present number of the fraternity. The board was crowned by a decanter of red wine to each plate, and every thing bore the marks of neatness and good cheer. No peculiar austerities are in fact enjoined upon the brotherhood, who live in much the same style as Fellows of a College. The Forestiero took me to his own private apartment, which was furnished with a bed, a few chairs, a table covered with books and a crucifix. Any student might here be comfortable.

The library is but a shadow of what it once was—a remark indeed, which may be extended to the whole establishment. During the late Revolution, the convent was suppressed by the French, its property confiscated, and most of the books dispersed. The shelves are still half vacant, though they bear the labels of the several compartments, into which the library is judiciously divided. There are at present not more than two or three thousand volumes. I took down a copy of Milton's works from the shelf, and found two papers inserted at the passages relating to this classical retreat. The first is one of the poet's grandest similes :

“Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades,
High over-arch'd, embower.”

The second passage is the celebrated description of the Garden of Eden, the original of which travellers have pretended to discover in the woody declivities of the Apennines, overhanging the retired glen of Vallombrosa. There is a little hermitage actually called *Paradise*, consisting of a solitary one-story building, seated upon a high point of rock, and shaded on one side by evergreens. The brook, alluded to by Milton, dashes down from the cloudy and still snowy tops of the mountains, forming numerous pretty cascades, and filling the deep solitudes with its murmurs. A bridge, more like that leading into a Mahometan than a Christian Paradise, formed by a solitary plank thrown across the current, conducts the traveller to the Hermitage.

Notwithstanding all that has been said by Eustace and others, there is nothing peculiarly romantic in the character of the scenery at Vallombrosa, and I looked in vain for the original of Eden. Milton might have found a thousand scenes in his own country, every way superior in picturesque beauty. The forests of fir have all been planted by the

Monks, who renew them about as often as the generations of men, cutting down one growth for timber and fuel, and substituting another. Art has therefore in a great measure broken in upon the solitudes of nature. My visit was perhaps too early in the season, to see the place to the best advantage.

The associations are principally such as superstition has imparted. In the Hermitage are prints of all those, who have been its inmates, since its foundation in the tenth century. It admits of but one at a time, who holds for life. The present possessor seemed to have little of the anchorite in his character, and familiarly acted as a cicerone in showing me his tiny chapel, and other curiosities in his retirement. From the point of the rock in front, the spectator has a glorious peep at the world, extending into the sunny vale of the Arno, to Florence, and even to the dim expanse of the Mediterranean. While the prospect in this direction was all bright with summer skies, the winds of winter were still whistling above my head, round the bleak summits of the Apennines.

In descending from the Hermitage by a path winding under the cliffs, the guide pointed out a cavern in the rock, of the size of a coffin, grated in front. Here a saint buried himself for several years, enduring cold, hunger, and every species of mortification. A little shrine has been erected near the spot, to commemorate his virtues; and the Latin inscription states, that at his death celestial lights gleamed round the rocks, and the bells of the convent tolled without hands. Another chapel rises in memory of a Monk, who was tempted by the devil to leap from the cliff, when the Virgin interfered, and rescued him from peril. One of his brethren was less fortunate; for in walking along the giddy height at evening, he made a misstep, and was dashed to pieces in tumbling down the precipice.

But the most curious of all these shrines is one in commemoration of an event, in the life of the founder of the convent. While he was engaged in prayer among these solitary hills, he was assaulted by the devil. The former took to his heels, as the best mode of escape, and the latter gave chase. At length they arrived at a precipice, under which the saint sheltered himself, while the devil unable to check the momentum he had acquired dashed down headlong! The cliff all at once became so soft as to receive the impression of the saint, which is still shown to the traveller. A long Latin in-

scription records the miracle. In the midst of these legends I ought not to forget the name of Father Hugford, an English Hermit of great sanctity, who rose to the rank of Abbé, and who presents a still stronger claim to remembrance, by the invention of inlaying marbles with precious stones.

On my return to the Convent, I found dinner in waiting. The fare was simple, but served up with neatness. All this hospitality is a gratuity; but the visitant is at liberty, if he chooses, to present a trifle for the maintenance of the establishment. A quarto volume, containing the memoirs of the founder of the Convent, was laid upon the table for my amusement; as also an album comprising the names of all the visitants to these shades. Adding my own to the long list, and shaking the Forestiero by the hand, I bade adieu to Vallombrosa, and returned to Florence the same evening.

LETTER LV.

DEPARTURE FOR ROME—INCISA—AREZZO—BIRTH-PLACE OF PETRARCH—VALE OF CHIANA—LAKE THRASYMENUS—SCENE OF THE BATTLE BETWEEN FLAMINIUS AND HANNIBAL—PERUGIA—FIRST VIEW OF THE TIBER—VALE AND FOUNTAIN OF THE CLITUMNUS—SPOLETO—TERNI.

April, 1826.—From Florence to Rome, a distance of about two hundred miles, experiment was made of a new mode of travelling. A desire to reach the south of Italy before the commencement of warm weather, and to continue in the agreeable company of our New-York friends, induced us to try the mettle of post-horses, instead of the tardy teams of the vetturino. The change was much for the worse in all respects except speed; and in that article the loss is greater than the gain to the tourist, who travels for information. He is hurried through landscapes however beautiful, and by objects however interesting, without the power to pause a moment for contemplation, as the postillions are anxious to accomplish the journey in the least time possible, often at the imminent risk of broken necks or limbs. Down hill they always make it a point to drive upon the run, to make up for their snail paces in the ascents. The horses

are uniformly bad, and the harness, often consisting of slender ropes, is horrible.

Although the rates of posting in all the Italian states is regulated by law, impositions are in one way or another practised upon the traveller, in spite of his utmost vigilance. The most general mode of exacting exorbitant fees, is by putting on a stronger team than the carriage requires. Remonstrances in such cases are entirely useless, and the only alternative is patient submission, under the authority of the maxim, that "when you are among the Romans, you must do as the Romans do." Our two friends who are in person both light men, and were encumbered with but little baggage, frequently presented the ludicrous picture of being dragged up the hills by *six horses and four oxen*, strung out at such lengths, and moving at such a solemn pace, as to appear like a funeral procession. As our coach was of a different kind, we were never compelled to take more than four horses and one pair of oxen. But manage as you will, the expense of posting is more than treble that of travelling with a vetturino; and he that makes the experiment will soon repent of his bargain. With many of the English, who make the tour of Italy merely for the sake of riding and spending money, the case is different. They often bring with them the principles of their jockey clubs, and boast of performing such and such routes, in so many hours.

At 7 o'clock on the morning of the 20th, our three-horse coach, (a sort of triangular team,) drove up with a flourish of whips, and the postillion in livery as the law directs, to the door of Mynheer Schneider's Hotel, and we set out for "the City of the Seven Hills," our friends leading the way as pioneers. Within the first hour after leaving Florence, our coach was turned bottom upwards against the fence, without injury to us, having descended a few minutes before the accident, to walk up a hill. The persons left in charge of it concealed as many of the particulars, as the fractured axle would permit. In general, the road though hilly is smooth and excellent; and nothing but this circumstance saves the necks of hundreds. Two of our acquaintances, whom we met at Florence on their return from Rome, had been cap-sized on this same route, and one of them severely bruised. Coachmen are often killed by their own carelessness, and disposed of with as little ceremony, as soldiers are carried from the field of battle.

For the first ten or twelve miles, the country was not new to me, having been already traversed in my excursion to Vallombrosa. My companions satisfied their curiosity with a glance at the forests of fir, which mantle the heights of the Apennines, and overhang that secluded retreat, at the distance of four or five miles on the left of the road. At Incisa, two posts from Florence, we crossed the Arno, which here preserves the character of a torrent. This little village excited a degree of interest, from having once been the residence of Petrarch's mother, while he was an infant. It now consists of a cluster of mean houses, extending along the bank of the river. The other villages, though sometimes large, are generally mean in appearance, and unworthy of the splendid scenery which surrounds them.

What is called the Superior or Upper Vale of the Arno, extends from Florence onward towards Rome. Though it does not differ essentially in character from that portion denominated the Inferior, in the direction of Pisa, and already described, if possible it surpasses the latter in fertility of soil and exactness of tillage. The products are the same, and the distant landscape, always embracing peaks in the eternal chain of the Apennines, is often superlatively rich and beautiful. This portion of Italy has been celebrated for its exuberance by all writers from the age of Livy to the present time. Its cattle are the finest I have seen on the continent. They are commonly of a dove colour, both large and fat, the oxen having their heads set off with scarlet fillets and tassals, with as much taste as a peasant girl at a gala. The country is extremely populous, and the inhabitants appear to be industrious in the cultivation of their few acres, appropriated as usual to grain, the olive, and vine.

After crossing a beautiful sunny plain, embosomed among the mountains, we reached Arezzo at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and took lodgings for the night at the Post House. While dinner was preparing, an hour was occupied in looking at the town, which is charmingly situated in the midst of a smiling country, and contains a population of about 10,000. It has seen better days, and some of the streets exhibit an air of former magnificence, being remarkably well paved, spacious, and lined with stately edifices. The Cathedral is a vast building, standing upon an eminence, with a showy exterior. Among the usual share of ornaments in the interior, is a splendid painting of Judith presenting the head of

Holofernes to the people. The most has been made of a bad subject, and the picture possesses so much merit, that Morghen has hence drawn one of his best prints. In one of the aisles is a marble tomb of an Archbishop, furnishing a curious specimen of antique sculpture. Before the church spreads an extensive promenade, planted with trees, and ornamented with a lofty column of granite rising in the centre.

One of the first objects which the traveller inquires for on entering Arezzo, is the birth-place of Petrarch. Our curiosity was greatly augmented by having visited his secluded residence in the vale of Vaucluse. But what was our disappointment, on being conducted to the street, to find that the old house, in which he was born in 1304, had been demolished about eight years since, and a new one erected on its site. Such a revolution has dissolved the charm of association, and the traveller scarcely pauses long enough before the fresh stucco walls, to read a Latin inscription of great length, posted up like the rates of a toll-gate in front of the house. The early life of Petrarch seems to have given rise to several legendary and fabulous tales, though it was sufficiently romantic without any of these incredible stories. He was emphatically the child of misfortune. At the time of his birth, his parents were exiles from their native Florence, and his father was waging in the field an ineffectual struggle to restore the liberties of his country. While the poet was an infant, his mother returned to Incisa, the village mentioned above; and in crossing the Arno, her babe, put into a sack fastened to the end of a pole, and entrusted to a peasant whose horse fell in fording the river, was nigh being drowned. So says tradition. At the age of seven, he and his parents embarked at Leghorn for Marseilles, on their way to Avignon. They were wrecked during the voyage, and the infant bard again narrowly escaped. These moving accidents of his childhood were in consonance with the misfortunes of his riper years, and perhaps have been invented to harmonize with the story of his woes.

Arezzo (the old *Arretium*,) was anciently a town of great importance, and here the Consul Flaminius had his headquarters, previous to the fatal battle with Hannibal on the shores of lake Trasymenus. Some vestiges of its antiquities still remain. We visited the ruins of the Amphitheatre, situated near the Roman Gate. Its construction almost

exactly resembles that of Frejus, in the south of France, less spacious as well as less perfect than the one at Nismes. A few of the arches are yet entire; but the walls are overgrown with shrubbery, and the arena covered with rank grass. In musing over these wrecks of other ages, the mind involuntarily reverts to vanished scenes, when the benches were crowded with circles of Roman beauty, and the pulse of thousands beat high with enjoyment.

Early the next morning we left Arezzo, and pursued our journey through the vale of Chiana, sixteen miles in extent, across which the eye stretches, charmed with the richness of the landscape, and rests on the picturesque village of Chiusi, seated on the top of a round insulated hill several hundred feet above the surrounding plain. This town, anciently called Clusium, was the castellated kingdom of old Porsenna, whose arms carried terror to the gates of Rome. The ramparts and towers of Cortona, once the capital of Etruria, but now wasted away into comparative insignificance, crown the heights on the left of the road, and overlook the whole of the beautiful valley blooming below. It is said the Cathedral in this town contains an ancient tomb, which is supposed to have been erected in memory of the Consul Flaminius, whose death gave eclat to the victory of the Carthaginian.

Passing the post of Camuccia, we reached the little village of Ossaia, on the frontiers of Tuscany, which pretends to derive its name from the bones (*ossa*) of the ten thousand Romans, who fell in the memorable engagement above referred to, and here found a grave. An inscription in front of a building on the left of the street urges this claim, strengthened by fragments of human bones found in the vicinity. But its authenticity is denied by antiquaries, and the scene of the battle is uniformly laid several miles farther on. I seize this occasion to say, that a note to the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold comprises, within a narrow compass, more authentic information on this subject, than all the volumes of modern travellers put together. Byron's topographical descriptions, aided by the patient labours of his friend Hobhouse, are more minutely accurate than any one would expect in the pages of a poet. His text of course often exaggerates and embellishes; but you may always rely on his notes, and if any of my readers wish for a perfect picture of one of the most renowned fields in the whole history of

Rome, they have only to turn to the passage above referred to, which is too long for quotation, and too concise for abridgment.

On leaving Ossaia, we continued to ascend an eminence of moderate elevation, shaded with oaks and olives, till our arrival at the narrow Pass of Borghetto, by which the Consul and his army entered the semi-circular plain upon the shore of the lake, at the dawn of the ill-fated day, the events of which spread dismay through the streets of Rome. Idle as the curiosity may seem, and remote as the associations must be, the eye loves to trace even the ground, upon which the Roman legions trampled, as they advanced with high hopes and proud bearing to meet the inveterate enemy of their country. None but a rash leader would have entrusted an army to such a field, from which there was no retreat in case of discomfiture. But the Roman arms were at that period unaccustomed to reverses, and the wily African was not looked for in such a secluded recess of the mountains. It is not, however, my business to balance the merits of generalship, nor to dwell on the incidents of a battle, which have been recorded by a thousand pens since the days of Livy, from whose copious and "pictured page" my classical friend recited passage after passage, as the inspiration of the ground awakened the chain of associations, and opened the treasures of memory.

In winding round the pass of Borghetto, glimpses of the blue waters of Thrasymenus were at first indistinctly seen, through the groves of oak which fringe the road, till at length the whole lake, cradled among the Apennines, and girt by verdant shores, spread in all its brightness full before us. The feelings of the moment may be much more easily conceived than described. To the impressions produced by the charms of natural scenery were added the recollections of history, and the classic dreams of boyhood. If the lake is not peculiarly remarkable for either its grandeur or beauty, it is intensely interesting; and it is difficult to analyze the complex emotions which the first view of it produced in my mind. Its length is ten miles, and its breadth five or six; it is of an irregular form, and encircled on all sides by mountainous and woody borders, which give it an air of deep solitude. Three small islands rise boldly from its bosom, and contribute greatly to its picturesque beauty. Its immediate mar-

gin is girt with a deep fringe of reeds. The complexion of the water is as bright as the azure of the skies it reflects.

We had now entered the dominions of the Pope, and our trunks were consigned to the hands of a host of hungry custom-house officers, who throng the Dogana of his Holiness, situated near the frontier, and bearing the image of the eagle and triple crown. A moderate fee blinded the vigilance of these papal Arguses, and it could not be perceived from a subsequent examination, that the contents of our trunks had been molested.

The most desperate and bloody part of the contest between Flaminius and Hannibal was fought upon the banks of a little stream, or rather the channel of a stream, called the Sanguinetto, which intersects the semicircular plain already mentioned, five or six miles in length, along the shore of the lake, and about four in width. An unbroken chain of hills, called the Gualandra, of moderate elevation, but steep, and crowned with several old fortresses, sweeps round the field, terminating at the defiles of Borghetto and Passignano. This range of mountains, the arena spreading below, and bordered in front by a splendid sheet of water, present on the whole a glorious amphitheatre, worthy of the sublime spectacle which it once exhibited. Tradition has designated the banks of the Sanguinetto, "which all the while ran blood," as the place where Flaminius fell. Here it was, that the Insubrian knight Ducarius recognized the Consul, and plunging into the thickest of the foe, gave his enemy a victim, to appease the manes of his plundered and butchered fellow-citizens.

But I must not dwell on so old a story as Livy's description of this battle. His two chapters, detailing the incidents of the engagement and the scenes of frantic terror which the news excited at Rome, form one of the finest specimens of eloquence to be found in the whole compass of the Latin classics.* From this fountain Byron has drawn all his

* On the arrival of the messenger at Rome, the inhabitants of both sexes thronged the Forum, and Marcus Pomponius the Prætor communicated to the assembled multitude the sad intelligence in few words—"pugna magna victi sumus"—we have been conquered in a great battle. Mothers and wives and sisters with dishevelled locks, and in the torture of suspense, flew to the gates of the city, and watched day and night for the return of their friends. Two matrons died of excess of joy at the unexpected arrival of their sons; but still more of broken hearts. What a subject is here for the pencil of an artist!

imagery, and done little more than versify the Roman historian. There seemed to be a combination of every possible circumstance to heighten the grandeur of a conflict between two such armies—the intervention of an earthquake so severe as to prostrate many of the cities of Italy—the cloud of mist from the Lake, so dense that, in the forcible language of Livy, the combatants were guided rather by the ear than the eye—the shouts of the onset—the tremendous slaughter—and the sublime image of the Roman legions, who standing upon the heights of the Gualandra, heard the clashing of shields and the clangour of arms far beneath them, without being able to discern the contending forces. In a word, the whole description has the fascination of splendid romance.

Near the bridge of the Sanguinetto, we found a peasant ploughing the glorious field. He stopped his team and courteously responded to our inquiries, pointing to a place at some distance on the left of the road, as the spot where the Consul fell. Traditions of the battle, kept alive by the curiosity of travellers, are still vivid with the inhabitants of the plain. The scene is all quiet and rural now. A fine species of red clover, entirely different from any I had before seen, crimsoned the field with its bright blossoms. It is extremely fragrant, and appears to be a favourite flower with the bee. Here too the olive waves its pale green foliage, and the vine was putting forth its young tendrils. For once in the world, the delay of a custom-house was a favour instead of a vexation; and our coaches did not overtake us, till localities so full of interest had been satisfactorily examined.

We rode for several miles along the immediate margin of the lake. At Passignano, a bold, rocky promontory, shooting out from the Apennines, bathes itself in the waves, leaving but a narrow defile for the path. A little village is seated under the cliffs, picturesque in the approach, but mean, dirty, and poor on a closer examination. At the village of Torricella, situated upon the shore, a few miles farther on, we made a short pause, and embarked in a small boat, partly from the idle curiosity of navigating the waters of Thrasymenus, and partly for the sake of purchasing a lot of fresh fish for dinner. Several kinds were found, and among the rest a species of the streaked bass. Each of our party making a selection according to his own taste,

augmented the quantity beyond what was exactly agreeable to be borne for many miles in our vehicles on a warm day.

Having reinforced each of our teams by a yoke of oxen, decorated in this instance with snowy garlands, and under the guidance of an old lady who led them by a rope fastened to their horns, we commenced climbing the hill of Magiona at a pace so slow, as to afford ample time to cast many a lingering and farewell look at 'Thrasymenus, gradually disappearing behind us. Lady Morgan speaks of having seen the lake from Perugia; a thing quite impossible, unless her vision is sufficiently acute to penetrate mountains, which rise to a considerable elevation, and effectually intercept the view. In descending from the heights of Magiona into the pretty vale which spreads at the base, an accident befel one of our coaches and compelled us to stop an hour or more at a dirty little village, furnishing neither refreshment nor amusement. On the score of the former item, a roll of coarse bread was all that could be obtained; and the fund of the latter was still more scanty. While the village Vulcan lighted up the sleepy fires of his forge, 'Tityrus like, I stretched myself beneath the shade of a tree by the way-side and beguiled the time in reading Virgil, gazing at the distant Apennines, and studying the natural history of the lizard, swarms of which gambolled at my feet:

Nunc virides etiam occultant spineta lacertos.

Countless numbers of this reptile are seen in all parts of Italy, upon the walls and about ruins. It is a brisk and pert little animal, four or five inches long, of a greenish colour, with a quick, keen eye. There is a superstition among the lower classes, that so far from being noxious in its habits, the lizard is a faithful friend to the peasantry, watching their noon-day slumbers in the field, and giving notice by tickling the ear, if the scorpion or tarantula approaches.

Notwithstanding our delay, at 5 o'clock we ascended, with the aid of a fresh recruit of oxen, the lofty eminence on the very top of which is seated the ancient city of Perugia, whose ramparts and towers give it a very imposing appearance. From the time of its conquest by the Romans, (for it was founded in an age long anterior to the imperial city,) it has at intervals been a rebellious town—rebellious against tyrants and oppressors. Hannibal found it impregnable.

It even dared to bar its gates against Augustus, whose intentions of manifesting his usual clemency were baffled by the spirit of one of its citizens, who set fire to his own house, whence the flames spread till the whole city was reduced to ashes. In the wars of the Goths, it signalized itself by its valour and love of independence; and at the commencement of the 14th century, the Perugians under Forte Braccio for a commander, so far from acting merely on the defensive, actually conquered Rome, and kept possession of the city for something more than a quarter of a century.

On the reduction of Perugia to the papal dominions, Pope Paul III. determined to keep such factious spirits in check, and to secure the future servitude of the citizens, by a stupendous castle erected under the guise of a hospital. The traveller passes this enormous pile on his left, soon after entering the gate. It stands upon the summit of the hill, and effectually commands the town. In the hands of the French, it underwent some repairs, and was used as a fortress. At present it is dismantled, and in a state of dilapidation.

We took lodgings for the night in a hotel, which had once been the palace of a nobleman, and still exhibits some remains of its former splendour. While our classical fish from the waters of Thrasymenus, were in the hands of the cook, we took a stroll over the town, and among other places visited the Cathedral. It is a misshapen Gothic edifice. The interior is filled with the paintings of Perugino, who was a native of this city, and hence derives his distinctive appellation. His fame arises more from the circumstance of his having been the master of Raphael, than from the intrinsic merits of his works. His style is stiff, dry, and hard; and his immortal pupil, who here commenced his professional studies at the age of seventeen, conferred a far greater favour than he received. It was not until he had shaken off the restraints of a particular school, that his genius shone forth in all its unrivalled splendour; and the developement of his native powers was probably retarded by the technicalities of his master, for whom he seems to have entertained a high respect. All his early pictures are in exact imitation of the old Perugian.

At an early hour on the following morning we resumed our journey, and descended rapidly from the castellated heights of Perugia into the glorious vale, which spreads towards the south as far as the eye can reach, bounded by

lofty ridges of the Apennines. The prospect, both in extent and variety, in the purity of the skies, and the spontaneous fertility of the earth, is one of the richest which our travels in any country have afforded. But the stream which waters this elysian vale gives it a still deeper interest. In an hour after leaving Perugia, we found ourselves on the banks of the TIBER, far indeed from Rome, but hurrying on with a strong and rapid current towards the Seven Hills. It is impossible to describe the sensations which the first glance at this river excited. It had the effect to strike us all dumb, and as we paused upon the bridge, each one gazed and thought for himself. Let the reader be assured, that there is no affectation in this, and that whoever pretends to survey the classic wave for the first time without emotion, must either counterfeit his feelings, or possess an extraordinary degree of stupidity. The notoriety of the Tiber is so universal, that the effect is of much the same nature, though differing in degree, on all minds. A postillion or peasant would linger the first time he crossed it. Unlike other streams, it appears to possess a sort of moral, sentient being, which exalts it above mere inanimate matter, and blends it inseparably with the grandeur and glory of Rome.

The water descending in unsullied purity from its source in the depth of the Apennines, to the east of lake Thrasymentus, thus far preserves a light green complexion, differing but a shade or two from our own Niagara. Its fountains issue from unbroken solitudes, and such is the formation of its bed above this point, as to impart no stain; an emblem of the young republic that once rose uncontaminated upon its borders, till impure tributaries poured in the tide of corruption. The breadth of the channel does not here exceed a hundred and fifty or two hundred feet, and unlike the Arno, the current covers the whole bed, bathing the well defined and rural banks. Near the bridge it breaks in foam over several ledges of rocks, forming musical and pretty cascades. At the post and little village of Madonna degli Angeli, (our Lady of the Angels,) we paused long enough to change horses, and to visit the stupendous church, which rises in the midst of tattered poverty. There are scarcely inhabitants enough in the whole region to fill its magnificent aisles. It was designed by the celebrated architect Vignola, and is reckoned one of his finest models. The altars lining the walls are extremely splendid. In the centre of the nave

stands a curious little antique fabric, which may be termed the nucleus of the church, possessing extraordinary sanctity, and explaining the reason why so noble an edifice has been erected for the accommodation of such a handful of inhabitants. This holy shrine is nothing less than the oratory of St. Francis, who was a native of the old town of Assisium, seated on the brow of the mountains, in full view of the church of our Lady. It is another *casa santissima*, scarcely inferior to that of Loretto in reputation. Its dimensions are perhaps fifteen feet by ten, ornamented with a profusion of tiny pinnacles, and filled with sacred relics. The walls of the interior are covered with votive tablets and the offerings of devotees. It has an altar before which a throng of ragged peasants were kneeling, while an image of the Saint himself held a lamp, to light though not to enlighten their devotions. There is a large convent adjoining the church; but the crack of the postillion's whip gave notice, that no time remained for visiting cloisters.

After crossing a ridge of hills, which projects like a promontory into the plain, we entered the vale of the Clitumnus, and soon arrived at the large old town of Foligno. Under its antique walls flows a copious stream, which is tributary to the Tiber, and the beautiful environs are in direct contrast with the penury and filth of the decaying city. The principal street runs in nearly a direct line from gate to gate. It was absolutely thronged with beggars, who importunately beset us at every step. There was a very perceptible change in the character of the people the moment we entered the papal dominions, upon the shores of Thrasymenus, and the shades of degradation become deeper and deeper, in proportion as you penetrate the heart of the Roman State. The inhabitants of Tuscany, during the happy age of republican freedom, formed habits of activity and industry, traces of which are still found among the peasantry. They acquired an impulse, which notwithstanding all subsequent oppression, has not yet wholly ceased. But the subjects of his Holiness have been slaves almost from time immemorial; and the effects are palpable at every step, as the traveller advances. Under a clime less temperate, and with a soil less spontaneously productive, the people would apparently all freeze and starve; unless indeed these very bounties of nature may have co-operated with the moral and religious

institutions of the country, in augmenting the wretchedness of the population.

We paused at Foligno only long enough to change horses, and were happy to leave at its gates the clamorous cries for charity, as well as to escape the stench of confined streets, to the breathing fragrance of the environs. The vale of the Clitumnus is worthy of all the panegyrics, which have been lavished on its rural beauties by poets and tourists, from Virgil to Byron. Nature here wantons in luxuriance, while the indolence of the inhabitants has left her to fling over the landscape many of her wild and negligent graces. This district from the earliest times seems to have been appropriated in considerable part to grazing; and descendants of the snow-white victims, which once graced the triumphs and sacrifices of Rome, are still found straying in the rich pastures, beautifully enamelled with the species of red clover alluded to in a paragraph above. If the cattle, like the inhabitants themselves, have degenerated, some of them are still large and handsome, of a fine colour, with wide branching horns, frequently wreathed with garlands. Intermingled with the pastures, are rich fields of grain, vineyards; and plantations of fruit trees.

Half a mile from the post of Venne, (the first after passing Foligno,) we reached the banks of the Clitumnus, and immediately left our coaches, to linger by the classic stream as long as our stay would possibly permit. Next to the waters of the Sorgia at Vaucluse, these fountains are the most pellucid I have ever seen. They possess indeed almost the transparency of the atmosphere itself, and the eye can scarcely distinguish, where the two fluids come in contact. Every pebble and aquatic plant upon the bottom is as clearly seen through one medium as the other. In copiousness as well as in purity, the Clitumnus rivals if it does not surpass the Sorgia. It bursts forth all at once a river. Pliny and a party of his friends from Rome, (whose description we read upon the bank,) came up to the very source in a boat. The fountains, four or five in number, gush from beneath a ledge of rocks, at the base of the Apennines, and by the side of a terrace in the road. They are forced up with great violence, and uniting with many smaller ones in the vicinity, meander sweetly through a rich meadow covered with matted grass. As the quantity of water is equable, the channel is always filled to the brim, but never overflows. A serious innovation

has been made upon the natural beauty of the stream by diverting a part of it through a canal, to be used for mechanical purposes.

The little temple which is said to have been erected to Jupiter Clitumnus, and to have contained a statue of the god, stands by the side of the road, and close upon the brink of the stream, something more than half a mile from its highest source. Its construction is entirely unique, growing in part out of its position upon a steep declivity. The lower story, called the crypt, is subterranean on one side, and with a slight opening through the wall in front. Its ceiling forms the pavement of the upper story, and is composed of large flat stones, which were evidently taken from the ruins of other buildings, as they contain mutilated inscriptions on the under faces.

The principal floor of the temple is above the crypt. Its dimensions do not exceed eight feet by ten, open on one side, with a blind wall on the other. Four small Corinthian pillars, and two pilasters, ornament the front. These have all the appearance of being very ancient; and the most rational conjecture seems to be, that this fantastic little structure is a piece of patch-work, of comparatively modern origin, formed out of the wreck of the Roman temple, which according to Pliny and other authorities, stood by the fountains of the Clitumnus. It is certain that the religious character of the edifice has undergone a change; for it is now dedicated to the Virgin, whose altar and image give sanctity to the inmost shrine.

The next post brought us to Spoleto, a large town of great antiquity, situated on a gentle acclivity at the southern extremity of the vale of the Clitumnus, of which it commands an enchanting view. More than two thousand years ago, it was of sufficient strength to withstand a siege and repel the arms of Hannibal; and in the eternal succession of wars, by which Italy has been visited since that period, Spoleto has always been deemed an important post, as commanding a pass of the mountains leading to Rome. An immense Gothic fortress, erected by Theodoric, crowns an insulated hill, which overlooks the town, and forms a picturesque object at a distance. The ramparts and gates, are massive, resembling rather a garrison than a city. Like all the other towns on this route, the interior is dirty, gloomy, and mean, exhibiting an image of poverty and decay.

In making our exit under the lofty walls, we had a fine view of the environs, embracing one or two palaces and convents on the right, and a colossal structure on the left, crossing a deep ravine, and serving in the double capacity of a bridge and an aqueduct. On the east of this pass, dividing the town from the mountain, are hanging groves of ilex, sprinkled with numerous white hermitages, perched at apparently inaccessible heights upon the rocks, and half concealed by the foliage. They enjoy an undisturbed retirement, and are inhabited by a peculiar class of anchorites, who lead a secluded life from choice, without having ever bound themselves by the formality of a vow.

Our ascent for several miles up the acclivities of Monte Somma, dragged as usually by mixed teams of horses and oxen, (the latter having on this occasion the new appendage of a string of bells,) was extremely slow and toilsome. The top of this mountain, over which the road runs, is five thousand feet in height. It commands a most enchanting prospect backward into the vale of Clitumnus, over the antique towers of Spoleto, rising at the outlet of the pass. The last glimpse of scenery, which had been a constant source of pleasure during the day, was absolutely painful to the mind.

From the top of Monte Somma, we descended rapidly into a deep gorge, which opens on the southern side. The road follows the bed of a mountain torrent, savage, waste, and wild—a perfect contrast to the soft, flowery landscape, to which we had just bidden good night. For many miles these solitudes, formed by lofty ridges of the Apennines, rising like walls on either hand, and shutting out the light of the sun, are unbroken by a habitation of any kind, and affording no means of succour in case of accident. The scenery in itself, shaded with the gloom of twilight, is absolutely terrific; and the feelings of the traveller are not the more pleasurable from a knowledge of the fact, that the fastnesses along the road have at times been the favourite haunts of banditti. However remote might be the danger of robberies, at present, the sound of the vesper bell at Terni, stealing up the ravine and breaking the dreariness of the waste, was by no means unwelcome to our ears. The town is effectually concealed from view by the woody environs spreading from the outlet of the pass to the very walls.

We arrived just before sunset, and much to our regret, had not time to visit the falls of Velino, which are at the dis-

tance of five miles, among the mountains, requiring several hours to make the excursion. The disappointment, however, was somewhat alleviated by the probability of returning by the same route to the north of Italy : and as our anxiety to reach Rome increased in proportion to our approach, it was concluded not to lose a day at present, for the sake of visiting the cascade. Terni possesses little interest of any kind, except as the birth-place of the historian Tacitus ; and even his memory is kept alive by no monumental records. There are few antiquities, and still fewer works of modern art to attract the attention of the traveller. We inquired in vain at the shops of booksellers, for the Annals and the History of their own immortal townsman, as well as for some of the other Latin Classics, wishing to find a higher source of amusement for the evening, than a decaying and poverty-stricken city can afford.

LETTER LVI.

ROUTE TO ROME—VALE OF THE NAR—PASSAGE THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS—NARNI—OTRICOLI—CIVITA CASTELLANA—MOUNT SORACTE—BACCANO—CAMPAGNA DI ROMA—MILVIAN BRIDGE—PORTA DEL POPOLO—ARRIVAL AT ROME.

April, 1826.—At five o'clock on the morning of the 23d, we commenced our last day's journey towards Rome. In emerging from the narrow, dark, gloomy streets of Terni, into the beautiful plain, in the midst of which it is situated, the mind experiences no small degree of surprise, that such poverty and wretchedness can be surrounded with so many bounties of nature. The vale of the Nar maintains its ancient character for fertility, and the peasant apparently might mow his four crops of grass in the year, as he is said to have done in the age of Pliny. At any rate, one crop at this early season was in readiness for the scythe, and covered the banks of the little stream with all the luxuriance of vegetation.

Half a mile from the village of Narni, our carriages were left to climb a long hill, while we hastened to view the ruins of the bridge of Augustus, extending from one mountain to another across the Nar, where the river makes its exit from

the valley through a rugged pass of the Apennines. It was a sight worth seeing. There were originally four stupendous arches, one of which is yet standing, though its massive blocks of stone, started from their places, and hanging at a dizzy height in the air, seemed ready at every moment to drop upon our heads. Some of their fellows have already yielded to the pressure of the hand of time, and left wide rents in the imperial structure. One of the piers, in the shape of a dilapidated tower, with a tuft of shrubbery springing from its top, has braved for nearly two thousand years the impetuous current of the Nar, which foams and dashes round the ruin. The complexion of this stream is exactly expressed by the epithet *sulphureous*, applied to it by the Latin poets, who were as chaste and discriminating in their colouring of objects, as were the great painters of modern Italy.

The passage of the Nar, through this long, rugged, and profound chasm is not only picturesque but grand. If it were the Tiber, instead of only one of its branches, the scene would be sublime. The abyss is several hundred feet deep, bordered on either hand by nearly perpendicular walls of rocks and hanging woods, thrown together with a good deal of rudeness. So rough is the channel as to keep the river in a constant foam for a mile or two. The hills on the right bank are perfectly solitary, crowned with forests of great depth and richness. An old path, for miles winding along the opposite cliffs, forms a striking and romantic feature in the picture. The ancient town of Narni occupies the very summit of the hill, on the left bank, and from its ramparts the eye looks down into the yawning gulf, or turns to survey once more the sunny vale of Terni, in which the Nar seems to linger, enamoured of its flowery borders, before it hurries away through the mountain pass. Our ascent to the town from the ruins of the bridge was extremely arduous, and the streets form such a perfect labyrinth, that it was necessary to take a guide to show us the way to our coaches. Narni has never recovered, and apparently never will recover, from the ravages of the Venetians, in the 15th century, while they were in alliance, or rather co-operated with the Emperor Charles V. in scourging Italy. The houses are little more than miserable hovels, and the inhabitants appear to be sunk into the lowest depths of poverty.

After traversing for some distance the high banks of the

Nar, and thence passing a deep woody glen, we arrived a second time in sight of the Tiber, whose waters had been augmented by several large tributaries since leaving Perugia. The ruins of the old town of Otriculum, in the territory of Umbria, break through the smooth green sward of a plain, which spreads between the road and the left bank of the river, rising in dark, insulated masses. It is said that a continuous faubourg, lined with ranges of palaces and temples, extended hence to the gates of Rome. Such a conjecture in its full extent is at least doubtful, as few traces of such magnificence have been found. The modern town of Otricoli, stands upon a hill, within a short distance of its ancient namesake; and the former is almost in as ruinous a condition as the latter.

The vale of the Tiber is here extremely rural, and the current itself broad and strong, but quiet, bordered by extensive fields of grain and pasturage. It has a very scanty population, and the landscape exhibits an air of loneliness. From the ancient territory of Umbria, we crossed to the Sabine shore, on the Ponte Felice; a fine bridge, originally built by Augustus, and repaired by Pope Sixtus Quintus, who has taken good care that the public shall be fully apprised of his services, through the medium of numerous inscriptions.

In emerging from the gates of Borghetto, at the commencement of the next post, the team attached to the carriage of our friends became refractory and unmanageable. One of the horses fell with the postillion under him, by which it was subsequently ascertained, that his leg was fractured. But the poor fellow insisted on going to the next post, as he would otherwise lose his place; for his Holiness has made a regulation, that any coachman who happens to fall, whether by his own fault or that of the horses, shall forthwith be discharged from the line.

Civita Castellana is said to stand upon the site of old Veii. In entering it, the traveller crosses a bridge thrown over a deep and singular gulf, which appears like a fissure opened in the plain by some great convulsion of nature. It extends under the walls of the town like an artificial fosse. Its banks are naked and exhibit geological strata to a great depth. This region seems once to have been volcanic. The formation is a reddish sand-stone, covered with a light soil. A stately aqueduct stretches across the ravine, which

added to the massive ramparts, and the enormous castle whence the city derives its distinctive appellation, presents rather an imposing view. The interior offers nothing attractive, but much to sicken and sadden the heart. Pausing merely long enough to take some refreshment at a wretched hotel, we hastened across a sandy, solitary waste to Nepi, and thence to Monte Rosi.

Just before entering the latter town, a pretty lake was observed on the right of the road; while on the left, Mount *Soracte* had been full in sight, during a ride of many miles. It now bears the name of St. Oreste. Byron has in three lines presented an exact image of this hill, which

—“from out the plain
Heaves, like a long swept wave about to break,
And on the curl hangs pausing.”

So true is the profile, that it was at once recognized. The mountain has little of the dignity, which might be inferred from Horace's description. Although the snow was still lying upon the peaks of the long chain of Apennines to the east, not a flake was visible upon the dusky brow of *Soracte*. It is indeed of moderate elevation; less, I should think, than that of the Catskill, rising from the waste in the shape of a long dark ridge, insulated from all other hills. Horace drew its likeness in mid winter, and the reason why he selected it in preference to others of greater altitude, was, probably the rare phenomenon of its being buried in snow, and therefore presenting a more striking image of the intensity of cold.

From Nepi and indeed from Borghetto onward, the whole country is pretty much a region of desolation, so far at least as it regards human beings. The soil however does not appear to be sterile. In many places, the road is bordered with woods, shrubbery, and wild flowers. But with the exception of the few old towns scattered at distant intervals along the waste, and with scarcely inhabitants enough to guard the ruins, there is absolutely no population. The last of these depopulated villages, before reaching the Campagna di Roma, is Baccano, consisting of a cluster of old buildings situated in the bottom of a deep basin, shaped like the crater of a volcano. It is said to be peculiarly subject to *Malaria*—an inference which might readily be drawn from its position, as an unbroken ridge of hills guards it effectually from ven-

tillation, and causes a perfect stagnation of the air. The settlement, whatever may have been its ancient or modern extent, is now dwindled to a handful of inhabitants, and would probably be wholly abandoned, were it not necessary for the accommodation of travellers.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, on making our exit through an artificial notch in this crater, the Campagna di Roma burst full upon our view, spreading towards the south like a blue and boundless waste of ocean, with an interminable range of Apennines on the east, and Mont Albano, bearing a circle of white villages upon its brow, rising in the midst like a dim and distant island. With such scenery before us, and in the enthusiasm of the moment, it was to no effect that the coachman remonstrated against the delay of climbing the hills, by the side of the road, for the sake of extending the prospect. From these heights, and at the distance of fourteen miles, Rome itself, seated upon the Seven Hills in all its lonely grandeur, and elevated moderately above its low-lying environs, presented a long, faint line of buildings in the verge of the horizon. Over all, the dome of St. Peter's was conspicuous, and rose like a sun-lit beacon, to guide our path-way across the desert, which yet remained to be traversed, before reaching the gates of "the Eternal City."

Having gazed till the eagerness of curiosity was in some degree allayed, though by no means satisfied, we rejoined our carriages and commenced a rapid flight over the Campagna. I have compared this immense waste, which lies in a circular form, and is something more than a hundred miles in circumference, to the sea itself, to which its uniform expanse bears a striking resemblance. Perhaps its formation cannot be better illustrated, than by another comparison drawn from the same element. Its surface is not a dead level and marshy, as the remarks of some travellers had left me to believe,* but is varied by undulations, of about the size of heavy swells of the ocean in a gale. The road crosses several pretty brooks, one of which (the Cremera) was reddened with the blood of the three hundred Fabii, who fell in battle with the old Vientes. In the whole distance of fourteen or fifteen miles, I did not observe a drop of stagnant water, or nuisances of any kind, which would be likely to breed pestilence. The soil is a light sandy loam—the last

* Lady Morgan speaks of people at work "in pestilential marshes."

in the world to which we should look for bad air and noxious exhalations.

The Campagna is by no means so barren, as many tourists have represented. It is uniformly covered with a lively green sod, like ordinary American pasture land; appearing to be fed close by the cattle, sheep, and goats, which are forever grazing upon it, both summer and winter. The whole region lies unfenced, though the herdsmen and shepherds of the proprietors have their prescribed limits. There are no trees of any kind, and the shrubbery along the road is scanty. The genista or broom, gay with its yellow blossoms, sometimes skirted the path; and in the most desolate parts of the Campagna, the wild poppy waved its crimson petals. This latter plant, with all its gaiety of dress, appears to be a recluse in its habits, loving unfrequented fields, and the most desolate ruins. It grows in such profusion, as to form a conspicuous feature in Italian landscape.

Scarcely a single acre of this immense tract, embracing twelve or fifteen hundred square miles, is under cultivation; but in my opinion, by proper tillage, by the use of gypsum and other manures, it might easily be reclaimed, and rendered highly productive of grass, grain, vegetables, and fruits. If the Pope, his seventy Cardinals, and the Roman nobility, would apportion out the neglected patrimony of St. Peter to a colony of Yankee emigrants, they would in less than half a century make the Campagna di Roma one of the finest countries in the world, besides expelling that dæmon of the waste, the Mal'aria, and restoring republican liberty to the Seven Hills. Such have been my remarks in crossing this region in several directions, and such is my full belief. Industry and enterprise would perform greater miracles, than even the Romish church has ever witnessed.

The Campagna has at present all that loneliness and solitude which have been ascribed to it. There are probably not a thousand inhabitants in as many square miles. It is in fact, an unpeopled desert. A few, very few miserable habitations, with still more wretched tenants, are scattered at distant intervals along the road. The rest is all silence and desolation. Sometimes the mind is almost startled at the dreariness of the picture. Bleak ruins are occasionally seen bursting the cerements of the green sod, and rising from the plain, as it were the sepulchral monuments of buried splendour, the shadowy spectres of other ages! Here and there

an old tower or castle rises from a mound, or the arches of an aqueduct stretch in a long line of ruins across the waste. Round the shattered battlements of one of the former, a large flock of rooks were seen hovering, darkening the air with their dusky wings, and croaking a note of triumph over their undisturbed dominions.

Even scenes and objects, which in a different location would assume an air of cheerfulness and rural quiet, are here assimilated to the prevailing gloom. In one instance a little sheepfold was observed near the road, with the ruminating flock reclining in peace, and three shepherd's dogs sleeping by the side of their charge, unattended by their master. The crowd of peasants, who were journeying on towards Rome, with the produce of their Etrurian farms, and had encamped for the night, near the tomb of Nero, before the gates of the city, having unyoked their teams to graze upon the Campagna, presented a picture at once novel and interesting.

In approaching Rome from the heights of Baccano, the aspect of the city shifted and became more distinct at every step. The ranges of palaces and churches and domes and towers, extending from hill to hill, for the distance of several miles, flanked by the Vatican and St. Peter's on the right, all rising above the long line of ancient ramparts, and gilded by the beams of the declining sun, formed a coup d'oeil of indescribable grandeur. It very far surpassed my expectations of the modern city, and I might almost adopt the language of the Mantuan Shepherd, in comparing its imperial magnificence with his native town. The dome of St. Peter's with its burnished cross, conspicuous as that which Constantine saw blazing in mid air, was constantly in sight. It emphatically forms a Pharos to every part of the Campagna.

Just at evening we descended by a moderate declivity from the high level of the plain, to the narrow fringe of meadow which borders the Tiber, at the Milvian Bridge. This classic and noble stream, having received in its course the copious fountains of the Clitumnus, the white waters of the Nar, and the turbid contributions of the Anio, with many others of less note, is here thrice as large as at the Bridge of St. John near Perugia, a hundred miles above, and its complexion has undergone an entire change. The latter circumstance is not less attributable to the alluvial formation

of its own bed, in traversing the Umbrian and Sabine borders, as well as the sandy waste of the Campagna, than to the colour of the above mentioned tributaries. But notwithstanding all the defects of the Tiber, the impurity of its water and the frequent turbulence of its current, it is a river of much intrinsic grandeur—bold, impetuous, and resistless, like the character of the old Romans in the days of the Republic. Wherever a glimpse of it is caught, whether sweeping across the solitudes of the Campagna, or struggling through the ruins of the city, it is always hailed by the traveller with inexpressible interest. At the Milvian Bridge, I should think its current little inferior in breadth to the Seine at Paris, and much superior to it in dignity, as the banks have resumed their natural wildness, and are rural, green, and flowery. It here makes a majestic sweep towards the south, before entering the walls of the city, at the distance of a mile or two. Its quiet wave, at the time of our crossing it, reflected the ruddy hues of evening, and seemed as a mirror to its picturesque margin. My readers must excuse me for dwelling so long upon one topic; for I am fairly in love with the Tiber, the more so perhaps, because its character has met with shameless detractors.

The Milvian Bridge, though alluded to by Cicero and Salust, is less interesting in its historical associations, than some other structures of the same description at Rome. It is celebrated for the death of the Emperor Maxentius in the 4th century. As he was retreating to the city, after his defeat by Constantine, the shattered bridge gave way, and the Tiber swallowed up a monster, who had stained its shores with the enormity of his crimes. Happy would it have been for Rome, if his victor, falsely styled "the Great," and now canonized by the inhabitants of a city which he plundered and ruined, had shared the same fate with his vanquished foe. With the cross for his banner, and with religion upon his lips, his heart was black with hypocrisy and crime—the murderer of his own son,* a tyrant in power, and a Goth in taste. Yet I know not but his statue is among the group of saints, who line the balustrades, and guard the passage of the Milvian Bridge, which is of too substantial a character to be in danger of again tumbling for some centuries, though it daily sus-

* Scarcely had the baptismal water been wiped from his brow, before he caused his gallant son to be poisoned at the instigation of an abandoned step-mother.

tains a greater weight of dignitaries, than both of the Emperors put together—made up of the Pope, Cardinals, and Roman nobility, whipping across it every evening with their splendid equipages, in the long rounds of the Corso.

Crowds of these personages and others of inferior rank, with plumed chasseurs and triplets of red stockings posted behind their carriages,* were met in our ride of a mile through the faubourg to the Porta del Popolo. Wide as the street is, it was hardly broad enough for the passage of such a throng, foot and horse, enveloped in clouds of dust.

What a contrast did such a scene present, compared with the depopulated solitudes we had just traversed; and how much wealth is here squandered by the heirs of St. Peter, which ought to be there expended in improving his patrimony! But a coach, bounding over the pavements at the rate of ten miles an hour, does not afford a fit opportunity for moralizing. Our postillions, thinking perchance that their short scarlet doublets, yellow breeches, and tinsel hat-bands, might be mistaken for the livery of men of consequence, dashed through the multitude, giving us little time to examine the Rotunda of St. Andrew on the left, the lofty ramparts in front, and the Pincian and Marian hills, lifting their summits on either hand.

We first drove through the gate—and then asked leave to enter the city of the Cæsars. The delay of half an hour, occupied in the examination of our passports and baggage, was far from being an inconvenience, or hanging heavily on our hands in this instance. Before us opened the spacious Piazza of the Porta del Popolo, enriched with many of the peculiar monuments of Roman magnificence. Three of the principal streets in the city terminate like radii in this square, enabling the eye to extend far up their vistas lined with palaces and churches, in long perspective. Of these streets the middle one is the Corso, in all respects the finest, most fashionable, and most frequented in town. It runs from the Capital to the Porta del Popolo in nearly a direct line, is broad, handsomely paved, and a part of the way, furnished

* Chasseurs are the most fashionable species of servants both in France and Italy. They are generally grenadiers in person, so as to be able to afford effectual protection in case of an attack. Their dress is military, even to the sword and mustaches, and a cluster of variegated plumes, nod upon their gallant brows. The cardinals always drive with three servants perched behind, clad in red stockings, probably to show they are in the service of the Church Militant. The Pope's suite are mere harlequins, with party-coloured garments, like the clown of a circus.

with side-walks. At the hour of our arrival it was thronged with carriages, which were pouring incessantly into the Piazza. Some of them continued the course through the gate; others wound their way up a terraced road to the top of the Pincian Mount, on our left; and the remainder, wheeling round an Egyptian Obelisk, erected as a goal in the centre of the square, either halted on the great Exchange of Fashion, to stare and be stared at, or made another circuit through the Corso. Such are the high sports in the capital of his Holiness on Sunday evening.

The magnificent area, surrounded by three stately churches and by two white marble fountains crowned with colossal statues, thronged as it was with no inconsiderable share of the splendour, beauty, taste, and fashion, which a population of a hundred and fifty thousand can afford, formed an imposing vestibule to the imperial city. We sat in our carriages, in the midst of the multitude, and learned much in a short time. The Roman ladies are beautiful—pre-eminently beautiful over those of any part of Italy we have yet seen—in face, form, and complexion; blending grace with dignity of manners, and a comparative simplicity with richness and elegance of dress. The Italian language, as here spoken, is melody itself in comparison with the harsh, guttural intonations of the Tuscans, though the latter are the fathers of the modern dialect, and are said to write it with greater purity than the Romans.

But not to enter farther upon these topics at present: we took lodgings at the Hotel de l'Europe, situated on the Piazza di Spagna, the finest part of the city. The area extends along the base of the Pincian Hill, to the brow of which a magnificent flight of marble steps, perhaps a hundred feet in breadth, and as many in perpendicular height, affords an easy ascent. Rome is indebted to the late king of France, Louis XVIII. for this colossal work, which adds much to the beauty of the city. At the head of the steps, the same monarch restored a large church and established an Academy of the Fine Arts for the benefit of French students. In the rear of the latter is a beautiful garden, containing several acres, planted with shrubbery, and ornamented with statues. Its situation is delightful, and the whole of this group of buildings, with their appurtenances, reflects credit upon the liberality of the French government. Numerous inscriptions take care to inform the public, who was the benefactor. The top

of the Pincian Hill is laid out with terraced roads and gravel walks for pedestrians, bordered by trees, ornamented with an obelisk, and furnished with seats beneath the shade, for the accommodation of visitants. So much by way of preface : for as the summit of this eminence commands a full view of Rome and its environs, and as it was near our lodgings, we frequently resorted to it, as a kind of observatory for fixing the outlines of the city.

LETTER LVII.

SKETCH OF ROME—VIEW FROM THE CAPITOLINE HILL—OUT-
LINES OF THE CITY AND ENVIRONS—ASPECT OF THE SE-
VEN HILLS—RUINS OF THE FORUM—TRIUMPHAL ARCHES
—ANCIENT TEMPLES—COLISEUM.

April, 1826.—On the morning after our arrival, we hastened to the centre of attraction, the Capitol and the Forum, and the visit has since been daily repeated with almost as much regularity, as Cicero and Hortensius attended the courts, some two thousand years ago. Let us again hurry thither, and without pausing at present to look at objects on our right or left, ascend to the top of the comparatively modern tower, which rises to the height of perhaps two hundred feet, upon the summit of the Capitoline Hill. The reader has already received from my own remarks, and perhaps from a hundred other sources, some intimations of the great outlines of the picture, which he hence surveys. He here finds himself in the centre both of the ancient and modern city, as well as of the Campagna di Roma. To the north and east, in the distance, the eye rests upon the blue summits of the Apennines, sweeping round the plain like a vast amphitheatre, from Tivoli to the heights of Baccano, embracing in the long range the sombre crest of Soracte, and a hundred other hills, with their tops fading into the skies. Between these mountains, and Mont Albano heaving its woody summit above a cincture of white hamlets, towards the south, an arm of the Campagna, resembling a strait of the sea, opens in boundless perspective, which, beyond the reach of vision, is lost among the hills. On the west and southwest, the prospect is co-extensive with the sensible horizon ; for at the distance

of twelve or fifteen miles, the Mediterranean bathes the solitary shores, and so similar is the complexion of the two expanses, that it is difficult to distinguish the precise boundary between land and sea.

Such are the remote features of this great panorama. The aspect of the Campagna has already been described. It is a belt of utter solitude, twelve miles in breadth in the narrowest part, and completely encircles Rome. Two or three straggling churches, forming the very outposts of the city, are but a few miles from the gates. Dark ruins are scattered over the waste in shapeless masses, fast sinking into the grave of empire. On one side are seen wrecks of tombs, which skirted the Appian Way; on another side, the spectator traces the windings of the Tiber through its lonely borders, from the walls of the city to the sea. The eternal silence, which broods over this region, once rural, populous and gay, sends a chill to the heart:

"Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent."

But the gloomiest features in the picture have not yet been portrayed. The high dark ramparts, visible in their whole circumference of about sixteen miles, enclose an area which exhibits a chaos of desolate ruins and modern splendour. As the former image predominates in the mind, the latter by contrast only serves to render it the more hideous. More than half the space within the walls is not occupied at all by buildings. These waste places, once covered by golden palaces and temples of the gods, are now strewed with rubbish, or converted into gardens and patches of cultivation, the soil of which is enriched by the dust of an empire. A luxuriant growth of foliage and flowers often mantles these ruins, exhibiting the eternal vigour of nature, when compared with the transient works of art.

Three of the Seven Hills of Rome, the Palatine, the Aventine, and Cælian, are almost entirely destitute of buildings of any kind. Of the other four, the Esquiline is partially, and the Capitoline, Viminal, and Quirinal are fully occupied by the modern city. They are all, as my readers probably need not be told, on the left bank of the Tiber: the Aventine, the Palatine, and Capitoline are near the river—the others are at the distance of perhaps half a mile from the margin. None of them have that prominence, which the

traveller might rationally expect to find, and which they in fact once had. The cause is obvious. While the ruins of the city, piled stratum above stratum, have elevated its level twenty, thirty, and sometimes even forty feet above the ancient pavement, no addition has been made to the height of the hills. On the contrary, a portion of their summits, loosened by tillage and swept down by rains, forms a part of the heterogeneous strata, on which modern Rome is seated.

The Aventine is one of the largest and highest of the group. It rises boldly from the immediate bank of the Tiber, near the ancient port, at the lower extremity of the city. There is barely room for the road between the margin of the river, and the cliffs, which have an air of rugged, stern, and solitary grandeur. The verdant summit of this hill, the aerial tomb of Remus, and where once rose fanes to Juno, Diana, Victory, Liberty, and other divinities, is now as much the haunt of birds,* as it was in the days of the soothsayers, and old Hercules might find better pasturage for his cattle, than he did in the age of Cacus.†

But of all the Roman Hills, the Palatine is infinitely the most interesting, both from its associations and its present picturesque appearance. Here was the cradle of empire; here rose the first humble walls; here was established the Court, from the thatched cottage of old Romulus to the Golden Palace of Nero; here stood the shrine consecrated to Apollo and the Muses; here Cicero lived and Horace sung! The Palatine mount is immediately under the eye of the spectator, as he stands upon the tower on the Capitoline. We have rambled over it again and again. It is the very image of desolation. Nearly its whole circumference is girt with a series of subterranean baths, sweeping round in a dark line, under the brow of the hill, and opening into its sides, like gloomy caverns.

On the cliffs, at the south-western extremity, stand all that remains of the Palace of the Cæsars and the splendid Temple of Apollo, consisting of a few damp and dreary

* The Aventine derives its name from the word *aves*, (birds) by which it used to be much frequented.

† Virgil lays the scene of this fable on the Aventine Mount, and there is a cave half way up the side, which is still called *the Den of Cacus*. A hermit, instead of a robber, now keeps the key. We made at least half a dozen attempts to find him at his little hut by the side of the road, but without success.

arches, still exhibiting traces of fresco ceilings. Of the palace, which once covered the whole hill, the composition floor of the terrace is in good preservation, bordering upon the cliff, where Nero used to sit at his window, and drop his handkerchief, as a signal for the games to begin, in the Circus Maximus,* below. Of the temple, nothing save its foundations is left. Fragments of its Corinthian capitals and friezes of Parian marble are strewn under a grove of ilex on the brow of the hill, mantled by the matted grass and the leaves of the acanthus, whence the order derives its origin. The region in the vicinity of these two buildings is thickly overgrown with wild shrubbery, in which persons are effectually concealed, as they ramble along the foot-paths. The solitude is absolutely appalling. Some memorials of Nero's crimes are yet preserved. A bath is shown in which the veins of Seneca were pricked by the order of the Emperor; and by turning the eye to the left, it rests on the old tower, upon which he is said to have fiddled, while Rome was burning. His Golden House extended from the Palace of the Cæsars, to the Cælian and Esquiline Hills, a distance of half a mile or more!

The summit and central part of the Palatine is not so dreary. It is occupied by an extensive garden, or rather vineyard, belonging to a Neapolitan Prince, and denominated the *Orti Farnesiani*. The soil is rich, covered with a luxuriant crop of artichokes and other vegetables, overshadowed by the vine. In the midst of the field, are the remains of the subterranean baths of Livia, into which the visitant descends through a tangled copse, as into the cave of a Sybil, with a hag for a pioneer, bearing a brimstone torch to show the frescos. There are but two or three modern buildings on the whole Mount, and these are in such situations, as not to break in upon its solitude. In a word, it has so far reverted to the wildness of nature, that Pales, the goddess of flocks, to whom it was originally consecrated, and from whom it derives its name, might again resume the crook and ascend her sylvan throne.† It is a truth, which

* Between the Aventine and Palatine Hills. The outlines are yet visible. It was large enough to hold 150,000 spectators.

† The lines of Tibullus, descriptive of the rural charms of this hill, in its original state of pastoral simplicity, are so beautiful that I cannot forbear another quotation in Latin, having no translation of the poet:

some of my readers might be inclined to doubt, that I have repeatedly reclined in the shade of the ilex, upon the brow of this hill, and looked down upon shepherds sleeping upon the grass, while their flocks were quietly grazing in the Forum.

The Forum, the Roman Forum!—It spreads at my feet. Could any mortal recognize the place, once surrounded by splendid porticos and temples of the gods; where stood the Curia, the Comitium, the Tribunal, and the Rostrum; where the Commons applauded as Tully spoke! Like the Palatine Mount and the Capitoline Hill, between which it lies cradled, the centre of Roman power and of Roman liberty is shorn of its glories, and the cattle again low, as they did in the days of Evander, where senates once deliberated and gave law to the world! The Forum is now called *Il Campo Vaccino*—an appellation so mean as scarcely to admit of a decent translation. But what is the vulgarity of its name, (Anglice *cow-yard*,) compared with the vile uses to which it is degraded? At the time of our first visit it was covered with carts, from which the teams of oxen were unharnessed and quietly ruminating as they reclined in pairs. Near one corner of the slight and rude wooden fence, which encloses the central portion, a cobbler was seated upon the fragment of a Grecian column, busy at his work in the open air; and by his side, an old woman, a descendant perchance of Cornelia or Lucretia, sat knitting, thus furnishing, like her illustrious ancestors, a public example of female industry and domestic virtue! On other occasions I have seen, as already mentioned, some modern Corydon and Alexis tending their sheep, upon the small patches of verdure, which skirt the modern excavations. The bleating of flocks and the tinkling of little bells, rising to the lonely brow of the Palatine, formed an image in the highest degree melancholy and affecting. Objects even too disgusting for description, defile the Campo Vaccino. Swarms of lizards literally cover the ground, and the rats and mice have become so im-

“Romulus æternæ nondum formaverat urbis
Mœnia, consorti non habitanda Remo.
Sed tunc pascabant herbosa Palatia vaccæ,
Et stabant humiles in Jovis arce casæ.
Lacte madens illic suberat Pan ilicis umbræ,
Et facta agresti lignea falce Pales;
Pendebatque vagi pastoris in arbore votum
Garrula silvestri fistula sacra Deo.”

puident by a long and undisputed possession, as to sally forth from their homes into open day, in presence of the spectators, shaking the rank weeds above them, as they chase each other in their gambols.

Can this be the Forum? Yea verily it is the Roman Forum; for beneath us, triumphal arches and porticos and insulated columns, piercing strata of rubbish heaped upon the old pavement to the depth of twenty or thirty feet, rear their Grecian capitals and shattered cornices above the scene of desolation, coming like tell-tale messengers from the world below. Nearest the base of the Capitoline, are three columns of the temple of Jupiter Tonans, erected by Augustus as a votive fane, for having been preserved from a bolt of the Thunderer, which fell near his head. The fragment of a beautiful frieze bears the sculptured image of the implements used in the sacrifice of victims—the axe, the knife, and the goblet. At the distance of a few paces, stand eight splendid Ionic pillars, forming the porch to the temple of Concord—that temple, in which Cicero convened the Senate, for the suppression of the conspiracy of Cataline, and where the bursts of his eloquence overwhelmed the traitor, preserving for a period the liberties of the Republic. The entablature of the portico is nearly perfect, and bears the simple yet impressive inscription—“*Senatus populusque Romanus incendio consumptum restituit*”—the Senate and Roman People restored it, when consumed by flames.

At the base of the Capitoline Hill, and across the street, which yet ascends to the summit, rises the splendid triumphal arch of the Emperor Septimius Severus. It was erected at the beginning of the third century, and is nearly entire, consisting of four fluted columns, of the Corinthian and Ionic orders, capped by a heavy architrave ornamented with a profusion of bas-relief, and loaded on both sides with long Latin inscriptions, which few will have the patience to decipher, out of compliment to a warlike, but ambitious and merciless tyrant. Even the expenses of this proud monument were probably wrung by oppression from the Roman people, and contributed to the very scene of desolation in the midst of which it now rises. The pathway which the flatterers of the imperial usurper strewed with flowers, and which he pursued in his triumphal ascent to the Capitol, on returning from his conquests of the North and East, is now choked with hideous ruins. Within a few feet of the arch stands a solitary

column, erected at a still later period, in honour of the Emperor Phocas, and was once surmounted by his statue in bronze.

On the other side of the Forum, under the brow of the Palatine, are the sad remains of the temple of Jupiter Stator, erected upon the spot, where old Romulus rallied his legions against his Sabine invaders, and consecrated in after ages by Cicero's pathetic apostrophe to the statue of the god presiding over the shrine. Three noble columns of Parian marble, crowned with a mutilated entablature, forming as it is supposed the vestibule, alone survive the general wreck of the proud structure. In one of our many visits, an artist was observed, seated like Marius amidst ruins, sketching the picturesque fragments of the fane.

All these relics of buried splendour, and hundreds of others of less note over which the visitant stumbles at every step, are within the precincts of the ancient Forum, which was about eight hundred feet in length, and five hundred in width. Excavations have been made to the Roman pavement, by resurrection amateurs of France and England, aided occasionally by the purse of the Pope; and tremendous gulfs yawn round these columns, into which another Curtius and his horse might plunge without difficulty. The Dutchess of Devonshire has been among the most active and liberal patrons, in disentering the works of art. In every instance, new discoveries have rewarded the labour and expense of research; and unrevealed treasures doubtless yet remain to be brought to light, though under the present Pope, the excavations appear to be suspended.

From the Forum towards the south, along the base of the Palatine Mount, ran the *Via Sacra*, (Sacred Way,) which is now buried in some places to great depth, and lined on both sides with ruins. Beginning with the extreme right, the first object which arrests attention, is a small round temple, once dedicated to Romulus, and erected on the Lupercal, or place where the wolf nursed her twin foundlings. The walls are ancient, but the roof modern. A pagan altar stands at the entrance, bearing an inscription which states, that it once smoked with incense to false gods. The temple has been changed into a christian church, and consecrated to St. Stephen, whose image is substituted for the she-wolf and her boys, in bronze, now deposited in the Museum at the Capitol.

Farther on is the triumphal arch of Titus, standing by the side of the Sacred Way, and close to the foot of the Palatine. It is by far the most interesting work of the kind at Rome. Despoiled as it has been of many of its ornaments, by pious plunderers, from Constantine downward, it is still a beautiful ruin. It was erected by order of the senate, and consecrated to Titus, in honour of his conquest of Judea. A personification of the Jordan, in the usual form of a river-god, is sculptured upon the frieze; and on the interior of the arch are portrayed the sacred symbols of the Jewish religion—the tables of the law, the trumpets for proclaiming the Jubilee, and the seven golden candlesticks. The latter somewhat resemble the trident of Neptune, with the seven branches in a direct line. These delineations are supposed to be accurate, and furnish valuable illustrations of the Scriptures, though they appear in odd company, mixed up with bas-relief representations of the triumphal processions and apotheosis of a Heathen Emperor. The Jews from a national feeling rather creditable to them, cautiously avoid passing under this Arch, which calls to mind the captivity of their country.

At the junction of the Via Sacra and the Via Triumphalis, (the latter avenue winding between the Palatine and Cælian Hills,) rises the Arch of Constantine, more lofty and in better preservation than either that of Titus or Severus. In fact, the former is indebted, if not to the latter, certainly to some of the ancient buildings of Rome, for a portion of its ornaments. Trajan's Arch was demolished and robbed of its splendour, to enrich this proud pile, dedicated to the first Christian Emperor, in honour of his victory gained over Maxentius, near the Milvian Bridge. Eight beautiful columns of yellow antique adorn its faces, above which are statues of Dacian Warriors, and sculptured friezes, all plundered from the monument of his predecessor. In the tasteless jumble of these materials, it is odd enough to see a bas-relief representing the pagan sacrifice of *suovetaurilia*, (in which a swine, sheep, and bull, were the triple victims,) appropriated to an Emperor, who had just seen an image of the cross in the sky, and while his brow was yet reeking with holy water from the font of St. John Lateran. But with all his inconsistencies, and with all his robberies of Rome, to embellish his own capital, Constantine did some good; and though he seems to have changed his religion from

policy, rather than a sincere conviction, he was instrumental in affording protection to the early Christians.

On the left side of the Forum and of the Sacred Way, once stood the temple of Saturn, which was the Treasury of the Roman Republic. It is now utterly demolished, and the Church of St. Adrian occupies its site. The brazen gate has been transferred to St. John Lateran, the mother church of Rome. In front of the temple, the centre of the ancient city, a golden column was erected by the order of Augustus, on which the distances to the respective provinces were marked. From this point, great roads diverged like radii to all parts of the empire. There was something grand in the idea, and still grander in the avenues themselves, paved, as they were with massive flags, at an immense expense.

In front of the church of St. Lorenzo, a few yards from that of St. Adrian, are ten Corinthian columns, which once belonged to a temple erected on the same site, to the memory of Antoninus Pius, and the Empress Faustina. Near it rose the temple of Remus, the brazen door and porphyry pillars of which are woven into a little church, substituted in its place. Its marble pavement, engraven with a plan of Rome in the third century, is now deposited in the Museum at the Capitol; but the parts are in such confusion as to form a complete Chinese puzzle, for the amusement of antiquaries.

Next commences a region of colossal ruins, the first of which are three enormous arches, supposed to have belonged to the temple of Peace, erected by Vespasian after the conquest of Judea, and filled with the spoils of the east. Its position seems to favour this conjecture, as it stands opposite the Arch of Titus, on the Via Sacra. It is said to have been three hundred feet long, and two hundred feet wide; divided into three aisles by stupendous columns; and the vaulted ceiling covered with gilt bronze. One of its fluted Corinthian pillars, of white marble, now standing before the church of St. Maria Maggiore crowned by a statue of the Virgin, measures sixteen feet in circumference and forty-eight feet in height. Its interior was filled with Grecian statues, and with the treasures of vanquished nations. Tradition says, that the edifice with all its wealth and splendour was consumed by a flame bursting out beneath it from the earth. But the truth is, little seems to be known of its history; and antiquaries are yet disputing about the age, in which it was constructed.

Seated on an eminence, at the distance of a few yards, are the remains of the double temple of Venus and Rome, probably intended to illustrate the fable, that Æneas, the founder of the Roman empire, was, as Virgil makes him, the son of a goddess. Who knows but this shrine, embodying the traditions of the day, may have suggested the first idea of the Æneid, as the great epic poet, green from Mantua, was strolling along the Via Sacra, on his return from the Forum to his lodgings on the Esquiline Hill? The foundations and a part of the walls of the two-fronted temple yet remain; and enormous fragments of pillars from its porticos actually block up the road.

But, the Coliseum is in sight, and what objects can appear large in the vicinity of this stupendous pile, which rises like a mountain at the termination of the Sacred Way! Its location between three of the Hills of Rome, and in the midst of Triumphal Arches, is as grand as its proportions are colossal. I have seen this ruin at all hours of the day and night; for there is a prescribed routine of fashionable visits, through which every traveller is obliged to go, under the penalty of being denounced as heretical in taste and sentiment. He must climb the Palatine, and see the sun go down, the west redden, and twilight fade in mellow tints upon the walls. He must see the moon rise, and produce an image of her own orb, by bathing one half of this little world in light, while the other is lost in darkness. He must see her softened beams peer through the ragged loopholes of time, curtained with festoons of ivy and the wild shrubbery growing upon the ramparts. He must see the bat flit, and hear the owl rustle and hoot in the desolate arches. The foot-fall of the sentinel must respond to the echo of his own, as he paces at midnight through the gloomy galleries.

Thus much is an indispensable requisition. But he is at liberty to go farther. He may recal the day, when more than a hundred thousand spectators, (equal to nearly the whole population of the modern city,) were here assembled, arrayed in all the splendour of Roman costume, and ranged in five concentric tiers of seats rising one above another, from the *podium* appropriated to the Emperor, the Senate, and the Vestal Virgins, to the gallery at the height of a hundred and fifty feet from the ground. He may imagine what thunders of applause rent the air, as the vomitories poured forth, into an arena three hundred feet long and two hundred feet wide,

the wild beasts* of the African, Parthian, and Dalmatian forests, intermingled with gladiators accoutred for the fight; or when the scene changed, and the monsters of the deep gambolled in their own element, or brazen-headed galleys met in naval combat. He may then cast his eye over that arena, and see a throng of devotees now kneeling upon the green sod, before the circle of little shrines rising round its borders; he may watch the multitude, issuing through the gate leading to the Sacred Way, in long procession under the banners of the cross, while the vesper hymn to the Virgin, chanted by a thousand voices, dies in mournful cadence amidst the ruined porticos.

I have complied to the letter with all these requisitions, and if they have failed to inspire me with that enthusiasm, which some others have felt, the fault does not arise from negligence. To deny that the Coliseum is interesting would be folly; but that it is paramount in interest among the ruins of Rome, I am not prepared to acknowledge. It is not associated with a single name or a single event, for which the visitant cares a straw. It was erected by Vespasian, and very properly dedicated to Nero, the very prince of tyrants, whose colossal statue, 125 feet in height, is said to have originally presided over the games. Hence the name of Coliseum. All its amusements were those of vulgar and even barbarous curiosity. No Roscius, no Garrick—neither the dramatic nor the comic Muse, has thrown a charm over its scenes. In character, its arena was but little elevated above a slaughter-house, which a modern spectator would scarcely attend were it possible, and which he does not care to revive in recollection.

In point of architecture, the Coliseum is also less interesting than some other ancient edifices at Rome. It is considered as a hurried and unfinished structure. After all these deductions, the reader may ask, in what does its interest consist? Chiefly in its colossal proportions, its massive materials, and its miraculous preservation, through all the wars, convulsions, and dilapidations, with which Rome

* Five thousand wild beasts were slaughtered for the amusement of a Roman audience on the night the amphitheatre was first opened. Human victims without number, consisting of captives, slaves, early christians, and volunteer gladiators have bled upon the arena, which was so constructed as readily to imbibe the torrents of blood. The lions' den of Daniel was a paradise to this.

has been scourged for eighteen centuries. The ravages of man have been greater than those of time; and although a considerable part of the modern city has been built out of its ruins, the pillaged masses are scarcely missed by the eye, and the stupendous pile appears nearly entire. It is about seventeen hundred feet in circumference, of an oval form, and four stories high, of which the first is of the Doric, the second of the Ionic, and the other two of the Corinthian order. An awning was originally stretched across the top, to shield the audience from sun and rain. Its walls, consisting of open porticos in the three lower stories, and enriched with triple ranges of pillars, are constructed of immense blocks of Travertine marble, compactly adjusted without cement, and originally secured by iron clamps, which have nearly all been pilfered by barbarians. The complexion of the material is of a rich reddish-brown, exquisitely mellowed by time. The praise-worthy measures which the Pope and his subjects have taken, and are now taking, to prop, secure, and preserve the time-worn fabric, evince a belief in the oracular prediction of the poet, that

“ While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls—the world.”

LETTER LVIII.

ROME CONTINUED—FORUM OF TRAJAN—PANTHEON—TOMB OF RAPHAEL—CAMPUS MARTIUS—MAUSOLEUM OF AUGUSTUS—BANKS OF THE TIBER—BRIDGES—CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO—ISLAND OF ÆSCULAPIUS—CLOACA MAXIMA—TEMPLE OF VESTA—PORT AT RIPA GRANDE.

April, 1826.—The ruins which have been described with as much conciseness as possible in the preceding letter, are all in the vicinity of the Forum, and in full view from the tower on the Capitoline Hill. As we are not like the ancient augurs obliged always to look towards one point of the compass, let us shift our position, and turn our faces northward, for the purpose of settling the localities of the city. On the right, the column of Trajan directs the eye of the traveller to the Forum of the same name, which is said to

have surpassed even the Roman Forum in splendour. A triumphal arch led into the area, which was surrounded with porticos and temples, filled with statues. It has shared the same fate with its more celebrated rival already described, having been buried with all its ornaments to the depth of ten or twelve feet. About one half of it has been disinterred, and the old pavement now laid bare, is strewn with fragments of pillars and beautiful specimens of the arts. The other half remains unexplored, and two large churches standing upon the ground will probably prevent future excavations. Trajan's column stood in the centre of the Forum. It is ten feet in diameter and a hundred and thirty high, composed of thirty-four blocks of marble, fastened together by clamps. The shaft is embossed with bas-relief representations of the Dacian wars, over which a bronze statue of St. Peter, poised upon the top, oddly presides.

Not far hence are the Forums of Nerva and Domitian, both in utter ruin. Four or five Corinthian pillars, of Parian marble, exquisitely wrought, are the sole vestiges. Farther to the left rises the solitary pillar of Antonine, similar in materials, dimensions, and embellishments to that of Trajan. It was once shattered by lightning, and repaired by the Pope, who mounted a bronze statue of St. Paul upon the summit. The two saints are almost within speaking distance, elevated above the battlements of the city, and serving as beacons in traversing its obscure streets.

Still farther to the left, and in one of the most populous districts of the modern city, the Pantheon lifts its beautiful rotunda above the meaner buildings, by which it is surrounded. It fronts one of the public areas, ornamented as usual with an Egyptian obelisk and a copious fountain. This temple, which is justly ranked among the most celebrated and interesting monuments of Roman taste, was built by Agrippa, the son-in-law of Augustus, and designed as a repository of the statues of all the gods, as its name imports. The porch, seventy feet in length and forty in width, elevated at present only two steps above the Piazza, is supported by sixteen Corinthian pillars, forty feet in height, and five in diameter, the shafts of which are of red oriental granite, and the capitals of white marble. On either side of the door is a large niche—that on the right, once contained a statue of Augustus, and the other, the statue of Agrippa. The bronze

doors were carried off as trophies by Genseric, and buried for ever in the depths of the Mediterranean.

The temple itself is a magnificent rotunda, a hundred and fifty feet in diameter, and nearly the same in height, with a wide aperture at top, through which the bright skies of Italy shed a cheerful light, and give to the interior a charming effect. Originally the outside was covered with gilt bronze, which Pope Urban VIII. melted into cannon for the Castle of St. Angelo, and into ornaments for the shrine of St. Peter, furnishing just grounds for the satirical pun, that the *barbarini* (the family name of his Holiness) had pillaged what the *barbarians* had spared. The inner walls are encrusted with the richest marbles, and the pavement is of porphyry blended with yellow antique. Two ranges of niches extend quite round the temple—the upper one for the celestial, the lower for the terrestrial, and the floor for the infernal deities; while Jove with his group of greater gods, occupying the tribune or alcove opposite the door, presided over the whole. Among the latter, at the right hand of Jupiter himself, Julius Cæsar was placed—an extravagant and impious compliment, which Augustus had the good sense to decline.

By the exercise of plenary indulgence, the Pantheon has been cleansed of all its heathenish impurities, and converted into one of the thousand churches at Rome. Half a dozen shrines, more splendid than the idols of antiquity ever found, rise round the walls, enriched with statues and pictures. Among the former, is a vestal in a sitting posture, with a child by her side. She was found, with many other works of art, amidst the rubbish of the temple, and in the general conversion was christened St. Anna, receiving at the same time the appendage of a *bambino*, to show that she had ceased to belong to the ancient sisterhood. Suspended at the side of one of the altars, are great numbers of votive tablets, a dozen of which exhibit rude drawings of stilettos and pistols, making the bloody weapons still more hideous, and evincing that assassinations are ranked among the common accidents of life—by no means a comfortable idea to a traveller, who has not full faith in the miraculous intervention of a saint, to rescue him from the hands of banditti. During one of our visits to this beautiful temple, two female pilgrims came in, and knelt on the splendid mosaic before one of the shrines. They were clad in black robes, hoods

and hats decorated with shells, and each bearing a long staff. One of them was recognized as the same we had passed on the road, in climbing the heights of Monte Somma. She was probably journeying from the shrine of Loretto to Rome.

But the Pantheon has some associations of a more elevated character, than such gross superstition can impart. Here *were* the tombs of many of the most distinguished men of modern Rome, most of which have been removed, for what reason I know not. Those of Annibal Caracci and RAPHAEL are still left, consisting of plain tablets on the wall, by the side of one of the altars. The latter died in April, 1520, at the age of 37. His epitaph is brief, comprised in the two following lines :

"Ille hic est Raphael, timuit, quo sospite, vinci,
Rerum magna parens, et moriente, mori."

which may be thus translated :—"Here lies that Raphael, during whose life nature feared a rival, and at his death, that *she* also might expire." If any name could justify such hyperbole, it is that of an artist, who in his brief and brilliant career, in an age deemed by us comparatively barbarous, filled the galleries of Italy with pictures, which it may be said with truth nothing but the hand of nature herself can surpass. On the tablet below is another inscription, less extravagant in idea, and more classically expressed—"Cujus spirantes prope imagines"—"whose images almost breathe"—a compliment as just, as it is poetical.

The eye searches in vain for the precise limits of the old Campus Martius, which extended from the bases of the Capitoline, Quirinal, and Pincian Hills, to the left bank of the Tiber, and is now covered by one of the most populous districts of the modern city. It is intersected by the Corso, and we sleep every night on the borders of the Martial Field, to dream over the scenes of other ages. Near its northern and ancient boundary, (for in the time of Nero it was extended to the Milvian Bridge,) stands the mausoleum of Augustus and his family. It is an obtruncated Rotunda perhaps a hundred feet in diameter, and has actually been converted into an amphitheatre, for the exhibition of bull-baiting, and fire-works. It is interesting merely from its associations, and remarkable for a very perfect echo and whispering gallery—a curiosity which seems to have escaped the indefatigable researches of book-makers. In one of

my several visits, I repeated the pathetic elegy of Virgil on the young Marcellus, which melted Octavia into tears and made the fortune of the poet. Echo seemed enamoured of the verse, and sent back, in garrulous reverberations from her profaned retreat, the name of the Roman boy, whose ashes sleep below.

We must not omit the apochryphal hills of Mons Marius, the Vaticanus, and the old Janiculum, which range along the right bank of the Tiber from the north-east to the south-west, in the order they are mentioned, adding much to the bold outlines of the city. The first of these eminences is a solitude, with the exception of a white villa or two seated upon its brow. On the summit of the second, stands its name-sake, the Vatican, consisting of that miracle of architecture, the church of St. Peter, and the monstrous Palace of the Popes, covering more acres than the corse of the giant Tityus, and expelling from its gloomy dominions every trace of those sylvan charms, which once responded in echoes to the lyric Muse.* But let us not pause at present to look even at the peerless dome, which may always be regarded as the most elevated and conspicuous object, within the circumference of the Campagna di Roma. My readers will have enough of it hereafter. The Janiculum is a large and bold hill, thinly peopled, covered with extensive, woody gardens, and studded with palaces.

It may be as well to mention here by way of episode, and for the sake of disposing of other localities with all convenient despatch, that I have twice navigated the channel of the Tiber—the first time as far as the bridge of St. Angelo, and a second time from the Ripetta to Ripa Grande, the whole extent of the city. The current within these limits is contracted to the width of about two hundred feet, (little more than half its width at the Milvian Bridge,) and so rapid as to become turbulent, resembling both in the complexion of its waters and its whirlpools an American river during the floods of spring. So strong were its boilings and vortices, as sensibly to affect our row-boat, of the ordinary size, which at some points became almost unmanageable. There cannot be the least doubt, that the bed of the river, besides being confined to half its breadth, by entrenching upon its

* ——— “simul et jocosa
Redderet laudes tibi Vaticani
Montis imago.”

shores, has been as much elevated and choked by ruins, as the other parts of the city, and even more; for the armies of barbarous invaders were in the habit of wantonly throwing into the Tiber such spoils of the arts, as they were unable to bear away. For myself, I could not but fancy, that every rebound of the water from the bottom to the surface was sent up by some statue or fragment of a column—perhaps by the colossal head of a Hercules, or the torso of a Neptune. Should the course of the river ever be changed and its bed examined, a project by no means impracticable, treasures of inestimable value would no doubt be brought to light.

The shores of the Tiber have no quays. From the Ripetta, where there is a little port and a ferry, to the bridge of St. Angelo, the right bank called Tratevere, (corresponding with the Transtiberim of the Romans,) is woody, rural, and picturesque; but all the rest of the way, on both sides, with few exceptions, the houses rise out of the water, leaving no passage along the margin. This arrangement brings the rear of the buildings to the river, and as they are uniformly shattered, gloomy, and dirty, the borders appear bleak and ruinous. St. Angelo (the ancient Pons Ælius) is the upper bridge within the walls of the city. It was originally built by the Emperor Adrian, and repaired by Pope Clement IX. who added the high balustrades and ranges of statues, which give it rather an imposing appearance. As it is the great thoroughfare to St. Peter's, and as perhaps one third of the population of the city is beyond the river, the passage is constantly crowded.

Close to the northern end of the bridge, and on the right bank of the Tiber, is the tomb of Adrian, or the castle of St. Angelo. It is an enormous round tower, seated upon an eminence, two stories high, and crowned with a bronze angel *volant*, which forms a conspicuous object at a distance. This aerial spirit is said to be intended for the archangel Michael, whom St. Gregory saw in a vision, and was admonished that a pestilence, then raging in the city, should be stayed. St. Angelo has from time immemorial been the Citadel of Rome, on the possession of which hung the fate of the city. It has been taken and retaken perhaps a thousand times, notwithstanding the flaming sword of its guardian. The interior contains nothing worth seeing, if the Pope had the courtesy to admit strangers. In the conversion

of a tomb into a castle, the dust of Adrian seems to have been entirely forgotten.

Just below St. Angelo, the Tiber strikes against the basin of Mount Janiculum, and thence makes a bold sweep to the left, passing under the Ponte Sisto, repaired by Pope Sixtus V. but remarkable neither for its beauty nor its associations. An extended terrace and the Farnese gardens, on the right bank, furnish a temporary relief to the eye. The Tiber is here divided into two nearly equal branches by the small island of Æsculapius, connected with the shores by bridges, (the Pons Fabricius and the Pons Cestius,) and thickly covered with old buildings. The nucleus of this island is said to have been formed of sheaves of grain, which Tarquin the Proud had reaped on the Campus Martius, and which the Roman people threw into the river, contending that it was unlawful to eat bread that grew on a plain dedicated to the tutelary god of the city. On the lower extremity of the island stood the temple of Æsculapius, now the church and convent of St. Bartholomew. The story of this temple is briefly as follows: during a pestilence at Rome, the Sibylline books enjoined the necessity of sending to Epidaurus to the god of medicine. The serpent, which under the name of Æsculapius was brought home in the ship with the embassy, swam ashore to this spot where the shrine was erected.¹ Traces of the vessel and of the emblematic serpent are still visible on the foundations of the edifice. But we derived more pleasure from the little orange grove planted round the cloisters of the Convent, than from the obscure fragments of the temple.

A little below the island of Æsculapius are the ruins of the old Pons Palatinus, now very appropriately denominated the Ponte Rotto, or broken bridge. Half of it was swept away by the floods of the Tiber, in the 16th century, and the remaining part is yet standing, extending out from the foot of Mount Janiculum, and with its rotary fish-nets always in motion,* forming a dreary but picturesque object. On the left bank, within a few rods of this bridge, a group of

* The modern Romans fish by water. Their scoop-nets are converted into the floats of a large wheel, resembling the arms of a wind-mill, which are kept in motion by the current of the Tiber, while the fishermen look on, or sleep in the sun. If a straggler happens to be caught in the toils, the wheel is thrown out of gear, and the net emptied of its contents. Fishing in this way seems to be the most indolent of all employments.

interesting remains attract the attention of the traveller. The first is the Cloaca Maxima, constructed in the time of the elder Tarquin. It is a stupendous arch, sixteen feet wide and thirty in height. At the time of our several visits, only about four or five feet of it were above the level of the water, where it disgorges its accumulated filth into the Tiber. Some fifty yards from its mouth, a section of it has been laid open, where its construction may be examined, though it is filled with mud as high as the turning of the arch. It is built of tremendous blocks of stone laid without cement. The masonry is coarse but substantial, like the character of the old Romans in the age, when its eternal foundations were planted. A stream sufficiently large to turn a paper-mill gurgles through the obstructed passage, and at this point is joined by the silver waters of the Argentaria, a copious fountain coming in from the direction of the Aventine, at which tradition says the steeds of Castor and Pollux once drank. The Emperor of Austria, in his late visit to Rome, also took a sip. Indeed the crystal stream, contrasted with the impurities in which it is soon lost, offers many temptations to the spectator.

In the vicinity of this opening in the Cloaca Maxima, are the remains of the four-fronted Arch of Janus, constructed of huge blocks of Greek marble, in rather a rude state, and supposed to have been a part of an Exchange, or Market, several of which were in this quarter, between the Forum and the Tiber. The small triumphal arch of Severus, at the distance of a few paces, resembles the one already described, erected in honour of the same Emperor. Returning to the bank of the river, the visitant finds, near the end of the Ponte Rotto, the ruins of the temple of Fortuna Virilis, consisting of several fluted Ionic pillars and a cornice, now woven into a little church. Here also is the house in which Pontius Pilate is said to have lived, before his departure for transalpine Gaul. But this must be a hoax, as the building is comparatively modern. The cicerone, however, reckons it as one of his strong points. Not far hence are likewise the fragments of the temple of Modesty, incorporated into a modern church, one of whose officers took us into the gallery, to see the capitals of ancient pillars. The shrine is as rich as ever, exhibiting its mosaic pavement, composed of porphyry and other costly materials. A colossal stone mask, four or five feet in diameter, and supposed to have belonged to a fountain,

is deposited in the vestibule. Tradition says that its marble lips once uttered oracles, and it is hence denominated the Mouth of Truth, (*Bocca della Verità.*)

Pursuing our course down the Tiber, twenty rods below the Cloaca Maxima, we found the temple of Vesta, a beautiful edifice nearly entire. It is a small Rotunda, one story high, with a dome like the Pantheon, (though not open at top,) and surrounded with a colonnade consisting of nineteen Corinthian Pillars of Parian marble, exquisitely finished. The number of columns was originally twenty; but some barbarian has cut away one of them, which was probably tumbled into the river. This temple, like all its fellows, has been converted into a chapel, and the undying taper at the altar is now substituted in place of the eternal fire of the Vestals, the custom of keeping alive the holy flame probably having a common origin. The position of the edifice corresponds exactly with the temple of Vesta, described in the graphic lines of Horace;* and the poet and his subject in this instance furnish a mutual commentary on each other.

A short distance below was the Pons Sublicius, the first bridge ever thrown across the Tiber. It was built of wood by Ancus Martius, to connect Mount Janiculum with the city, and was soon immortalized by the well known feats of Horatius Cocles, in resisting the passage of Porsenna. The ruins are still seen, rising in dark masses just above the level of the water. It should have been mentioned, that the Pons Triumphalis, a little below St. Angelo is in the same ruinous condition: so that only three out of the six bridges, which at different times have connected the two sections of the city are now standing, and to none of them is Rome much indebted for her grandeur. Although the Tiber is infinitely superior to the Arno, its borders within the walls are mean in com-

* "*Vidimus flavum Tiberim, relictis
Littore Etrusco violenter undis,
Ire dejectum monumenta regis,
Templaque Vestæ.*"

A commentator on Horace, now before me, in expounding the words marked in Italics, learnedly remarks—"Undis repulsis a littore Etrusco, vel a Tyrrheno mari, in quod Tiberis influit"—thus bringing the tides of the Mediterranean for the first time up to Rome, against the headlong and impetuous current of the Tiber: whereas the phrase expresses the rebound of the river from the foot of Mount Janiculum, on the Etrurian shore, to the temple of Vesta on the left bank—exactly true in point of fact.

parison with the magnificent quays and ranges of palaces at Pisa and Florence. The navigation of the river is next to nothing ; and though the form of a custom-house is kept up, and the papal flag is seen flying upon the masts of the small craft lying in the ancient harbour, the importations seem to be confined to a few heavy articles, such as marbles and statues from Carrara, which cannot conveniently be transported by land from Civita Vecchia, the nearest seaport.

LETTER LIX.

ROME CONTINUED—CAPITOLINE HILL—TARPEIAN ROCK—MAMERTINE PRISON—TEMPLE OF JUPITER FERETRIUS—CHURCH OF ARACELI—STATUE OF AURELIUS—SENATOR'S HOUSE—MUSEUM.

April, 1826.—In the foregoing letters, I have attempted, in as concise and intelligible a manner as possible, to sketch the outlines of the view presented from the Tower on the Capitoline Hill, together with some of the groups of objects which fell in our way, endeavouring at the same time as far as was practicable, to dwell on the iniquities of Rome. The other relics of the ancient city are scarcely susceptible of generalization, or reducible to any principle of association either of time or place. They are scattered over a wide space, and require separate excursions of several miles.

Few, very few traces of that once proud and glorious eminence, the Capitoline Hill, crowned with the citadel of Rome and with the temples of the gods, are now to be found. The researches of antiquaries have been unable to settle even the site of an edifice which once covered four acres of ground ; was adorned in front with triple, and on the other sides with double ranges of columns, displaying to the dazzled eye its brazen portals and its roof of gold. It is said to have stood upon the Tarpeian Rock,* approached by a hundred steps. But even the rock itself, the immovable rock

* "Hinc ad Tarpeiam sedem et Capitolia ducit,
Nunc aurea, olim silvestribus horrida dumis."

The contrast expressed in the last line has been reversed ; and what was once "golden" has again become horrible, if not with brambles, with something infinitely worse.

of the Capitol, is nearly buried in ruins, and for some time eluded our search. At length, in traversing a street full of filth and beggars, extending along the very summit of the hill, we observed upon the front of an old house a label inscribed with the words "*Alla Rocca Tarpeia*;" and following the directions, as well as half a dozen ragged urchins who had volunteered their services as guides, we passed through the second story of the building into a garden in the rear, and after so much labour, reached the cliff, whence criminals were thrown into the Forum. The precipice was formerly eighty or a hundred feet; but is now less than half that height. A female cicerone, the tenant of the house, and now the sole executioner, took her station by the balustrade of the garden, (shaded with the fig-tree and pomegranate,) and discoursed with great volubility of "*Romulo e Remulo*," pointing out the localities in the vicinity. We had the curiosity to descend by a circuitous path to the foot of the rock, which is shelving and cannot be well seen from the top. The base is cavernous, and seems to have been rudely scooped out for a dwelling. It is a dark and gloomy retreat, fit only for another den of Cacus. The floor was covered with straw, on which sat a sun-burnt fisherman packing herring. He looked as if he might have just rained down from the cliff.

On the eastern end of the Capitoline Hill are several objects of some interest, the first of which are the remains of the Mamertine Prison, built by Aneus Martius. Its position exactly corresponds with Livy's description—" *media urbe, imminens Foro*"—in the midst of the city, overhanging the Forum. A little church is now erected above it, called San Pietro in Carcere, (St. Peter in Prison,) which is one of the most popular shrines in Rome, being at all hours of the day thronged with devotees. One of the canons of the church, a very courteous but superstitious man, in this instance acted as our cicerone, although at the moment of our visit on Sunday morning, he was just in the act of putting on his sacerdotal robes, to officiate at the altar. Five wax-tapers were lighted, and each of us bearing one in his hand, we descended like spirits into the dismal regions below, under the protection of a priest, who could exorcise any spectres that might intrude upon the holy precincts. On his way down the blind stairway, he gravely pointed to an indentation in the solid rock out of which the prison was hewn, and an inscription informed us that it was *the print of St. Peter's*

head, which was thrust against the wall, in a scuffle with the gaoler! The rock yielded to the occiput of the Apostle, and thus was he preserved by a miracle—to endure the horrors of a dungeon, and afterwards to be crucified with his head downwards. But, it was not deemed worth while to disturb the faith of our guide, or to cavil about the authenticity of such an incident.

The Mamertine Prison is small in its dimensions, consisting of two rooms, one above the other, and communicating by a trap-door, through which the prisoners used to be let down. Near the wall in the lower story or dungeon, stands a stone pillar, covered with an iron grate, to which Peter and Paul are said to have been chained; and within a few feet of it, is a living fountain of pure water, which, as a tablet tells the visitant, miraculously gushed out all at once, and from which the two persecuted Apostles baptized forty-seven converts to christianity, during their imprisonment. Through the wall on one side of the dungeon is a secret passage, now closed by a rusty iron door, communicating with the catacombs, which once extended for many miles beneath the city. It was in this confined and dark abode, that Jugurtha was left to starve, and Cethegus and Lentulus, accomplices in the conspiracy of Cataline, were strangled to death. On returning to the upper air, our obliging cicerone, accepted a paul* or two for his services, resumed his ecclesiastical costume, and hastened to his sacred functions.

It is supposed that the temple of Jupiter Feretrius, the oldest at Rome, and instituted by the founder of the city himself, stood upon the opposite brow of the hill. Its dimensions, however, were so contracted, that it might have been crowded into a corner. It was only ten feet in length and five in breadth—a striking illustration of the simplicity of the age, and of the remark of the historian, that never did so great an empire spring from an origin so humble. In his animated account of the foundation of this temple, Livy states that it was soon filled with the trophies of vanquished nations, and that it was subsequently increased to double its size:—*“bina postea, intra tot annos, tot bella, opima par-
ta*

* The paulo, ten of which makes a scudo or Roman dollar, is equal to about ten cents American currency. Both of these coins are silver, bearing the impress of the papal arms, with a female figure upon the reverse. The lesser coins are of copper, called *biocchi*, answering very nearly to the cents of our country.

sunt spolia." The site is at present occupied by the modern church of Santa Maria d' Araceli, to which the ascent is by a flight of 124 steps of marble, said to be from the ruins of the temple of Quirinal Jove. Twenty-two ancient columns of Egyptian granite separate the nave of the church from the aisles; and near the sacristy is an octagonal, antique altar of white marble, which Augustus is said to have erected and dedicated to "the first-born God," at the birth of our Saviour. The name of Ara Cœli, (Altar of Heaven,) is derived from this circumstance. As anticipations of the approach of a new era were common all over the East, previous to the advent of the Saviour, and as the Romans had frequent intercourse with Egypt, Palestine, and Asia Minor, who can say that the above mentioned tradition is not founded in truth, and that the Fourth Eclogue of Virgil might not have been written at the dedication of this very altar, deriving its exalted images from the Hebrew prophets, instead of the leaves of a Sybil! Pope's Messiah, with the book of Isaiah for a text, and the events of sixteen centuries for a commentary, is scarcely more descriptive of the reign of the Prince of Peace, than the lofty and polished numbers of the Roman poet.

The central portion of the Capitoline Hill is occupied by a large Square open on one side, and bordered on the other three by public buildings, designed by Michael Angelo, and erected by order of Pope Paul III. In approaching from the north, and ascending a flight of steps much less magnificent than those leading to the church of Araceli, the visitant finds on his right and left a line of statuary, with other antiquities, ranged along the balustrade of the Piazza. Castor and Pollux guard the head of the stairs, flanked among other objects, by the two sons of Constantine, rude images or more properly torsos, called the trophies of Marius, and a column which formed the first mile-stone on the Appian Way. In the centre of the square, and facing the north, stands an equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, finely mounted on an elevated pedestal. It is of bronze, (the only antique equestrian statue of the same material extant,) and was found near St. John Lateran. The head of the horse has been much praised for its spirit; but the body appeared to me quite too protuberant, looking as if the steed of the Emperor, instead of being comparisoned for war, had long

been turned out to pasture, in the red-clover fields of the Clitumnus.

From the south side of the Square, two streets wind down into the Roman Forum, and between them, upon the very brow of the Hill, stands what is termed the Senator's House, but which seems to be as much a shadow and a pageant, as the office itself; for the greater part of it is left vacant, and exhibits no traces of senatorial dignity. It occupies the site of the old Roman Tabularium, or depository of records, the ruins of which are still visible in the foundations of the modern building. One corner of this gloomy edifice is occupied as a prison, the inmates of which, as we ascended the steps, thrust through the grates little bags fastened to the end of a rod, (such as are used in making collections in churches,) and set up a yell like so many furies, in their importunate cries for charity. Through the rusty bars of their windows they may look out upon the glittering dome of St. Peter's, and the sumptuous palaces of the Vatican, enriched perhaps by a portion of their own contributions.

The front door opens directly into a large, empty, dreary hall, in which Petrarch received the laureate crown in his visit to Rome, and where Madame de Stael makes her Corinna act the part of an improvisatrice with so much eclat. If this lady had seen Italy, before she wrote her splendid work, I am sure she would have changed the scene, and never have attempted to wake the echoes of applause, or kindle the romance of feeling in this cheerless apartment. The perfect waste of floor, the stuccoed walls, and the heavy ceiling, struck a chill to my heart, and quenched every spark of enthusiasm, which the names of Petrarch and Corinna might otherwise have elicited. The building, inside and out, is entirely devoid of interest. Just under the double flight of steps in front, there is a copious and beautiful fountain, (a species of embellishment in which Rome infinitely surpasses all other cities I have seen,) ornamented with two river-gods pouring plenty from their cornucopiæ; the wolf and her regal boys, surmounted by an image of Roma herself, in the character of Victory, in a sitting posture. The latter figure is in bad taste, as it is of Parian marble, draped with porphyry. Red and white, or indeed any two colours, never appear well in a statue.

The two edifices flanking the square—the Museo Capitolino on the east, and the Palazzo de' Conservatori on the west

—in exterior much resemble the Senator's House. They extend nearly across the hill, two stories high, with arcades in front; and in any other situation, their architectural ornaments might perhaps be admired. But on this hill the name and the genius of even Michael Angelo have been unable to impart to them or to the Square much interest. The court and the arcades of the Museum are filled with works of merit, yet not of sufficient interest to detain us from more valuable treasures. On the right is a suite of rooms in the basement, the first of which is filled with all the Egyptian gods and goddesses, idols and sacred utensils, in black antique marble. The collection is valuable chiefly, as illustrative of the religion of that nation. Isis bears the *sistrum*, a musical instrument made of brass, used in her mysteries, to call the people to the sacrifices. The priests of Egypt are also here found in their sacerdotal costumes. In the halls of the Lapidary and of the Urn, are some fine bas-reliefs; among others the battles of Achilles, on a colossal sarcophagus of Severus. Tablets containing the inscriptions of the several Emperors, cover the walls of these rooms.

The sides of the stairway are lined with the fragments of the ancient map of Rome, taken from the temple of Remus, as mentioned in a previous paragraph. On entering the Gallery, a long vista, lined on both sides with statues, busts, hermes,* and other antiquities without number, opens on the view, like the Corridors of the Florentine Gallery, or the Louvre at Paris, though less splendid in its furniture than either. Among the curiosities of the collection, is the ancient balance, made precisely like modern steelyards, with a tiny bust for a poise. Here also is the tripod, and a thousand other objects illustrative of the Greek and Latin Classics. But it would be endless to specify. The fable of Prometheus is beautifully illustrated in bas-relief. A metallic urn, which belonged to Mithridates, so famous in the wars of the East, also attracted my attention.

One of the halls of the Museum is appropriated exclusively to the busts of the Emperors, arranged in chronological order. It is a fine study for history, as well as statuary and craniology. But who knows where the articles came from, and how much the subjects were flattered by the parasites of

* A hermes is a head, with all below the neck in a rude, unfinished block. The term was at first new to me, and an explanation may be acceptable to others.

the day?—The heads of the twelve Cæsars here stand in a row. They have generally stupid faces. One of the busts is composed of five kinds of alabaster, a monument of the wanton luxury and folly of the age. The different colours of the materials give the countenance a ludicrous appearance.

There is another apartment in the contents of which I took more interest. It is filled with the busts of philosophers, statesmen, sages, orators, poets, and other remarkable personages who depended on genius and intellect, and not on the imperial purple for celebrity. The bust of Virgil disappointed me. He is represented with an effeminate face, and soft, flowing tresses, without one manly feature—the very opposite of the dignity of his character, as given by his biographers. Cicero has not the long, swan-like neck and prominent Roman features, which distinguish prints of him. Socrates has a snub nose, which in spite of his beard, makes one laugh in his face. Sappho, the divine Sappho, is a personification of stupidity in every lineament. It must be a satire upon the sweet enchantress of the Lesbian lyre; for such a being could neither have “loved nor sung,” and her leap from the Leucadian rock ceases to be a matter of wonder. The bust of Cleopatra has crystal eyes. They glare as frightfully upon the spectator, as did her own when swimming in death, with the asp at her bosom.

In the Saloon called the Four Windows, are statues of Jupiter and of a Faun, in black antique—both very celebrated. Here also is a young Hercules, in all the grossness of an overgrown urchin, without exhibiting any of the characteristic strength of the demigod. It must be difficult for an artist to give bone and muscle to a boy. The infant giant is commonly made fat instead of strong. This room contains several Venuses and as many Amazons. The former are very far inferior to the modest, divine little goddess, left almost like a lover upon the banks of the Arno. I observed that the drapery of the latter (the Amazons) discloses indiscriminately either the right or left breast. Is this classical!—The right one was exterminated, and seared to prepare them for war; and hence the very name. In this hall are also a Pythian Apollo, with his tripod and lyre; and a fine bust of Caius Marius, contains just such a head as one would look for from his character.

The hall of the Faun contains many fine pieces, the first of which is the rural divinity himself, standing in the centre.

He is in red antique, represented in the character of Bacchus, wearing all the attributes of the jovial god. The colour of the statue, even in a deity who might be supposed to have a *red face*, in my opinion detracts much from its beauty. It may be laid down as a universal rule, that white marble is far superior to all other materials for statuary; and every attempt to strike by factitious ornaments, or a variation of colour, is in bad taste. There is another fine article in this saloon. It is Innocence playing with a dove; and one hardly knows which expresses the virtue most forcibly, the female figure, or her emblem. A child playing with a swan is of the same character. Here also is a very *small* statue of Alexander the *Great*. It is laughable to see the conqueror of the world, strutting and playing the hero, in the person of Tom Thumb.

The hall of the Gladiator probably contains more choice pieces of sculpture, than all the rest of the gallery put together. Here is the group of Cupid and Psyche, the original of the exquisite copy in the Louvre at Paris, and one of the most finished productions of Canova's chisel. Here also is the Faun of Praxiteles, a masterpiece in proportion, expression, and finish. Venus coming out of the bath approximates to her namesake at Florence, but appears less platonic, in the character of her affections. The attitude of both is nearly the same. But this saloon contains one piece, which eclipses all others—the dying Gladiator. It is ascribed to Praxiteles; but whether he made it or not, its merits are obvious to every person, and need not the authority of a great name to render them striking. There is a depth of pathos in the expression, which almost melts the spectator into tears. No wonder Napoleon ordered this statue to Paris. His crime of plunder was half redeemed by the taste displayed in selecting his objects. Byron's description of the Gladiator is so accurate, and so exquisitely beautiful, that I cannot forbear to quote one stanza, although it may be in the mouths of half my readers. Let any one peruse it, and then go and search for pleasing associations at the Coliseum:

“I see before me the gladiator lie;
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder shower; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout, which hailed the wretch who won.”

The palace of the Conservators on the opposite side of the square contains a multiplicity of objects, about which the visitant loves to linger. The court is filled with fragments of colossal statues—torsos of immense size—heads, arms, and feet, ranged round the walls. Of all sorts of antiquities, these giant limbs are generally the most uninteresting. In their best estate, they were merely objects of vulgar curiosity; in ruins, they cease to present any attractions. Nothing can excuse colossal statues in any other situations, than where they are to be seen at great heights or great distances, which will reduce them to the ordinary proportions of the species. In all other cases, they become monstrosities exhibiting the bad taste, the pride, and folly of man.

The Protomotheca, or Gallery of illustrious men, is the most interesting part of the Conservator's Palace. It comprises eight large saloons communicating with one another, and filled with the most authentic busts of remarkable personages in modern Italy, from the twelfth century to the present period. It is the counterpart of the antiques in the Museum. Although the Popes, who are the Cæsars of the day, and many other individuals in whom one feels no interest, have crowded themselves among men of genius; yet it is but just to say, that the collection manifests great liberality of feeling, and nationality of sentiment, on the part of the Papal government, at whose expense the gallery was established, and is still supported. The heads of men of eminence in the several departments of science, literature, and the arts, are here found, whatever may have been their heresies in religion and politics during life. In illustration of this remark, the busts of Dante, Gallileo, and a hundred others, who incurred the displeasure of the church, might be mentioned. Even Boccaccio, whose "impure dust" the immaculate Mr. Eustace was for trampling into oblivion, has been enrolled by the authority of the Pope among his illustrious compeers. In a word, enlightened patriotism seems to have been the governing principle in the collection of the articles in the Protomotheca, which was commenced by Pius VII. whose elegant statue by Canova is very justly entitled to a conspicuous place in the gallery. It would be an endless task, to select, and attempt to describe even the more interesting faces from old Columbus down to Alfieri and Goldoni, which meet the visitant at every step. In the halls of the Conservators, modern history and biography may be studied to as much advantage,

as antiquities in the Capitoline Museum. We spent several days in the two buildings, and a much longer time might have been employed both with pleasure and instruction.

In the second story, over the Protomotheca, is a long suite of chambers, filled with curiosities of various kinds—statues, busts, and paintings. The most interesting article is the bronze Wolf nursing the twin boys, supposed to be the one mentioned by Cicero, as having been struck by lightning, in token of the displeasure of the gods, and the approaching ruin of the empire. It is pretended, that the bolt fell on the day of Cæsar's assassination in the Senate.* The traces of the lightning are still visible upon the hind legs of the animal, which were cleft near the feet, and pieces of the bronze torn out. Neither of the children, sheltered under the body of their protectress, sustained injury. Absurd as this fable is, when construed literally, it makes a pretty picture. The head of the wolf, divested of its natural ferocity, is turned round to contemplate her regal charge with affection and maternal tenderness. Near this group stands a metallic bust of Junius Brutus. The complexion of the material is coal-black, and the white eyes give to a severe countenance an almost terrific appearance. It has lately been returned from Paris, and is reckoned one of the choicest articles in the collection. A bronze head of Michael Angelo, and his marble bust, sculptured by himself, arrested our attention, although he has not a great or interesting feature in his face, according to his own showing. His forehead is low, his nose flat, and his chin long: so much for the indications of phrenology.

The gallery of paintings, comprising between two and three hundred articles, covering the walls of two large saloons, contains many works of merit, though it cannot be considered one of the most splendid collections in Italy. We did not observe a single picture by Raphael. The Bologna and Venetian schools are the most prominent—Guido, the three Caraccis, Domenichino, Titian, Paul Veronese, and the rest. Several of Claude Lorraine's finest landscapes attract the eye of the visitant. Among the most interesting pictures are the Sibyl Persica, by Guercino, and

* The Senate-house in which Cæsar was stabbed, stood in the Forum of Pompey, between the Capitoline Hill and the Tiber. Mere curiosity induced us to visit the site, now occupied by the large modern church of St. Andrew.

the Cumæan Sibyl, by Domenichino. They are both executed with great spirit, but disappointed me as much, as to the character of these prophetesses, as did the one in the Tribune at Florence. Guido's Magdalen is also here; but in my estimation, she will not bear a comparison with the sweet penitent of Carlo Dolce. Old Michael Angelo seemed resolved, that the world should not forget his face, ugly as it is. He has here a portrait painted by himself. It does not improve much upon the bust. Guercino's resurrection and ascension of a Saint, (I forget her name,) is an admirable picture; and so is Guido's Europa. But I have not time to dwell on this topic, nor to retrace our steps through the Chambers of Audience and of the Throne, (for this is a pontifical palace,) the walls of which exhibit rather a meagre show of tapestry, and the ceiling an endless succession of frescos. In the chapel some daring artist has attempted to portray an image of the Supreme Being, clothed in the costume of mortals. It need not be added, that the effort is mere mockery.

LETTER LX.

ROME CONTINUED—RIDE ROUND THE WALLS—TOMB OF THE SCIPIOS—BATHS OF CARACALLA—TOMB OF CECILIA METELLA—CIRCUS OF CARACALLA—CATACOMBS—FOUNTAIN OF EGERIA—BATHS OF TITUS—GARDENS OF SALLUST—EXCURSION TO TIVOLI—VILLA OF ADRIAN.

May, 1826.—For the purpose of examining the walls and gates of Rome, we rode round the ramparts, from the Porta del Popolo, near the bank of the Tiber on the north, to the Porta di St. Paolo at the southern extremity of the city—an excursion occupying several hours. The road is bad, and often dangerous for coaches. In this vast semicircle, there are nine gates, leading to different parts of the Campagna, which with the three or four on the right bank of the Tiber make about a dozen in all. None of them are very remarkable for magnificence, except the one already described at our entrance, and the Porta Pia, erected by Pius VII. The Porta del Popolo and the Neapolitan Gate are the great thoroughfares, through which travellers arrive and depart.

The walls of Rome are from thirty to forty feet high on the outside, depending something on the formation of the ground. They are generally constructed of brick; but occasionally of large blocks of tufo, which is found in abundance on the Campagna. In truth, the ramparts are a piece of patch-work, alternately demolished and rebuilt, since the age of Aurelian; and there is nothing like uniformity either in the materials or construction. Sometimes the towers and bastions, by which they are flanked at short intervals, are round, and at others, square. The defences are at present entirely abandoned, and the port-holes blocked up. In many places, the walls are in a ruinous condition, often overgrown and overhung with ivy, cypress, myrtle, and other shrubbery, which give to the parapet a picturesque appearance. The path is the whole way perfectly solitary. We did not, to my recollection, meet a human being, in making the circuit. The view is entirely cut off on one hand, and much obstructed by a wall on the other. Occasionally the luxuriant branches of the fig-tree, or the red blossoms of the pomegranate,* springing from the garden of some deserted villa, overhang the road. Near the Neapolitan gate, the remains of the Circus Castrensis, appropriated to military games, were observed, incorporated with the walls, but still exhibiting a few of its Corinthian pillars. The Campagna in this quarter is strewed with the ruins of the old Roman aqueducts.

Another excursion to the Porta Capena, and thence along the Appian Way, presented a much greater variety of objects. We examined *en passant* the ruins of the theatre of Marcellus, which was built by Augustus and reckoned among the finest of Ancient Rome. It was four stories high, fragments of only two of which are now remaining—the basement, adorned with beautiful Doric pillars, and the second with Ionic. Our visit to the tomb of the Scipios was extremely interesting. It is situated on a little declivity, by the side of the Appian Way, not far from the gate, and in the midst of a vineyard. The words "*Sepulchra Scipionum*" at the entrance guide the traveller to the mausoleum, which is overgrown with wild shrubs, weeds, and grass. An old woman brought out her three or four wax tapers, and

* The pomegranate is a beautiful tree of the size of the peach, with a spear-shaped, delicate leaf, glossy like the myrtle. Its petals are of the colour of the Japan rose—bell-shaped, and polyandrous—the fruit while growing resembles the red pepper.

each of us carrying his own light followed her through a narrow passage into the gloomy mansions of the dead. From the mouth of the sepulchre, there is a rapid descent to the farther extremity, a distance perhaps of a hundred feet or more; for it is impossible to say how far we went in the labyrinth of brick arches, lined with sarcophagi, standing in niches on either hand. All the family sleep here, except Scipio Africanus, who died an exile not far from Naples. Numerous tablets and inscriptions cover the walls of the mausoleum. The monuments are dropping away piecemeal, and the gloom of the place, united to its intricacy, is almost terrific.

Not far hence, and on the right side of the Appian Way, we visited the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, covering several acres, and rising in prodigious masses from the plain. Several of the stupendous arches, towers, and even saloons, are yet nearly entire, exhibiting a vivid image of their former extent and splendour. The walls were of brick, encrusted with marble. Excavations have been made to the Mosaic pavements, which were found strewed with statues and other ornaments. Among the more valuable articles, which have been disinterred, are the Farnesian Hercules and Flora, now at Naples. The ruins are luxuriantly shaded with ivy, shrubs and wild flowers, on which the bee feeds, and its hum alone breaks the solitude of this once fashionable, sumptuous, and gay retreat.

Two or three miles from the Porta Capena, on the left side of the Appian Way, stands the Tomb of Cecilia Metella, of whom little is known, except that she was the wife of Crassus, the most wealthy citizen of Rome. The monument is composed of large blocks of Travertine, compactly built, and rises like a strong circular fortress from the waste of the Campagna. It has in fact sometimes been occupied as a castle, and undergone slight alterations to fit it for military purposes. Its dimensions are about sixty feet in diameter and as many in height, girt at top with a frieze and sculptured garlands, as also with an image of Metella and the proud escutcheons of her family. The walls are thick and without windows, the rotunda in the interior for the reception of the sarcophagus being open at top. A rich circle of verdure springing from the summit of the ruin, and breaking the light of the aperture, presents a most picturesque view in looking up through the long dark shaft. The

sarcophagus has been removed, to decorate the courts of one of the palaces at Rome.

Within a hundred rods of this monument, and on the same side of the road, the ruins of Caracalla's Circus lie strewn upon the plain, covered with tall grass enamelled with flowers, through which we waded, to examine the *spina*, the bounds, the gaols, the seats for the judges, the orchestra for the military band, the triumphal arch for the victors, the immense amphitheatre for the audience, and in short, all the apparatus for the ancient chariot races, as they were celebrated in Greece and Rome. An obscure gate was pointed out to us on one side, through which the dead combatants were carried, who fell in the glorious career! The outlines are perfectly visible, and furnish valuable illustrations of the classics. It requires scarcely an effort of the imagination, to recal the images, the bustle, the hair-breadth 'scapes, the plaudits of the animated scene. Just under the walls of the Circus are the remains of two temples, one of which was dedicated to Honour, and the other to Virtue, so arranged that the former could not be reached without passing through the latter—a good idea, which belonged to Marcellus, and not to Caracalla, a monster who never found either of the temples. The Circus is now the property of Torlonia, the celebrated Roman banker, who has made money enough to purchase two titles of nobility; and instead of giving him the above familiar appellation, he ought perhaps to have been styled the *Duke of Bracciano*. He deserves credit for the excavations he has made in the Circus, and the specimens of the arts he has brought to light.

Half a mile on the road toward Rome, we paused at the church of St. Sebastian, where sleeps the dust of that martyr—and descended into the catacombs, the dreary asylum of the early christians from the cruelties of their persecutors. A priest, with his lamps from the altar, led the way. Near the mouth is a subterranean chapel, where the tenants of these dreary abodes used to worship that God, whom they durst not proclaim in the light of day. We groped our way through passages so low, as to compel us to stoop, occasionally opening into little cells, which were at once the homes and the graves of the followers of the Cross. The walls are full of niches, in which the dead bodies of their families were placed and sealed up. Numerous inscriptions are found in these caverns, which are artificially dug from

beds of tufo, and are said to extend to Ostia, at the mouth of the Tiber, a distance of sixteen miles.

Turning to the right near the church of St. Sebastian, and pursuing a solitary path through a field skirted with woods, we soon found ourselves at the Fountain of Egeria, whither the lawgiver of Rome used to retreat from the bustle of his infant empire, to hold communion with the ambiguous goddess. She had a sweet grotto, from which the water gushes and gurgles into the grassy vale below, with as much purity as ever. The retreat opens into the side of a hill, to the depth of perhaps thirty feet, with about the same breadth at the entrance. At the extremity is a mutilated statue, in a recumbent position, supposed by some to be Numa himself. In the sides of the grotto are some ten or twelve niches, probably intended to receive the rural divinities. The fountain is overhung by a tangled copse of ilex, elm, and wild shrubbery. A beautiful grove of oak crowns a neighbouring eminence, and the retired vale of the Almon, a little stream celebrated by Ovid, spreads all green and flowery beneath. On the whole, the political sage here found a secluded and rural retreat, equally fit for the lessons of wisdom or love.

On the top of the hill, above the fountain, are the remains of an ancient temple, said to have been consecrated to Bacchus, or the Muses, but more probably to Apollo, as there is a subterranean shrine, whence oracles used to issue. We descended into the *sanctum sanctorum*, without either seeing the priestess or hearing her responses. The temple is now metamorphosed into a chapel, with its tiny altar, at which the gray-friar who acted as our guide to the fountain of Egeria, seemed to be the sole worshipper. His church and dwelling are under the same roof, where he leads the life of a hermit.

I have visited this grotto almost as often as old Numa, and on one occasion at an earlier hour, than he probably ever saw it, unless his nocturnal consultations were prolonged to the dawn. Some of the guide-books informed me, that on the morning of the first festa in May, the Roman girls resort thither, and twining their heads with garlands, dance back to the city in the character of Bacchantes, in honour of the goddess Egeria. A strong desire to see such a classical fete induced me to make a solitary excursion at the peep of dawn, crossing in my way the Camp of Hannibal long before the hour of parade; but the brook was found murmuring on in perfect solitude. It is but justice however to Madam Starke

to say, that her "information to travellers" in this instance is founded in truth ; for in returning to Rome, I met several coaches filled with belles and beaux on their way to the Fountain, as also a band of music and a corps of gens d'armes to keep the whole in order. But the plebeian company looked so unclassical and unpoetical, that I would not turn back, especially as the morning was rainy and unpleasant.

In another excursion, we visited the Baths of Titus, on the Esquiline Hill, and the Temple of Minerva Medica, near the gate of St. Lorenzo. The former are little inferior to those of Caracalla in extent ; and much superior in interest. Excavations were made to an immense extent by the French, and many treasures discovered. There is a little world yet to be explored, in long subterranean arches filled with many species of rubbish. Here are frescos so perfect, that Raphael is said to have borrowed from them his famous cartoons. They appear as fresh and vivid in colouring, as if they were the work of yesterday. A fragment of Nero's Golden House is here seen. These ruins are extremely picturesque, situated in a grassy field, on the brow of the Esquiline, commanding a full view of the Coliseum. The Gardens of Mæcenas, and the houses of Virgil and Horace are supposed to have been in the vicinity.

The temple of Minerva Medica stands in the midst of a large kitchen garden, enriched by much plebeian dust ; for it was the Potter's Field of ancient Rome, and the bones of millions have melted into the mellow soil, now appropriated to the cultivation of cabbages and artichokes. A party of labourers were at work in propping the roof and walls of the temple, which appear ready to tumble every moment. The ruin is a Rotunda, very lofty, and among the most striking at Rome. Fragments have fallen from the roof, leaving numerous rents, through which the eye sees patches of the blue sky contrasted with the dark, intervening masses.

In the Gardens of Sallust, near the Porta Pia, we had a long ramble ; for they cover many acres with a suitable variety of hill and dale, appearing almost like the country. They afford a very charming view of the Alban Mount and the environs of Rome. The mind recurs with pleasure to the period, when the philosophical historian, sick of the intrigues of courts and of the dissipation of fashionable circles, retired to these classic shades to enjoy his wealth and devote the rem-

nant of his life to literary labours. His house is said to have occupied the brow of an eminence, looking into a deep retired vale, which extended under the old walls of the city, where some of the foundations are still visible, exhibiting the substantial masonry of the Republic. On the borders of the ravine, a vault is shown, in which it is said the Vestal Virgins, who had violated their vows were buried alive, and left to starve. This was the mode of punishment; but the *locus in quo* seems to be doubtful. Several empty casks in the vicinity, render it more probable, that this subterranean dungeon has, at least in modern times, been used as a wine-cellar! But I doubt nothing, and let it therefore be, that the recreant Vestals here suffered. The works of art found in these gardens have enriched all the galleries in Italy.

One day was occupied in an excursion to Tivoli, distant eighteen miles. Our party, consisting of four, left Rome at 6 o'clock in the morning, through the gate of St. Lorenzo, and thence across the Campagna in nearly a direct line, following the old Tiburtine road, remains of which, in the shape of large and ill-joined blocks of stone, are more frequently seen and felt than the traveller wishes. Two or three miles from the gate, we passed the large church of St. Lorenzo, girt with solitudes, and dependant on pilgrims from Rome for worshippers at its altars. The walls of Rome are flanked on all sides by these straggling churches, extending beyond the limits of population, and taking the places as it were of fortresses in ordinary cities. With the exception of St. Angelo, his Holiness makes use of no other artillery for the defence of the city, than the papal thunders of the Vatican, and the terror of these has in a great measure ceased.*

A mile or two beyond the church of St. Lorenzo, we crossed the Anio, a narrow and turbid stream, shooting its clay-coloured, impetuous current across the level of the Campagna with an unaccountable velocity. On the left bank, bordering upon the road, the eye is enabled yet to trace the lines of circumvallation, extending round another camp of Hannibal, where he passed a considerable part of the six-

* The Emperor of Austria issued an edict, prohibiting any of his Italian subjects from leaving their business and their homes, to perform pilgrimages to Rome. This gave umbrage to the present Pope who threatened excommunication if the decree were not revoked. But the former persisted in his wholesome regulation, and the latter found to his surprise, that he had stubborn subjects, even in the members of the Holy Alliance.

teen years he was in Italy, and thence made sorties, on one occasion approaching so near, as to throw a dart over the ramparts into the city. The Romans, with all their characteristic bravery, were afraid of the old Carthaginian; and when he broke up his encampment near the Appian Way, alluded to in a former paragraph, they erected a temple upon the site of his head-quarters, in token of their joy at his return to the south. How different was this monument from a triumphal arch! The ruins of it, called the *Redicolo* (from the word *redeo*, to return) are still seen upon the plain—little creditable to Roman valour.

The aspect of the Campagna, in the direction of Tivoli, is very similar to that of the region already described, stretching from the heights of Baccano to the gates of Rome. If possible, it is here more utterly destitute of population. You ride for miles without seeing a habitation, which could serve for even a temporary shelter to the traveller. Yet the country is far from being sterile. The hedge-rows, which have spontaneously sprung up along the way, composed of shrubs of different kinds, and among the rest of the wild rose, blooming in the desert, exhibit a depth of foliage at once rich and luxuriant, reminding one very frequently of the borders of the roads in the United States. What a phenomenon is here!—a rich soil in the environs of a populous city, with none to sow, or reap a harvest! Let the traveller turn his head, and survey the dome of St. Peter's, rising above the proud pile of the Vatican—and the riddle is explained. The whole of these vast tracts form a part of the patrimony of the Saint, whose temporal dominions have fallen into as unfortunate hands, as the keys of his spiritual treasures. Here and there herds of horses, cattle, sheep, and goats, with a shepherd and his attendant dogs, were observed straying over the fields literally reddened by the poppy.

Five or six miles on this side of Tivoli, we left the coach and walked or rather ran, (for a shower was impending,) a short distance to the left of the road, to visit the small lake called Tartarus, which petrifies every thing coming in contact with its waters. The formation about its clay-coloured and sterile shores almost exactly resembles ground raised by the frost, the stalactites heaving up beds of the soil upon their little columns. No mineral properties are perceptible in the taste of the waters, which are turbid and of the same complexion with the borders. Soon after joining our carriage,

pelted by the storm, we crossed the stream issuing from lake Solfatara, which is about the width of an ordinary canal, and hurries towards the Anio with the rapidity of a mill-sluice. The water is of the colour of the Nar, and the smell of sulphur is so strong, as to be perceived at the distance of half a mile or more on either side. Upon the bridge, the stench is almost insupportable. It is said a temple sacred to Apollo once stood upon the shores of the lake. One would suppose the shrine might with much greater propriety have been dedicated to Pluto, as he dealt more largely in brimstone, than the god of the bow and lyre. The Muses would turn up their noses at his robes, steaming with the fumes of Solfatara. These waters, anciently denominated the *Aqua Albula* from their white complexion, were once conducted to Rome and used in the baths. They would no doubt prove efficacious in certain cutaneous diseases.

In leaving the Campagna, we again crossed the Anio, and passing the ivy-mantled tomb of Lucanus, almost exactly resembling that of Cecilia Metella, we commenced winding up the high ridge of the Apennines, on the summit of which Tivoli, (the ancient Tibur,) is seated. The brow of the hill, looking across the Campagna, and commanding a view of Rome, is strewn with the ruins of ancient villas, among which was the country seat of Cassius. Tibur was even a more fashionable resort than Mont Albanus, and every inch of ground was occupied by patrician lodges.

In the scenery of the far-famed Tivoli, we were sadly disappointed. The charms of its mountains, woods, and waters have been exaggerated beyond all bounds. Perhaps those extravagant eulogies led us to underrate the reality. The hills are too humble and uniform to border on grandeur; too naked and ungraceful in their outlines, to be either picturesque or beautiful. One might gaze forever at these smooth round swells, without feeling an emotion of any kind. The distant view, extending to Soracte and one or two eminences on this side, capped with villages—to Mont Albano—to the Seven Hills themselves, lifting their load of ruins above the level of the Campagna, is worth all the rest of Tivoli. If there were any thing naturally beautiful in the scenery, it would be destroyed by a dirty, populous, modern town, half way between a city and a village, with neither the grandeur of the one nor the rusticity of the other. The clack of mills, turned by the headlong Anio of Horace, and

the rattling of our coach-wheels over the rough pavements of the streets, broke all my classical and romantic dreams, which neither the sound of cascades nor the echo of the rocks could restore. An unwelcome idea of mill-privileges was constantly obtruding itself among images borrowed from poetry; and one could not help thinking, that the Anio might have been lashed into foam by water-wheels, instead of whitened by the crags of its own precipices.

Leaving our carriage at the hotel of *La Sibilla*, and procuring a cicerone, we at once commenced a round of observations. Nearly all that is worth seeing was finished in twenty minutes after our arrival. The first object is the temple of Vesta, seated upon a cliff which may almost be said to overhang the upper fall. Its position is extremely romantic, looking down upon the Anio far beneath, and abroad upon the hills sweeping round in semicircular ridges. The temple is a beautiful Rotunda, of nearly the same size and construction, as the one already described on the bank of the Tiber at Rome. Its portico of fluted Corinthian pillars is extremely rich, and all its decorations are of the chastest kind. Its antiquity is undoubted, though it has sustained scarcely a single mutilation, either from the hand of time or the barbarian. An English nobleman, (Lord Bristol, I believe,) offered something like £20,000 for the building, with an intention of removing it to his Park! The bargain was about to be struck, when his Holiness interfered, and broke off a negotiation worthy of a more Gothic age than the present.

Within a few paces and on the verge of the same cliff, stood the temple of the Tiburtine Sibyl, whose name was Albunea, and who seems to have held a high rank among the prophetic sisterhood, though inferior to her Cumæan rival. Her oracles are now silent, and a religion, resting for its truth upon "a more sure word of prophecy," is substituted in their place. The shrine is in ruins, and the few Ionic pillars, which survived the wreck, have been incorporated into the church erected upon the site, and are seen in the façade fronting the cliff. It was the oldest temple at Tivoli, and as the mode of worship probably had some peculiarities, its demolition is a subject of regret to the scholar.

While the French held possession of Italy, the commanding officer in this department constructed a terraced walk from the cliffs in front of these buildings, to the foot of the

principal cascade, called the Grotto of Neptune. These rocks seem to have been all formed by accretion, within the memory of man, and since the invention of implements now in common use. On the right of the path in descending to the water, we examined a perfect impression of a carriage wheel, which had evidently been buried and bedded for ages in solid masses of secondary formation. The prints of iron bars and other instruments of labour have been found at the depth of several feet below the surface. Yet the cliffs on which the temples stand must have remained unchanged for at least two thousand years.

The Grotto of Neptune is a high-sounding appellation; and although it might be large enough for Horace's "*domus Albuneæ*"—the domicile of the Sibyl, or the retreat of a Naiad, it is hardly worthy of the god of ocean. If he ever held his court beneath its pendant rocks, fanned by the descent of the cascade, he must have travelled thither by land; for the current of the Anio is not broad enough for his pathway, nor its depth sufficient to put the wheels of his chariot in motion. The stream divides in the hills above, and nearly one half of it is diverted through the town for mechanical purposes: the residue here leaps a perpendicular cliff, something like eighty feet in height, working itself into a fury in the descent, filling the twilight and misty cavern with its echoes. Vopiscus, an old Roman, had a seat hanging upon the very verge of the precipice. Some traces of it are yet visible. Salvator Rosa has sketched this scene; but the guide-books inform us that even his pencil could not do justice to its sublimity and beauty. Who ever saw any but a tame picture of a waterfall? Two of the most prominent concomitants, sound and motion, are necessarily excluded; and without these, a sheet of water upon the canvass, if as high as Olympus, cannot excite an emotion.

At a little distance below, the Anio makes another descent of nearly equal height; and here is a second cavern, similar to the Grotto of Neptune, denominated the Grotto of the Sirens. But I leave the musical sisterhood to sing on undisturbed, and by their sweet incantations to seduce other footsteps to their watery abode, while we ascend the cliffs, mount our donkies, and commence an excursion of four miles—particularly recommended by the cicerone, who cheerfully walked, for the sake of seeing us ride. It was the oddest lot of beasts, which all the Italian stables have af-

forded. Their tails much resembled the cues of the last century; and a single rope tied about the small of the neck was the only helm to their stubborn dispositions.

With such an outfit, we crossed the bridge of the Anio in grand procession and stumbled over the circuit, looking alternately at the hills above, and the waters foaming below, talking all the while of Horace, Mæcænas, Quintilius Varus, *et id omne genus*, whose houses we passed on the route. The credulity of my classical friend was somewhat severely put to the test, and his logical deductions not very satisfactorily answered by the positive assurances of the cicerone. My mode of arguing led to less scepticism—thus: these great men must have lived somewhere: tradition says they lived here: in the absence of better evidence, let tradition be followed: so let us make ourselves comfortable with the belief, that the lyric poet and his patron here dwelt, elevated upon the brow and nestled in the shades of the Apennines, soothed by the murmurs of the Anio, and peeping out occasionally upon the distant city, which their genius and taste had embellished.

The Cascades of Tivoli, technically so called in contradistinction to the falls already described, consist of six or seven streamlets, gushing out from the foundations of the town, through which they have been made to pass, and descending in silver threads down a green declivity of 80 or 100 feet. We rode into the depth of the vale, which is rural and quiet, and took a view from every possible position. The epithet *pretty* is the very highest that can be applied to these hackneyed waters, divested of their native freshness and purity in passing through a dirty town. Crossing the lower bridge of the Anio, we climbed a high hill on the old Valerian Way, constructed in the same manner as the road already described. Classical as ancient Tibur was, it seems to have worshipped strange gods. A ruin was observed on our way, which goes by the name of *Tempio della Tossa*—the temple of *Cough*. Who was she?—a new divinity in the calender. But the cicerone contended that the shrine of the goddess of Cough was not to be sneezed at—and so we gave it a cursory examination. It very nearly resembled the temple of Minerva Medica at Rome; and as colds were prevalent in the Apennines, it was perhaps consecrated to the healing deity. But I have no time to waste on conjec-

tures, and no wish to stop at the Cathedral, which occupies the site of the temple of Hercules.

After dining on fish from the *Anio*, at the hotel of the *Sibyl*, (a double hit at the classics,) we descended rapidly to the Villa of Adrian, on the left of the road, situated upon another spur of the mountains, commanding a view as wide as that of Tivoli. The ruins are very extensive, and so perfect, that the construction and style of the buildings may be distinctly traced. Adrian was an Emperor of boundless wealth, (*ex officio*,) fond of luxury, of some taste, a great traveller, enamoured of the Greek philosophy, and the religion of Egypt. All these traits of character have been exemplified in the ornaments of his Villa, which covers many acres. A poor old man, who is the last and sole tenant of the ruins, save the wild beasts and birds from the hills, conducted us through theatres, amphitheatres, and naumachiæ; through Porches and Academies, the imperial walks of philosophers; through the temples and shrines of Serapis and Isis, Egyptian divinities; through Baths and Libraries of colossal dimensions; through palaces, halls, and saloons, still exhibiting traces of their gilded ceilings and splendid frescos; and last, though not least in extent, through the stables of the Emperor.

Extensive excavations have been made among the ruins; and the innumerable statues here disinterred now fill the galleries of Italy. It must not be forgotten, that the peerless goddess of the Arno was found entombed among the meaner rubbish of the Villa. Nature is fast resuming her sylvan empire over the wreck of buried splendour. A luxuriant growth of woods, consisting of pine, cypress, and ilex, now shades the ruins. Among these wild trees, a beautiful shrub was observed, the name of which has escaped my memory. Our old guide said, that Adrian brought it with him from Egypt; and it still lingers in the deserted gardens, hanging its white and fragrant blossoms, as if out of respect to the memory of its former protector.

On our return across the Campagna, we narrowly escaped a tremendous tempest. The rain descended in torrents, and the thunderbolts fell fast and heavy. A scene of so much grandeur called to mind one of Virgil's finest descriptions, which my classical friend repeated to us, while the peals were rattling round the domes and echoing among the

ruins of the Capital. Sublime as the imagery of the poet is, it did not transcend the grandeur of the reality.

Thus have I finished all that will be said of Rome at present. The palaces and churches, with the innumerable works of art they contain; the Villas and Gardens; the galleries of modern artists; religious ceremonies and public amusements, with a hundred other topics, must be postponed till my return from Naples—a respite to which my readers will doubtless have no objection.

LETTER LXI.

DEPARTURE FOR NAPLES—ALBAN MOUNT—ARICIA—GENZANO
—VELLETRI—PONTINE MARSHES—TERRACINA—ENTRANCE
OF THE NEAPOLITAN DOMINIONS—FONDI—ITRI—MAUSOLE-
UM OF CICERO—MOLA DI GAETA.

May, 1826.—From Rome to Naples, a distance of a hundred and fifty miles, we made an experiment of another kind of conveyance. Our friends and fellow-travellers, contrary to their previous arrangements, and in search of a milder climate than had been found upon the banks of the Tiber,* concluded to accompany us to the South of Italy; and with the double view of economy and of sociability, a coach with four horses was engaged to take us to Naples in two days and a half. The vetturino promised, that he would send on word in advance, for every thing to be in readiness, to prevent any unnecessary delay; but this stipulation proved to be all a sham, as will every other agreement with these contractors, which is not reduced to writing.

At one o'clock on the afternoon of the 8th, we made our exit through the Neapolitan Gate, (the Porta di San Giovanni,) and not without many lingering regrets, saw the domes and towers and ramparts and ruins of the city rapidly receding from our view. There is a charm about Rome which

* The weather was colder at Rome than it had been found three weeks before in the vale of the Arno. A fire was kept up in our chambers every night during our stay. Much rain fell, and the winds were frequently chilly and piercing. On going out one morning, about the first of May, the hills about Tivoli and Mont Albano were observed covered with a coat of new-fallen snow, and the air was so keen as to drive some of our party back to the comforts of the fire-side.

no other place in an equal degree possesses ; and its localities, so far from tiring, grow daily upon the heart of the traveller, notwithstanding the slight deductions that are frequently to be made from his pleasures.

The aspect of the Campagna, between the gates of Rome and Mont Albano, over the brow of which the Neapolitan road passes, very nearly resembles that of the two routes from the heights of Baccano and to Tivoli, already described. If possible, it is more desolate than the former, and certainly more sterile than the latter. A post-house is almost the only settlement to break the solitude, or furnish a refuge to travellers in cases of necessity. Fortunately none was needed by us, in a ride of two or three hours. Soon after leaving the gates of the city, the road joins the old Appian Way, and thence pursues it to Capua, within fifteen miles of Naples, though few or no traces of it are visible in the first part of the journey.

At the foot of the Alban Mount, we passed an old tower on the left, which antiquaries call the Tomb of Ascanius, and others that of Clodius. It is very doubtful to which it belonged, if indeed to either. The latter in his return to Rome along the Appian Way, near this spot was met and murdered by Milo and his party. They pretend to show the very house into which Claudius was carried, and where he died of his wounds. Such a tradition outrages belief. If few of the most substantial and conspicuous works of the Republic have been preserved, and are now discernible, it is wholly incredible that a private dwelling, celebrated by an event of comparatively little importance should survive.

Beyond the gates of Albano, close to the path, there is another ambiguous monument, by some considered the mausoleum of the Curiatii, and by others, the cenotaph of Pompey. The former were born on the Alban Mount, and the latter there had a Villa, which seem to be the strongest circumstances in favour of either opinion. Some have pretended to discover traces of Egyptian architecture in the turrets, which crown the monument, contending that they were designed to convey an allusion to the death of the Triumvir on the sands of the Nile. But I leave these nice points to be settled, or more properly to be discussed, by antiquaries. It is certain that the mausoleum, to whomsoever it belonged, is fast sinking into decay, notwithstanding all the attempts to stop its tottering age ; and it appears to be equally certain,

that the site of the combat between the Horatii and Curiatii was on the Campagna, about five miles from Rome, not far from the tomb of Cecilia Metella, where tradition says they were buried.

As it is our intention to linger a day or two about the Alban Mount, on our return from the south, for the purpose of examining its villages and antiquities, I shall say little on the subject at present, reserving my remarks till its interesting objects have been more fully examined. We made no stay, and our only views were taken from the carriage. But even in passing hastily over the Mount, its magnificent scenery could not escape observation. Rome seated in majesty upon her hills, and girt with her eternal solitudes—the little lake of Turnus slumbering and gleaming in the depth of the Campagna—the scene of the last six books of the *Æneid* spreading to the right—the sea and its lonely borders beyond—the woody top of Mont Algidum on the left—with the natural, rich, and rural scenery which skirted the road, formed features in a landscape too bold not to arrest attention and give delight to the imagination. Much of the territory on the declivities of Mont Albano has returned fully to a state of nature, and the luxuriance of the foliage affords a grateful relief to the eye, accustomed to the waste of the Campagna. The Arician groves looked as fresh, as if the spirit of some modern Hippolytus* forbade the brute creation to intrude upon the sacred precincts, and the copses were as tangled and green, as when they shaded the shrine of Dian, or formed the sylvan retreat of Egeria.

Aricia is a small town, pleasantly situated upon a round swell of the mountain, fifteen miles from Rome. It keeps up the formality of walls and gates, as certain noblemen wear their titles, in the midst of poverty and degradation. A Convent of Benedictines and a very stately new church, yet in an unfinished condition, cover nearly half the area of the town, which appears to be as full of mendicants, as it was in the age of Juvenal. But the period has long since gone by, when beggary can be set down as a characteristic pecu-

* Horses refused to enter the ancient forest of Aricia, because Hippolytus, the founder of the town, after his resurrection by *Æsculapius* and his transportation by Diana, had been dashed to pieces by his frightened steeds. See the amusing, though absurd fable of Hippolytus in the 7th book of the *Æneid*. Virgil makes Aricia the parent city. The nymph Egeria seems here to have had her country seat.

liarity of any of the Italian villages. Horace reached Aricia the first night, in his notable tour from Rome to Brundisium, which coincides precisely with the modern route to Naples. His journal, brief as it is, and filled with trifling incidents, such as any tourist would be likely to note on a road with which every body was supposed to be acquainted, was the most agreeable of all our itineraries, and furnished a constant fund of amusement. We accomplished his first day's ride in two hours and a half. But then he and his learned companion Heliodorus probably lounged upon the way, and read the Greek classics in the coach, just as the Latin poets were perused by us. Perhaps he paused to make a call on a country friend; or some Lydia or Lalage detained him for the night. At all events, it would be very unsafe, as certain writers have done, to adopt the stages of a capricious poet on a tour of pleasure, as a standard of the Roman rate of travelling. Cæsar's progress in advancing to meet an enemy was very different. The Appian Way was not inferior to modern roads; and in an age when chariot races were so fashionable, it is not likely the Romans were deficient in coaches or horsemanship.

Genzano, a little town four miles from Aricia, is celebrated for the beauty of its female peasantry. Great numbers of them were seen at Rome during some extraordinary festa—easily distinguishable from their neighbours, by a difference of costume as well as of features. It is astonishing with what distinctness the local fashions of these villages are preserved. Often within the distance of a mile or two—an interval which would be instantly annihilated in the tendency to amalgamation in our country—the barriers of prejudice have been kept up century after century, and the circumscribed districts rigidly adhere to their peculiarities in dress, character, manners, and habits. St. Peter's or St. John Lateran on a holiday, when all the peasantry from the country in the vicinity flock to Rome, presents an assemblage divisible into strongly marked castes, and as party-coloured in their costumes as the mosaics upon the walls or pavements of the church. A general muster of his subjects by a bulletin of the Pope reminds one of the classification of the tribes, from the same regions, by the epic Muse of Virgil, while rallying and arraying his troops for war. In the month of June, there is a celebrated rural festival at Genzano, in honour of Flora. It appears to bear a strong resemblance

to a May-day fete in some of our Southern States. The earth is strewn with a splendid mosaic of flowers, and the pretty peasant girls twine their snowy brows and sunny locks with garlands. Already were the fields along the road in bloom, sprinkled with a richness and beauty by the hand of nature beyond the reach of art; and the goddess of the hill seemed to be preparing abundant materials for the celebration of her approaching anniversary.

Notwithstanding many a long hill, which retarded our progress, we reached Velletri before sunset, and were shut up within high walls and dirty courts for the night. Although this town was one of the capitals of the ancient Volsci, and acquired still greater fame by giving birth to the Emperor Augustus, it is very far at present from being an imperial city, and affords few resources for the entertainment of the traveller, in any sense of the word. In driving from the narrow streets into the court-yard of the hotel, our coach was very nigh being capsized; and neither the comforts of the chambers nor the bounties of the table compensated for the risk of reaching them. But as a long journey was to be performed on the following day, in crossing the Pontine Marshes, and as only a short interval was allowed us for repose, the inconveniences of the tavern were soon forgotten by all our party save one, who was so ill during the night, and his malady had been so much aggravated by the fatigues of the ride, that he concluded to abandon the excursion to Naples, and return immediately to Rome. Thus was our parting upon the Volscian mountains as sudden and painful, as our first meeting in the bed of the Magra had been unexpected and agreeable. The recollections growing out of an intimacy for four or five weeks, in visiting some of the most interesting scenes in Italy, will remain among the most cherished and durable pleasures of our tour.

With feelings not a little saddened by leaving our friends under such circumstances, as well as by the reputed dreariness of the road to be traversed, we left Velletri at 4 o'clock the next morning, and descended rapidly down the southern declivities of Mont Albano. The gradual advances of morning, reddening with the rich hues of an Italian sky, till at length the sun rose above the Volscian hills, might at another moment have been hailed with delight. More than half of our day's ride opened at once before us. The eye takes in at one view the whole expanse of the Pontine Marshes, some-

thing like thirty miles in length, and eight or ten in breadth ; bounded on the west by the Mediterranean, and on the east by long ranges of the Apennines, which sweep round the plain with a gentle curve, meeting the sea at the southern extremity and terminating to the north in the Alban Mount. In front rises the lofty promontory of Circello, which is as picturesque as it is classical, forming the most conspicuous feature in the extended landscape, and appearing at the distance of twenty-five miles precisely like a mountainous, broken island, separated by a wide strait from the shore. This bold, insulated headland, the fabled residence of Circe, daughter of the Sun, has been described both by Homer and Virgil as an island, either from its strong resemblance to one, or because it was really such, at the period when the *Odyssey* was written. The latter supposition is by no means improbable, as these marshes are evidently not only alluvial, but of comparatively recent formation. A chain of small lakes, where the great process of nature in converting water into land is not yet completed, extends along the sea-shore, at points least liable to be filled by debris from the mountains. It may be proper to add, that although in the age of Virgil, the promontory of Circello was doubtless connected with the main-land ; yet the voyage of *Æneas* was coeval with that of Ulysses, and the Roman poet has therefore adopted the topography of his great prototype, describing objects as they were supposed to exist, ten or twelve centuries before the Christian era.

The northern boundary of the Pontine Marshes is rather nominal than real ; for the slope is so gradual from Velletri to Tre Ponti, a distance of about fifteen miles, and the appearance of the country so rural, even far beyond this point, that the traveller has no suspicion of being in the midst of those regions, which by many are supposed to breathe pestilence and death. Whatever may have been its former condition, this extensive tract at present much more nearly resembles a meadow than a bog, and in aspect is not unlike the borders of some of the lakes in the western part of the state of New-York. A considerable portion of it is arable, and in several places the peasants were seen ploughing by the side of the road. Extensive pastures, sprinkled with cattle, horses, and buffalo ; and a curtain of forests on the right, skirting the shore of the sea, occupy the remainder of this vast alluvial plain. Very little stagnant water was observed

in the whole distance of thirty miles. The fields were gay with a profusion of wild flowers ; the air breathed the fragrance of spring, instead of poisonous effluvia ; and the carols of birds were much more frequently heard, than the croaking of Horace's frogs.

As it regards population, the Pontine Marshes are as desolate as the Campagna di Roma. A succession of villages, seated in the most romantic manner along the brow of the mountains on the left, at the distance of four or five miles, are almost the only human habitations in sight. Blendid with the wildness and loneliness of nature, they render the scenery in the highest degree picturesque. Here reside all the inhabitants who descend at the healthy seasons to cultivate the plain, and during the sickly months are elevated above the mal'aria. On the road there are no other settlements or population, than barely enough to afford shelter and protection to travellers. These consist chiefly of guard-houses for the lodgment of soldiers, who are posted at short intervals along the way, armed and constantly walking as sentinels, to prevent robberies by banditti. The troops are selected for this service as a sort of punishment, and in the months of August and September, they may be considered almost as a forlorn hope. Their accommodations at all seasons appear to be miserable. With the exception of the half-way house, a wretched, dirty, comfortless establishment, there is no tavern in the distance of thirty miles. Adjoining the inn stands a large shell of a church, which has gone to ruins, and is now used as a stable. A good hotel, upon the plan of the hospices on the Alps, should be here erected ; but martyrs are not so common as they once were, and it is difficult to find respectable persons, who for either love or money, are willing to forego the comforts of society, and put life in jeopardy.

The road itself is a magnificent work. Its history is probably well known to many of my readers. It extends twenty-five miles in a direct line, wide enough for two or three carriages abreast, sufficiently elevated above the level of the meadow to be always dry, or in other words, never flooded, and bordered on both sides by rows of stately oaks and elms, which effectually protect the traveller from the sun in the heat of summer. It is built upon the foundations of the old Appian Way, which was constructed by Appius Claudius, about three hundred years before the Christian era, extending at

first from Rome to Capua, and subsequently to Brundisium—a distance in all of between three and four hundred miles. The double objects of making a good road and of draining the marshes, have been constantly kept in view from that age to the present, to effect which, mints of money have been expended, the greater part of it uselessly. I will venture to assert, that the number of persons usually employed on the Erie Canal at any stage of its progress, under the superintendence of its engineers and commissioners, would accomplish more in a single season, than all the Censors, Consuls, Emperors, and Popes, have done in upwards of two thousand years! Most of them went to work without any kind of system—not so much as even to take a level, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the water would run in the artificial channels, opened at a vast expense. In many instances projected improvement was converted into a stalking-horse, for the purpose of acquiring popularity, and a great show seemed to be the leading motive. The canals were dug near the road, where every person could see them, and read the numerous inscriptions, informing him by whom they were executed. Had the work been calculated for any public utility, such an emulation would have been commendable; but the most that was ever accomplished till the more systematic efforts of Pope Pius VI. in the last century, amounted to little more than collecting the waters of the marsh into pits, trenches, and reservoirs, leaving them to stagnate and putrify. In the age of Augustus, a broad canal was opened along the Appian Way, navigable with boats, but reckoned so unhealthy, that passengers deemed it necessary to perform the voyage in the night, during the hot months, to escape the effluvia—an odd expedient according to our mode of reasoning.*

Nothing is apparently more obvious, than an effectual plan for draining the Pontine marshes, suggested by nature herself. At the northern and southern extremities two copious streams, the Astura and the Ufens, flow with strong currents into the sea. Had canals opening into these been extended along

* The same idea prevails with the modern Italians. who in the summer months travel almost exclusively in the night, setting out at dusk and continuing the journey till daylight. This is a strange notion, so far as it regards either health or comfort. It is a well established fact, I believe, that the exhalations of the night are much more active and pestilential than during the day. But there is not much practical philosophy in Italy.

the base of the hills, to receive the fountains which there gush out and descend into the plain, the whole Herculean labour would at one stroke have been finished. But then the work would not have been seen by travellers upon the Appian Way! Any peasant accustomed to hedging and ditching might at a glance have improved upon imperial projects. Pope Pius VI. who is emphatically "the Man of Ross" among the Pontiffs, in part adopted the above-mentioned plan. He was at least free from the absurdity of expecting water to run up hill; and at the outset, authorized a survey of the ground, with the view of ascertaining the level of the projected channels. His great fault consisted in commencing his work in the middle of the Marshes, instead of the borders. He opened two canals, one on each side of the Appian Way, and gave to their currents towards the Ufens the rapidity of an ordinary river. The waters are clear, and so copious as to be navigable with boats, which are now drawn by men, in place of Horace's mules. There appears, however, to be very little difference in the two descriptions of animals, except in the length of their ears. We saw large droves of buffaloes wallowing in these canals, with nothing but their heads visible. They were under the charge of herdsmen, who appeared to be driving them, from their pastures on the waste, to the road. This was novel scenery, even to travellers from a land of prairies and forests, the home of the buffalo. These animals are here of the size of ordinary black cattle, and are yoked in teams like oxen.

Lest my readers begin to think, I am stuck in the mire of the Pontine Marshes, we will make our escape as soon as possible, without pausing upon the Pope's bridge over the classical Ufens,* or like Horace, to wash off the mud contracted during the passage, in the fountain of Feronia.† The view from this point, independent of its interesting associations is extremely picturesque. Within a few miles of

* "Circeumque jugum; queis Jupiter Anxurus arvis
Præsidet, et viridi gaudens Feronia luco:
Qua Saturæ jacet atra palus, gelidusque per imas
Quærit iter valles atque in mare conditur Ufens."

† "Ora, manusque tua lavimus, Feronia, lympa."

As most of the objects described in these quotations from Virgil and Horace were in sight at the same moment, and the two poets were the companions of our coach in crossing the Marshes, I hope to be excused for the pedantry of citing the above graphic passages.

the road, on the right, the lone woody promontory of Circello looks as if it might contain as many prowling monsters, as the Trojan hero found in its wilds; and still nearer on the left, the lofty, glittering rocks of Auxur, exhibiting both at the base and upon the summit ruins of the ancient city, shoot out into cliffs several hundred feet in height, and overhang the sea. Directly in front, the modern town of Terracina is seated upon the shore, so near the water that its foundations are washed by the waves. We reached this place at 11 o'clock, and after breakfast passed an hour in looking at the few antiquities it contains. Among these is the old Roman harbour, in the form of a crescent—an immense work in its day. It was repaired for the last time by Antoninus Pius, and is now choked with sand, skirted with wild bushes. There is still the shadow of a port, into which a small stream flows and the swells of the Mediterranean roll with a good deal of grandeur. A hard sandy beach offers as many accommodations for bathing as ever. Near the harbour stands a monstrous shell of a palace, built and inhabited a part of the year by Pius VI. while engaged in draining the Pontine Marshes. Its only interest arises from that circumstance. It is now used as a store-house.

On the perpendicular cliffs five or six hundred feet above the town, the traveller sees the ruins of the temple of Apollo; as also the remains of the Castle of the Emperor Theodoric. The latter crown the summit of an insulated, pyramidal rock, (on which once stood the temple of Jupiter,) forming the extreme point of the promontory, the sides of which have been partly faced with artificial masonry, to prevent the loosened scales from falling into the road. Terracina is half unpeopled, and the few remaining inhabitants appear to be in a state of indolence, poverty, and starvation. As Forsyth, the most authentic of our guide-books, informed us that "every fifth man is here an assassin or a sbirro," we felt no anxiety to prolong our stay beyond the time required for the horses to rest, after travelling near forty miles during the morning. This town and its environs have been the most common haunts of banditti, who have frequently led travellers captive into the neighbouring mountains, and then entered into formal stipulations with their friends to redeem them for a certain sum.* These freebooters once had an

* One of our Italian Consuls informed me, that some years ago a Neapolitan of liberal education failing in his professional pursuits, turned his

accredited agent or minister at the papal court, to conduct the negotiations and manage the *foreign affairs* of the mountain clan. But if any of their descendants still exist, they had the complaisance to let us pass unmolested. The most common mode of robbery is to make one passenger descend from the coach at a time, and stretch himself upon the ground, lying still till his pockets are picked, and his baggage pillaged.

On leaving Terracina, the road makes a bold sweep towards the east, and traverses a beautiful plain, bounded on one side by an amphitheatre of hills, and on the other by inlets from the sea. The country is richly wooded, green, and flowery; but notwithstanding all its charms, it is said to be unhealthy, owing to the quantity of stagnant water in the vicinity. At the distance of two or three miles, passing under the arch of the Torre de'Confini, (the Border Tower,) we left the patrimony of St. Peter behind, and entered the kingdom of Naples. A swarm of custom-house officers were lounging upon the boundary, and the sentinel soldiers thickened along the path, almost within call of one another. The delay in the examination of our passports and trunks was much shorter and less vexatious than had been anticipated.

At Fondi, the first town in the Neapolitan dominions, the principal street runs along the old Appian Way, just as it was two thousand years ago, furnishing a perfect specimen of its construction. It is composed of large blocks of stone, rather rudely adjusted, and by no means answering my expectations of this far-famed road. The pavements of Florence far surpass it in material, workmanship, strength, and beauty.

The old town of Itri is romantically situated in the wildest part of this defile, the houses straggling up the steep ac-

attention to others in which patronage was less voluntary. He was soon promoted to the head of a band of robbers, whose fastnesses in the depth of the Apennines long eluded discovery. At length a village girl was observed going to an unfrequented pass in the mountains with a basket of fowls, and the police entertaining some suspicions of her errand, secretly followed her. She was soon met by the chief of the brigands, who came to receive the provisions. He was shot dead upon the spot, and his clan taken prisoners. They had a luxurious residence in the caverns, filled with the spoils of wealthy travellers. A physician was released from captivity, after having been long a prisoner without the means of paying his ransom. Other captives have fared worse in having their ears cropped, or in being cut in quarters!

clivities on either hand. In the walls of the buildings, along the narrow, dirty, beggarly streets, specimens of substantial masonry are seen, said to be older than the foundations of Rome itself. Our coach was here so beset with swarms of mendicants, that it was absolutely necessary to close the windows, to avoid their importunate cries, which could not have been hushed without exhausting our purses. Such is the distress of a population in a country apparently teeming with plenty. The hills are crowned with olives, and the vales produce corn and wine in abundance. But between the oppressions of the government and the indolence of the subject, the peasantry are more degraded and wretched than even the inhabitants of the papal dominions.

Just before sunset we paused opposite an old tower on the right of the road, and three labourers, at work in a field near the base, informed us that it was the *Mausoleum of Cicero*. Such an object was not to be passed unnoticed. One of the peasants led the way, and kindly lent us a helping hand in climbing up the exterior of its crumbling walls. It is two stories high, of a rude construction, the basement being composed of blocks of Travertine, and the upper story of brick and mortar, intermingled with stone. The interior is hollow, with niches for statues, and a column rising in the centre, apparently to support the shattered roof, which is tottering to its fall, and richly mantled with shrubs and wild flowers. It is supposed to stand upon the very spot where the great Roman orator was overtaken and assassinated by Herennius, an emissary of Antony, while the former was endeavouring to escape in a litter, from his Formian Villa to the sea shore, at the distance of a mile.

From the Mausoleum of Cicero, a most magnificent sunset view opened upon us towards the south, embracing a range of mountains extending along the shore of the Mediterranean to the bay of Naples, with the top of Vesuvius in the distance—the blue expanse of the sea washing a long line of coast—and the lofty promontory of Gaeta, projecting out several miles at the western extremity of the bay. This bold headland immortalized in both Greek and Roman song, exceeds in picturesque beauty any thing I have seen even in Italy, the land of enchantment as it regards distant views. An artist of the finest fancy could not select and group objects to more advantage, than they have been fortuitously combined by the hand of nature and art, in the midst of a

population destitute of taste, who have not wittingly contributed an iota to the embellishment of their landscapes. From the extreme point of Gaeta, the shore sweeps with a bold and graceful curve to Mola, a distance of four or five miles to the east. The old town extends from the end of the cape half way round the bay, the white buildings rising from the edge of the water up the declivity. On the summit of the promontory are seen the antique castle of colossal dimensions, and the mausoleum of Lucius Plancus, the friend of Horace and the founder of Lyons. To the north the woody tops of mountains form a wild and rural back-ground. Such are a few of the elements of a picture, which, brightened by skies and waters rivelling each other in the splendour of their hues, and embellished by the fresh luxuriance of spring, wholly baffles the powers of description. It seemed so much like enchantment, and formed such a fine image to be preserved unbroken in the mind, that we did not in this instance give chase to the rainbow, till its tints vanished amidst beggars and their dirty habitations.

In our ride of a mile or two from the Mausoleum of Cicero to the little town of Mola di Gaeta, situated upon the very margin of the sea, the ruins of the ancient town of Formiæ were seen strewed along the road. We took lodgings for the night at a large and comfortable hotel, called *La Villa di Cicerone*, said to occupy the site of Cicero's house, though the tradition does not appear to be very well grounded. At any rate, its location is enchanting. The declivity between the court-yard and the sea is covered with magnificent groves of the citron and orange. Most of the trees were laden with golden fruit, while the blossoms of others filled the air with fragrance. The landlord unlocked the gates of this garden of the Hesperides, and bade us welcome to any portion of its contents. We however did not avail ourselves of his liberality, but permitted the bending branches and rich clusters to hang unmolested, too beautiful to the eye to be profaned by the grosser senses.

Below the terrace of the garden, the ruins of the ancient Villa are scattered along the rocks on the beach, and even extending for some distance into the bay, a few feet beneath the surface of the water. Descending from the wall by a ladder, we examined by twilight, (with the aid of a young moon hanging her silver horn above Mount Cæcubus,) the remains of baths, porches, and subterranean arches, still in a

state of tolerable preservation. The solitude of the shore is unbroken, save only by the murmurs of the sea, which here seems to feel all the indolence of the climate, and rolls in its sluggish billows upon the wreck of Roman luxury. In a retreat so absolutely enchanting, with high hills rising on one hand, and the hollow port described in the *Odyssey*, spreading on the other—amidst scenery enriched by the prodigality of nature, and hallowed by the muse of Homer and Virgil and Horace, as well as associated with the name of Tully—my readers must indulge me in a little romance of feeling. Prompted by the pages of the ancient poets, fancy recalled the images of other ages, when old Ulysses, mooring his fleet in the bay, went on shore perhaps with his crew, to frolic with the peasant girls of Læstrygonia; or when at a subsequent period, the Orator of Rome, retiring to the classic shades of Formiæ, gave his attic nights to the pursuits of eloquence and philosophy. His vigils were scarcely protracted to a later hour than my own. The citron groves, peeping through the windows of my apartment, were the last to bid me good night, and the first to greet me on the morrow.

LETTER LXII.

ROUTE FROM GAETA TO NAPLES—MINTURNÆ—RIVER LIRIS—
CAPUA—AVERSA—ARRIVAL AT NAPLES—ASPECT OF THE
CITY—PRINCIPAL STREETS—SKETCH OF THE BAY, ISLANDS,
SHORES, HARBOUR, AND OTHER OUTLINES—ROYAL GARDEN
—TOMBS OF VIRGIL AND SANNAZARO.

May, 1826.—At 5 o'clock on the morning of the 10th, we resumed our journey towards Naples, passing through the large modern town of Mola di Gaeta, the filth and poverty of which present a perfect contrast to the rural charms of the Villa just left with regret. The country onward preserves its picturesque character, though in a less degree than the scenery already described. A ride of an hour brought us to the ruins of old Minturnæ, scattered over a green plain on the right bank of the Liris. In a field on the left of the road, are seen the remains of a Roman aqueduct, which extended from the brow of an neighbouring hill to the town, and supplied it with water. The walls of the amphitheatre, similar

in construction to others of the same age, are yet tolerably perfect. Minturnæ is associated with one of the most interesting events in the life of Caius Marius, who secreted himself in a neighbouring fen, till he was dragged from his lurking place by the partisans of Sylla. Here was the scene of his imprisonment and condemnation to death, when the sternness of his countenance disarmed the executioner, and he was permitted to escape hence to the shores of Africa, to muse upon the decline of his own fortunes amidst the ruins of Carthage.

The Liris, the liquid Liris, in name as smooth as its own unruffled current, has now assumed the semi-barbarous appellation of the *Garigliano*—a modern Shibboleth, which none but the Italians can “frame to pronounce;” and if exactness of orthoepy were made the criterion, few strangers would be permitted to pass the bridge of boats, which links together by a most fragile chain the ancient kingdoms of Latium and Campania. The river itself is one of the largest and finest we have found in Italy. It is nearly as broad as the Tiber, within the walls of Rome, but differs entirely in character, having none of the turbulence and impetuosity of the latter. The banks are shaded with poplars and elms, and bordered by a broad, fertile, flowery plain, which the road traverses between Garigliano, and St. Agatha. An insulated, shattered tower, overhanging the stream, and half concealed by the foliage, forms a most picturesque object in the landscape. In crossing this delicious vale, we met a regiment of Austrian cavalry, riding full tilt, and raising a glorious dust. They were on their way to Terracina, to meet Leopold the brother of the king of Naples, and to escort him to town, on his return from the north of Europe. When the corps was first descried at a distance, with nodding plumes and armour glittering in the sun, the spectacle was quite martial, leaving the mind free to fancy it a squadron of Numidian horse, from the Camp of Hannibal at Capua!

The environs of St. Agatha are beautiful, but the village is mean and miserable. A stately bridge connects it with Sessa, (the ancient Suessa,) a handsome town on the opposite side of the river. Here the traveller again meets the Appian Way, which he had deserted at Minturnæ. Passing a finely wooded country, tolerably well cultivated, rural in its aspect, covered with vineyards, fields of corn, and pastures, we crossed the bridge of Volturno, and entered Capua at 11

o'clock. The river, which is nearly as large as the Tiber, and quite as turbid, winds with a good deal of majesty under the very walls of the town. A large fortress was observed on the right bank, garrisoned by a solitary soldier, who was standing sentinel upon the parapet. This circumstance is the more remarkable, as the city is now as full of Austrian troops as it ever was with the legions of Hannibal. Every other person you meet wears a military dress, and the rest, as a consequence, are beggars.

While our horses were resting at the hotel, we walked to the cathedral and one or two other churches, for the purpose of examining some Roman antiquities, unworthy of notice ; but the streets were so thronged with mendicants, that a retreat was effected as soon possible. Some of the miserable beings who beset us with their importunities were deformed, and others diseased ; and by way of enforcing their claims to charity, they have a fashion of thrusting their withered limbs into the traveller's face, compelling him to witness objects that sicken and disgust. Such occurrences are so frequent as to form a serious drawback upon the comforts of a person of any feeling. Capua seems to be the head quarters of paupers, who are far more numerous in the Neapolitan dominions, than in any other part of Italy ; and of all the towns I have ever visited, this is the most wretched. The population is reduced to seven thousand, and seems to be wasting away by absolute starvation. We went through the form of taking breakfast at the hotel ; but if Hannibal and his army had found as hard fare as crowned our table, they would never have been corrupted by the luxuries of the ancient capital of Campania !

The road between Capua and Naples, a distance of fifteen miles, is uniform and presents few objects to interest the traveller. It leads in nearly a direct line over an extensive plain, possessing a light soil, covered with poplars, and shaded with vines hanging in festoons from tree to tree, like the vineyards in the vale of the Arno. The intermediate spaces are appropriated to the culture of grain, flax, hemp, lupins, and a variety of vegetables. There are no houses scattered over the landscape, and nothing to give it life and animation. Midway is the large and populous town of Aversa, which is another Capua in the character of its idle, half-naked, and starving inhabitants—actually starving in the midst of a country on which nature has lavished her bounties ! The yells of beggars, outrunning the horses, compelled us again to close the win-

dows of the coach, and escape as soon as possible from misery, which could not be relieved.

Just before reaching Naples, a long vista in the road opens upon Mount Vesuvius and the hills beyond the bay; but the view is not commanding, disclosing nothing of the town. A pretty Doric temple, one story high, stands upon the verge of the plain. Making a short turn to the right, we descended a steep declivity into the great avenue of the city with as much rapidity, as the custom-house officers and sentinels who guarded the entrance would permit. Our coach was stopped at least half a dozen times, and a fee exacted by each of the placemen. Weary of so much delay and extortion, we at length directed the postillion to go on, and leave the authorities of his majesty to send for us if they chose. Frequent impositions of this kind are practised upon the traveller.

Our entrance into Naples, at 5 o'clock on a pleasant afternoon, the hour of the greatest activity and bustle, was calculated to give us a very favourable impression of the extent, architectural magnificence, and population of the city. The avenue, in approaching from Rome, terminates in the Strada Nuova, extending something like a mile in a right line, of about twice the width of Broadway, and bordered on both sides with handsome buildings, some of which are colossal in their dimensions. Among these are the Albergo de' Poveri, (the Asylum of the poor,) about two thousand feet in length, four stories high besides the attic, presenting a front highly embellished with Ionic pillars; and farther on, the Studii Pubblici, (the Royal Academy of Arts,) of nearly the same dimensions. From the latter building the Toledo, the principal street in Naples, corresponding with the Corso at Rome, opens at right angles with the Strada Nuova, and extends another mile in a right line to the quay. It is paved with flags like Florence, and bordered by palaces, churches, and other buildings, four, five, and even six stories high, with balconies or piazzas in front, and with terraced roofs. Near the foot of it, on the left, stands the King's Palace, and on the opposite side of the square, that of the Prince Leopold and the church of St. Francis,* not yet completed. From

* This enormous pile, with a circular portico in front, and a dome in imitation of St. Peter's, was begun by the late King, in consequence of a vow made during his exile by the French, that if he was restored to his throne, he would erect a temple to the Virgin or St. Francis.

the Toledo, we made another turn through the street, or more properly quay of St Lucia, winding round a bold point of rocks and bringing us in full view of the faubourg of the Chiaia, or west end of the town.

I have been more particular in tracing this route, because it leads through nearly all the magnificence which Naples can boast, and will serve to fix certain localities, to which allusion will hereafter be made. In the whole of this distance of something more than two miles, the streets were literally thronged with carriages and pedestrians, exhibiting the style, costumes, and manners of the country. Such a crowd, so busy, noisy, bustling and gay, led us to suppose that the whole population were abroad, on some great festival. But subsequent observation satisfied us, that the Toledo at all times exhibits the same spectacle, which will not appear so strange, when it is considered that the city contains a population of 450,000, a considerable proportion of whom literally live and even sleep in the streets. The bustle of the multitude appeared the more striking to us by way of contrast, in coming from the comparatively unpeopled hills of Rome. A strongly marked difference in the character of the inhabitants of the two cities is observable at the first glance. The Neapolitans form collectively the meanest, dirtiest, and most degraded population in all Italy. Something like 50,000 *lazzaroni*, with naked bronze legs, coarse kilts, caps, and shirts with their bosoms open, constitute by no means the most abject portion of this moral chaos, where wretchedness and gaiety, poverty and splendour are all mingled together. Even the higher classes exhibit little of that personal beauty, taste in dress, and refinement of manners, which characterize the Romans. Although Naples is a commercial place, the shops of the Toledo make no show in comparison with those of London or Paris, or even with those of Leghorn and Florence. Such are a few of the leading features, which strike the traveller at his entrance into the third city in Europe, in point of magnitude.

Soon after our arrival, we took private lodgings on the Chiaia, the most fashionable part of the town. Our windows and the balconies in front of them look down upon the Royal Garden at our feet, and command a view of the whole bay of Naples, which has justly been extolled for its picturesque beauty. A general idea of its outlines may be conveyed in few words. It is of a semicircular form, sweeping

round with a bold and almost unbroken curve from Cape Miseno, on the north-west, to Cape Campanella, on the south-east. The chord between these two promontories is about twenty miles in extent, and it is nearly the same distance from the open sea to the foot of Mount Vesuvius. Some have supposed from the shape as well as from the geological formation of the bay, that it was once the crater of an immense volcano. There are certainly strong reasons to favour such a hypothesis. The whole region in the vicinity of Naples is volcanic, and the fires along the shores in several places are not yet extinct. Disjoined fragments of the brim of the crater, shattered probably by earthquakes, and partly buried by irruptions of the sea, may still be traced in its whole circumference.

Beginning at Cape Miseno, the islands of Procida and Ischia extend several miles into the Mediterranean, preserving a line which might lead to the belief, that they formed a section of the periphery. Both bear evident marks of having been torn asunder by a convulsion of the elements; and in the latter, the subterranean fires are still burning, though there has been no irruption since the 14th century. Between Ischia and Capri, another large island situated near Cape Campanella, there is a chasm of perhaps ten miles, forming the principal entrance of the bay, and through which the view of the sea is boundless. Capri exhibits the strongest evidence of being a mere ruin, which has withstood the warring elements, and now lifts its shattered rocks above the waves. Its position is precisely such as to form another link in the chain of fragments, and to favour the foregoing hypothesis. From Capri to the shores of Sorrento, there is another channel four or five miles in width. This line of islands, in conjunction with the long promontories projecting out on either side, in some measure serves to break the violence of the sea, and to render the waters of the bay comparatively tranquil. Nothing can be more picturesque than these high, shapeless, fantastic rocks emerging from the azure waste, and bearing upon their tops little villages and tufts of trees, visible from the transparency of the air at the distance of Naples.

From Cape Campanella to the village of Castellamare, on the southern side of the bay, the hills of Sorrento rise boldly from the very margin, to the height of perhaps two thousand feet, and are extremely romantic, exhibiting a few

white buildings, scattered along their wild declivities. At the above named village, the principal chain of the Apennines retreats towards the east, and thence sweeps to the north, forming a vast amphitheatre, in the midst of which Vesuvius rears its insulated cone three thousand feet above the level of the sea. Along the base of the mountain, on the eastern shore of the bay, extends an almost unbroken line of white villages, comprising Castellamare, Torre dell'Annunziata, Torre del Greco, Resina, and Portici. Near the last of these towns, the faubourg of Naples commences, and the city stretches thence along the northern side of the basin, for a distance of five or six miles, including the western suburbs. The remainder of the cape, whence we set out in tracing this circuit, is lofty and solitary with the exception of a few buildings sprinkled over the woody hills. So much for the most prominent features in the great and splendid panorama, which has been surveyed from almost every possible point of view, as well as under every variety of aspect, and never without delight. I have seen it in storm and sunshine; in the dimness of morning and evening twilight; in the glories of noon-day; and under the softer light of the full moon.

The outlines of Naples itself may perhaps be traced to the best advantage from the water, in an excursion we made along nearly the whole extent of the city. A small stream divides the eastern faubourg from the royal village of Portici. It is said that a large river here once fell into the bay, but was dried up and its fountains changed by the great eruption of Mount Vesuvius in the year 79. Coasting from this point westerly, the voyager soon makes the light, standing oddly enough upon the wharf, with a snug reading-room in the basement, not for the benefit of sea-faring men, but of the citizens, who see the lantern poised at an elevation of some fifty feet, and scarcely more prominent than a lamp at one of the windows of his Majesty's Palace.

The port of Naples is small and unimportant, in comparison with many others, even in Italy. It is far inferior in dimensions, as well as in the quantity of shipping, to that of Genoa or Leghorn. It is of a square form, covering only a few acres, and defended on two sides by moles, constructed while the French had possession of the city in the 14th century.

That part of Naples, which extends from the port north-

erly to the Strada Nuova and westerly to the Toledo, comprising the most populous district, is generally mean and dirty. Its situation is comparatively low, and its streets narrow and dark. At the foot of the Toledo commences what may be denominated the court end of the town. Here are the Royal Barracks, covering several acres on a level with the water, under the windows and terraces of the King's Palace.

The façade of the Palace from the water looks like a large brewery. It exhibits neither taste nor splendour in its exterior, as seen in this direction. The terrace, shaded with domestic orange trees, is pretty. At a short distance to the east stands the Castello Nuovo—a shapeless pile, ornamented with Gothic bas-relief, and intended as an arsenal, something in the style of the Tower of London. It is yet in an unfinished state, and its vacant halls are without interest of any kind. The stately palace of the king at Capo di Monte, seated on the top of a woody hill two miles from town, forms at a distance a very prominent object. Prince Leopold's palace is a lofty edifice, and appears to much better advantage, than does that of his Majesty.

West of the Toledo, the city assumes a more romantic character. The Tufa hills here become broken and rise to the height of more than a thousand feet, ranging along nearly parallel with the shore, and terminating in a high promontory at Baïæ. Back of the town, they are moderately clothed with trees and sprinkled with villas. The large old castle of St. Elmo hangs upon the brow, and completely overlooks the city and bay. It is much the most conspicuous object in Naples. Its commanding situation and the recommendations of guide-books, induced us to climb to the old convent of San Martino standing under its battlements—an undertaking of no small labour, on a warm day. The view of the hills and sea is very fine; but of the town you see little, save a waste of terraces and flat roofs. Even at this aerial height, the eye cannot fathom the fissures of the deep streets. The convent is at present occupied as a hospital of invalid soldiers. A small church is attached to it; but neither in its costly embellishments, nor in the neighbouring villas, to which we extended our excursion, was any thing observed particularly worthy of notice. The gardens are delightful in situation; but their walls of evergreen have been spoiled by the shears and pruning-hook. Terra cotta statues, Ve-

nuses with splintered arms, and emperors with broken noses, are as plenty as blackberries.

Under the walls of St. Elmo, a spur of the hills called the Vomero shoots out at right angles to the range, terminating at the margin of the bay in a high perpendicular bluff, and dividing the town into two sections. Its summit is covered with buildings, overhanging the streets and quays of St. Lucia and Chiatamone. A zig-zag terrace leads to its brow, forming a connexion between the upper and lower world. Directly under its cliffs, stands the Castello del Uovo. It is a monstrous pile, seated upon a little island, once the villa of Lucullus, which was separated from the main-land by an earthquake, and is now reunited by a draw-bridge. This and St. Elmo constitute the only defences of the town.

From this point, and indeed from the foot of the Toledo, a fine quay, guarded by a balustrade, extends for nearly a mile along the shore of the bay. Between the sea-wall and the splendid avenue of the Chiaia, lies the Villa Reale in the form of a parallelogram, half a mile in length, and perhaps five hundred feet in width, overhanging the water, and separated from the road by a handsome iron railing. It is intersected by gravel walks in all possible directions; planted with acacia, ilex, and other shrubbery, in the style of English park scenery; ornamented with two Grecian temples, one dedicated to Virgil and the other to Tasso; refreshed with fountains, meagre in comparison with those of Rome; and filled with statues, chiefly consisting of copies of the most celebrated pieces in Italy. The famous Farnese Bull was here once turned out to pasture, but is now confined to a dark, dirty stall in the Museum. Most of the other choice articles have also fled for covert, from the mildew of the sea air. We saw half a dozen lazzaroni at work with handspikes, in loading upon a dray some colossal god, destined to fill a niche in the gallery.

The Royal Villa or more properly Garden, (for there is no lodge in it save a mean coffee-house, where the Neapolitans eat ice-creams and drink beer,) is the fashionable promenade for the higher classes, especially on Sunday afternoon, when they are attracted thither by the music of a large and excellent military band. On these occasions, the whole area, is filled with crowds of both sexes, in dresses more splendid than rich, more gaudy than neat. All the beauty which the city can boast flaunts along the alleys, and Austrian plumes

and swords glitter among the shades. But the pedestrians do not compose the whole of the group. The Chiaia opposite the Garden, open to it on one side and bordered on the other by a range of lofty houses, is the termination of the Corso, where all the carriages and equipages in town parade every evening. Many of the fashionables, who probably dine on macaroni for six sous a head,* appear upon the course in style, with footmen in livery and chasseurs for their protectors! They often sit in their coaches for an hour at a time, to be gazed at through the iron grates of the Villa Reale, waiting for some whiskered hero from the banks of the Danube to come up and make his bow.

Our voyage terminated at the Royal Garden, (for which by the bye the Neapolitans are indebted to the French ;) but instead of lingering longer amidst its bustle and gaiety, let us walk on half a mile beyond, climb the hill of Pausilypo, and muse at the Tomb of Virgil. I have often strolled to this rural retreat and read many a favourite passage of the poet at his grave. My first visit was at sunset, in company with the American Chargé des Affaires at Naples, the United States Consul, and others of our countrymen. We were all delighted, though to most of the party the scene was not new. The mausoleum is situated in a garden, shaded with vines and fig trees, on the southern brow of the hill, commanding one of the finest views of the whole bay, and its picturesque borders. Under a cliff overgrown with ilex, in the most secluded part of the enclosure, a rude monument of stone, in a ruinous condition, is consecrated by the name, though it no longer retains the dust, of the poet. The interior has a low, arched ceiling, like a vault, with eight niches for cinerary urns in the sides, and three windows darkened by festoons of vines and ivy, with which the outside is richly mantled, giving it the appearance of a green mound.

A tablet on the cliff opposite the entrance bears the following inscription :

" Qui cineres ? tumuli hæc vestigia ?—conditur olim
Ille hoc qui cecinit pascua, rura, duces."

* I am informed on good authority, that a majority of the Neapolitans live for about 10 cents per head a day for food. House rent is high, owing to a heavy property tax.

"Whose ashes—the vestiges of whose tomb are these? Here rests the dust of the poet, who sung flocks, tillage, and heroes." Both the Latin and punctuation are so bad, that for some time we were puzzled to make out the meaning of the inscription. On turning to "the Classical Tour" of Eustace for assistance, what was our astonishment to find a most egregious blunder even at the tomb of Virgil. Instead of giving the above lines, he places the following on the self-same tablet :

"Mantua me genuit ; Calabri rapuere : tenet nunc
Parthenope, cecini pascua, rura, duces."

He introduces this old distich with the remark, that "the epitaph which, though not genuine, is yet *ancient*," and that "*every body is acquainted with it!*" Whereas it is not "*ancient*," (for it bears date of the 16th century ;) and there was one traveller at least who knew nothing about it. A detection of this gross error among others led us to believe, that the charges of Hobhouse against the authenticity of Eustace are not without foundation.

In one of my rambles to the Tomb of Virgil, I visited the monument of Sannazaro, the great Neapolitan poet, and secretary of Frederick II. of Arragon. It is in the church of Santa Maria del Porto, elevated upon the acclivity of Pausilypo, and overlooking the bay. A superb pile of white marble rises behind the High Altar. The front is enriched with a profusion of sculpture, which is in bad taste. In allusion to some of the poet's pastoral writings, the skulls of two sheep are placed among the ornaments in front! But this is not the most ridiculous of the embellishments. Upon the pedestal of the statues of Apollo and Minerva, some pious monk has placed labels bearing in large letters the names of *David* and *Judith*, thus forcibly converting the heathen divinities into Hebrew saints, without even a change of costume! The inscription on the tomb pretends to compare Sannazaro with Virgil ; but it is enough to remark, that while comparatively few are acquainted with the former, the latter is read throughout the civilized world. Even the Neapolitan children lisp his name, and seem proud of showing his mausoleum. In the same church, on the right of the front door, is a picture of the archangel Michael trampling Satan under foot. The devil is represented with the face of a pretty

Italian woman, who is said to have fallen in love with a certain bishop, whose name has escaped me ; and he, gallant man, to show the heinousness of her passion, directed the artist to clap her head upon the shoulders of the fallen Spirit !

Thus have we arrived at the western extremity of the town, which some writers have pretended to say is twenty miles in circuit. But it would be just as rational to talk of the circumference of a lobster, with his legs inclusive ; for it is spread over the hills, without walls, in an irregular form, and with long faubourgs branching out in all directions. In the rapid survey of its prominent features, it will have been seen, that few antiquities have been mentioned. The truth is, that Naples itself contains none, except what are found in the Museum. Though its foundation reaches back into the fabulous ages, the footsteps of the Siren Parthenope, amidst so many physical and moral convulsions, have been washed from the strand and obliterated from the hills. Even the site of the old city, before its destruction by the jealousy of the Cumæans, is not certainly known. Its first settlers were of Grecian origin, as its name imports ; and some traces of their manners and customs are said to be still found among the peasantry. It does not appear to have attained to much magnitude or importance till the age of Augustus ; and in the revolutions of modern Italy, its history is not very interesting, having done little else than change masters, without the display of any of those heroic virtues, which characterized the Republics of the north. Napoleon used to say, that the Neapolitans were the only people, out of whom he could not make soldiers.

LETTER LXIII.

NAPLES CONTINUED—CHURCHES—CATHEDRAL—MIRACLE OF ST. JANUARIUS—RELIGIOUS FESTIVALS—ST. SINCERO—MUSEUM—KING'S PALACE.

May, 1826.—With the exception of its charming scenery, its climate, and its interesting environs, Naples presents much fewer attractions to the traveller, than either Florence or Rome. The style of architecture is generally in bad taste, from the King's Palaces downward ; and the churches will bear no comparison, either externally or internally, with

those upon the Tiber and the Arno. We visited the most celebrated of the *three hundred*, which the city contains! The Cathedral, notwithstanding its porphyry portals, its hundred columns of Egyptian granite, its Mosaic pavement, the embellishments of its high altar, and its candelabra of jasper, is a heavy, uninteresting building, presenting few objects to detain the visitant. It was our misfortune to miss the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, the Patron of the city. One of the three annual miracles occurred a few days before our arrival. A surgeon in the United States Navy, alluded to in some of my former letters, witnessed the ceremony, and described it to us. It was a rare show, and the priests succeeded in the experiment to a charm, with peals of applause from the audience! In the opinion of our philosophical friend, the whole miracle is wrought by the natural warmth of the hand, operating upon the bottle, as upon a pulse-glass. A French juggler at the Café des Aveugles, would show off a hundred such tricks in a night. It is a moot point, whether the priests believe in this miracle or not. The faith of the multitude is undoubted, and their hopes of the year rise and fall with the thermometer, charged with the blood of the Saint! If it melts speedily, then prosperity awaits them; but if the fusion is obstinate, they rend the air with cries, believing that earthquakes, war, famine, and pestilence, are in store.

With all their vices and moral degradation, there is not probably so superstitious a nation in christendom as the Neapolitans. Half of their time is occupied in marching about the streets, from church to church in ragged and masked processions, bawling the *ora pro nobis*. We were at several of their great religious festivals.* On these occasions, temporary altars were erected at short intervals along the Toledo and other principal streets, at which the priests officiated in turn, the assembled city kneeling upon the pavement. The windows and balconies of every house were hung with awnings and crimson banners; and galleries of ladies above, in full dresses and with angel faces, scattered showers of roses, for monks to trample upon, in their migrations from one altar to another. Females are not exempts in these musters. They do not indeed bear arms like the other sex, each

* On the feast of *Corpus Domini*, one of the public squares was embowered with evergreens, and a two story Ionic temple erected pro tempore in the centre—the whole illuminated at night.

of whom carries a lighted candle, chanting all the while. A line of servants on each side held the hats of the priests, flanked by another line of boys catching the grease of the candles. The royal family join in the parade. A band of Austrian soldiers always precedes and closes these religious processions to keep them in order! Some one of the throng picked my pockets, while I was gazing to see the queen pass—the only accident of the kind which has befallen me in all sorts of crowds.

The church of St. Sincero is decidedly the most interesting at Naples, on account of three curious specimens of the arts it contains, original both in design and execution. One of these is an image of the Saviour after his crucifixion, in white marble, with a veil thrown over the corpse, cut from the solid material. It appeared to me not only a novelty, but a masterpiece of sculpture, in form, feature, and attitude. But above all, the veil strikes the spectator with admiration. It is so true to nature, that its folds actually appear moistened with the sweat of death, and so transparent as not in the least to conceal the expression of the face. The other two statues are of similar workmanship. One of them represents Modesty, entirely covered with a marble veil, apparently as fine as lace, and wrought in a most exquisite manner. The statue itself is bad, being too gross for a less delicate goddess than Modesty—a general fault in female figures among Italian artists, even to their Venuses, arising perhaps from the fulness of the originals. Some of our guide-books call the remaining statue “the victim of Vice extricating himself from a net, by aid of the Genius of good sense.” If this long label be correct, the Virtue is very oddly personified; for he appears in the questionable shape of the urchin Cupid, casting a sly look at the victim entangled in his meshes, raising a portion of the net with one hand, and with the other pointing to the globe, to express the ubiquity of his empire. The shoemaker who keeps the keys of the church, and who is perhaps a descendant of the one that criticised the work of Apelles, gave it as his decided opinion, that the winged boy is an angel—probably so christened like David and Judith, to qualify him for his present situation. In drapery and execution, this group is not inferior to the others. There are many sepulchral monuments in this church, and much good sculpture.

The *Studii Pubblici*, or Royal Academy of the Arts, is

such an immense building, and contains such a multiplicity of objects, that I almost recoil from the task of retracing its halls. A few only of the most interesting articles will be selected for notice. The Museum occupies two stories, ranged in long galleries round a spacious court, which is filled with antiquities, embracing numerous specimens of the fine arts, as well as utensils, illustrative of domestic life among the ancients. The apartments in the basement are appropriated chiefly to statuary, either in marble, bronze, or terra cotta, (baked earth.) Most of the articles in this endless collection were found in Herculaneum and Pompeii.

In the hall to the left, on entering the front door, and after passing Jupiter and Juno, still claiming the right to preside over their quondam votaries, the visitant finds the whole family of the Balbi, two of them equestrian statues, in Greek marble—all disinterred from Herculaneum. There is no room for doubting the antiquity of these specimens of the arts. Here they are, just as they were taken from a bed of lava, in which they lay embalmed for some two thousand years. The mind reposes on them with confidence, as a connecting link between the ancient and modern world. It is not a little humiliating to the pride of man, prone to fancy the present age always the wisest, and to regard those that are past as comparatively barbarous, to contemplate these undoubted specimens of the fine arts, which the skill of the greatest masters of the present day could scarcely hope to equal. So has it been with painting, with architecture, with poetry, history, and eloquence. In the exhibition of genius, taste, and refinement, it may be asked with emphasis, what has the world gained since the Augustan ages of Greece and Rome?—In some of the above-mentioned departments, particularly in architecture, a declension is obvious; and every deviation from the Grecian orders has been a departure from taste. It is enough to say, that Canova at the height of his fame could not have fashioned a finer horse, than that on which the younger Balbus is seated.

In the same gallery is the colossal Hercules, found in the Baths of Caracalla at Rome. The demigod is represented at the moment previous to his apotheosis, after having finished his labours. He is in the attitude of leaning on his club, and expresses great composure both in his face and position. On the pedestal is the label of the old Greek—"Glycon, the Athenian, made it."

Near to Hercules stands the colossal Flora, dug from the same ruins. Her proportions have been much admired; but she has no charms for me. Gigantic females are always monsters, and look even worse than the other sex, when overstepping the modesty of nature. The Faun and infant Bacchus are beautiful. Extravagant eulogies have been lavished on Agripina, the mother of Nero, seated, and taken at the moment of receiving the intelligence of her proscription by her unnatural son. It is a good statue; but the exquisite poetry and pathos, which others have found in the face, could not be discovered. As for the torsos ascribed to Phidias and Praxiteles, I leave them to artists and amateurs, preferring myself to look at whole subjects rather than at broken limbs. The vases, candelabra, and other marbles found at Herculaneum and Pompeii, are highly interesting. Here is a magnificent porphyry basin, or reservoir, taken from the temple of Æsculapius. Corn-mills and oil-mills, curiously constructed of lava, elucidate the ancient state of the useful arts.

In the hall of the Muses, the whole sisterhood are assembled, wearing their appropriate emblems. They have the room entirely to themselves, and appear to be engaged in a private concert. They were uninjured by the burning torrents of lava, which once rolled above them. The group is highly interesting, both as specimens of the arts, and as furnishing a hundred illustrations of the classics. Another apartment is appropriated almost exclusively to Venuses. Here may be seen all sorts of images of the goddess of beauty and love.

The Halls of Atlas and Antinous are filled with authentic busts of the philosophers, poets, orators, and other great men of Greece and Rome. Most of them were found in the ruins of Herculaneum, and are invaluable, both as works of art, and as furnishing more probable likenesses of the distinguished originals, than can be obtained from any other source. An examination of this collection has had a strong tendency to strengthen my faith in antiques. The disinterment of these treasures carries us back with absolute certainty to the commencement of the Christian era; and this is of no small moment, considering what Gothic ages are to be waded through, in reaching that period. As the Greek artists were remarkable for their accuracy in the delineation of natural objects, they probably exhibited the same skill and

fidelity in copying the human face ; and while surveying the busts of Homer, Anacreon, Herodotus, Thucydides, Lycurgus, Solon, Periander, Demosthenes, and a hundred others, I really began to think, for the first time, that we have something like a correct idea of their countenances. There are here several heads of Cicero, which date back almost to his own period. The bust of Aristides is reckoned one of the most admirable productions of Grecian skill. But a gallery is the duller of all places to a reader ; and a catalogue of statues is as uninteresting as a catalogue of books. Let us therefore vary the topic.

A large apartment on the opposite side of the court is appropriated to Egyptian antiquities, which are extremely valuable as being authentic, and illustrative of the religion of that nation. Here are deposited all the gods and idols of the East, together with the whole complex apparatus of polytheism. The collection is much more extensive than the corresponding department in the Capitoline Museum at Rome. Small vases, lachrymatories, and incense-bottles are without number. The original of Canova's Boxers stand at one end of the hall. They appear to be out of place among the pigmy divinities of the Nile. In fact, the articles of the *Studi* generally appear to be ill assorted, and arranged or rather thrown together, without much system.

On the same side of the court is the gallery of ancient bronzes—by far the most interesting room in the basement story, and much the best collection of the kind, that has ever fallen within my sphere of observation. I have paid it frequent visits, and never without instruction and pleasure. It furnishes demonstrable evidence, that in this department of the fine arts, antiquity much surpassed the present age. The most interesting article perhaps is the bust of Seneca, which is indeed a masterpiece. No artist could fancy such a face, and its deep, philosophical, care-worn lines must have been drawn from the life. The statues of a Faun and a Youth are extremely fine. They stand on pedestals richly inlaid with silver—a species of ornament which now appears to be in a great measure lost. Here is the colossal head of what is denominated Virgil's horse—a magnificent statue, which once stood before the Cathedral. The multitude believed that it was cast by the poet, or magician, as they considered him, and that it possessed the virtue of curing all sick horses led round it. This superstition seems to have originated in

fact. Virgil in the early part of his life was the greatest farrier of all antiquity, and to his professional skill as a horse-doctor, he owed his introduction to Augustus. As the neighing of steeds, so near the Cathedral, disturbed the repose of the asses that occupied its stalls, Cardinal Caraffa resorted to the expedient of melting down the bronze horse, with the exception of his head, for the purpose of ridding himself of the nuisance!

Among the other articles of primary interest are the busts of Scipio Africanus and the dictator Sylla. The face of the former bears a striking resemblance to that of General Washington, particularly his mouth and chin. A head of Sappho has not a single feature of the one in the Museum at Rome. Charity to the poetess, as well as reason, will incline the visitant to believe this the most authentic as it is much the finest. One of the busts has silver eyes, which look shockingly contrasted with the black material. In the centre of the room is a statue of Mercury seated. His light, exquisite form rivals the image of the same god by John di Bologna at Florence. Near him are two Discoboli, admirable in their proportions and workmanship. A brace of deer and a horse—the latter supposed to have adorned the theatre at Herculaneum—furnish evidence with what perfect accuracy the ancients delineated animals. Copies and prints of the most celebrated articles in this collection have been repeatedly taken. The latter are kept for sale by the Custode.

In an adjoining room, dark, in an unfinished state, and blocked up with all sorts of rubbish, is the celebrated Farnese Bull, found in the Baths of Caracalla. It was brought from Rhodes to Rome, and is supposed to be the work of two Grecian artists, executed something like two centuries before the Christian era. The whole group is cut from one block of white marble, and consists of six figures in all, representing the fable of Amphion and Zethus tying Dirce by the hair to the horns of the bull. All the figures, save the two former, who are holding the animal and exhibit great tension of muscle, are seated in front. The pile, now shattered into a thousand fragments, is mounted on a high wooden frame, and the different parts kept in place by as many splinters and ropes, as are used in the rigging of a ship. In this situation, it is very difficult to obtain a fair view of the work, and to form an

opinion of its merits. The fiery spirit of the bull struck us as the only peculiarly fine point in the group.

Let us now ascend a stately, handsome stair-way, and retrace our steps through the labyrinth of the second story, with all convenient despatch. One suite of rooms are appropriated to antiquities disinterred from Herculaneum and Pompeii, consisting chiefly of household furniture, domestic utensils, and personal ornaments, presenting a vivid picture of ancient manners. Suppose the houses of an American city, to be buried in a moment with all their contents ; to lie undisturbed for seventeen hundred years ; and then to be opened with all the articles of furniture comparatively uninjured—and some idea may be formed of the nature of this museum. So perfectly is the image preserved, that the very bread is still seen with the baker's stamp upon it. The ten thousand little knick-knacks of kitchens, parlours, bed-chambers, dinner tables, and toilets, are here displayed, in almost as entire and fresh a state, as if they had been used yesterday. Time seems to have paused as it regards the contents of this cabinet, and the lapse of nearly two thousand years to be annihilated. Combs, rings, jewels, and female trinkets without number attract the attention of the visitant. But it is impossible to specify, without entering into the whole circle of domestic economy, and making out inventories of dwelling-houses. The large articles are arranged in groups along the middle of the rooms, and the small ones are carefully preserved in glass cases lining the walls. Several keepers are always in waiting, and manifest a good deal of patience as well as courtesy in satisfying the curiosity of strangers. Had it been possible, the contents of the museum should have been left in the localities, just as they were found, on opening the graves of the two cities.

Without following the cicerones for the third or fourth time round the apartments, I will merely remark, that the pride of knowledge as it regards the useful arts, is here as effectually humbled, as the vanity of genius and taste is in the gallery below. In the conveniences and comforts of domestic life—in lamps, stoves, and culinary utensils, the citizens of Herculaneum and Pompeii were far in advance of the modern Italians, and scarcely inferior to any nation. All the metals were used in the construction of furniture, and the workmanship is decidedly more finished than that of corresponding articles at the present day. The glass is as perfect as our

own, and used for hottles and cups in the same manner. With respect to the luxuries of life, the refinements of the present age will not sustain a comparison with the past. One of the cabinets is filled with cameos, intaglios, seals, jewels, gems, and personal ornaments of all descriptions, which surprise the spectator by the richness of the material, and the exquisite beauty of the workmanship. Among these is the magnificent clouded agate, exhibiting the head of Medusa, found in the tomb of Adrian.

In one important respect, however, the world *has* improved since the commencement of the christian era. Some of the decorations, if such they may be called, found in the dwelling-houses of the two buried cities, manifest a degree of licentiousness of morals and grossness of vice, to which modern society, in the lowest depths of degradation, can probably furnish no parallel. There is reason to believe, that these depravations of mind and taste were not confined to particular classes of the community, or concealed from public view. The picture of the corruptions of the age, which is drawn in a passage of Paul's Epistle to the Romans, is forcibly illustrated by the contents of one of the rooms* in the Studii. Sodom and Gomorrah, when like Herculaneum and Pompeii, they were deluged with fire and overwhelmed in ruin, could not have sunk to greater depths of depravity, or have presented vice under more brutal and disgusting forms.

From the cabinet of antiquities, we were conducted into another long suite of apartments, containing a public library of 300,000 volumes—one of the largest in the world. The books are neatly arranged in compartments, and labelled according to their subjects. They do not bear the marks of being much used, though a large number of people were sitting reading at the tables, with an Austrian soldier, armed with his gun and bayonet, pacing the hall, to keep the *literati* in order! What an image of degradation is here presented! It is the first instance of the kind that we have witnessed in any country, and will probably be the last.

The ecliptic is delineated on the pavement of the great hall, exhibiting a graduated scale and the signs of the zodiac. Large celestial and terrestrial globes are among the furniture, which is very scanty, embracing neither astronomical

* This apartment is secret, and very seldom opened to the inspection of visitants. We were indebted to the active kindness of the American Consul for permission to enter.

nor philosophical instruments. The librarian showed us a number of rare manuscripts, comprising a treatise on beauty by Tasso, in his own hand writing—the original works of Thomas Aquinas—and copies of the fragments recovered from Herculaneum and Pompeii. Infinite pains have been taken to make out the latter. All the words and letters clearly distinguishable are in black, and the hiatuses, supplied by conjectures and analogies, in red ink. In a neighbouring room, we saw the scholars patiently at work, in unrolling the black parchment, burnt to a cinder. It is the most tedious process imaginable, requiring unceasing care, and the utmost delicacy of manipulation. A breath is sufficient to disturb the gossamer folds. The operation is performed by a screw, communicating a gentle equable motion to numerous silken threads attached to the leaf; and the back of the parchment is secured by paper and gum-arabic, as fast as it is unrolled. Several large cases of manuscripts are yet to undergo the process, and no one can say what new treasures may be added to those already discovered.

The collection of pictures at the Studii is meagre in comparison with the galleries at Rome and Florence. Scattered through half a dozen rooms, filled with much lumber, are the frescos from Herculaneum and Pompeii. They have lately been removed from the Museum at Portici and are not yet arranged. Most of them are so mutilated and defaced, as to be unintelligible in design, and to afford but imperfect means of judging of their merits. They were the common ornaments of the houses, and claim an equal or superior rank to works of the same class at the present day. There is a modern painting in these rooms, which makes one laugh, though the subject is grave. It is Deliah clipping the locks of Sampson. Instead of wielding the scissors, befitting the soft and taper fingers of beauty, she grasps in her fist a huge pair of sheep-shears, which might serve for the guillotine of the giant, and the mere sound of which would be sufficient to break his voluptuous slumbers.

Nearly all the pictures worth looking at are contained in one hall. The most celebrated are a Holy Family, a Madonna, Leo X. and two Cardinals, and a portrait, all by Raphael. These are finished productions; for the artist never permitted any thing to go out of his hands unfinished. He touched nothing which he did not adorn. The Pope and his brace of Cardinals are in his happiest style; but the others,

perhaps from the commonness of the subject, did not strike us so forcibly. His portrait of his Mother is also here. If his filial piety has flattered or even done justice to her face, she must have been a very ordinary woman; for her likeness exhibits no traces of either beauty or intellect. Domenichino's guardian angel, protecting a child from the devil, is a beautiful production. The attitude and innocence of the child are peculiarly forcible. Guercino's Magdalen; St. John, by Leonardo da Vinci; and a landscape, by Claude, are all reckoned among the gems of the gallery. But what shall we say of the subjects of some of the others?—Corregio has painted *the Saviour playing with a rabbit*!—In a representation of the Assumption of the Virgin, a choir of angels are the musicians; one of them *plays the fiddle*, (whether *second* or *first*, I am not amateur enough to know,) and another, *the guitar*! Here is a female, plunging a dagger up to the hilt in her bosom: here too are St. Bartholemew, *with the saw stuck in his head*, and St. Lawrence *on the gridiron*! Such pictures may serve to amuse or frighten children, but persons of sense will turn away from them in disgust.

Next to the Studii, the most extensive collection of paintings is found in the King's Palace. Our reception at the portals of the royal residence was not very prepossessing to republicans. The rain poured in torrents on the day of our visit; and none but private carriages are allowed to drive in to the court. As we happened to be in a fiacre, it was necessary to wade across the street,* and sue for admission of the Austrian mercenaries, who guard the gate. The custodes of the palace were, however, polite, and in his Majesty's absence, conducted us over every part of the establishment. One of them had a written list or inventory of all the objects to be seen; and as an English family happened in at the same moment, and went the rounds with us, he read aloud for the benefit of the whole party. He appeared to be a novice in the business, and often laughed at the awkwardness of his own functions.

Our examination began with the theatre, which is neat but not splendid. Thence opened a long suite of comparatively vacant apartments, with fresco ceilings, and brick or compo-

* The Neapolitans, in some of their streets, have bridges mounted on trucks, for the convenience of crossing during heavy rains—a good idea. There are none before the Royal Palace.

sition floors, painted of a bright red colour and highly varnished. The saloons generally will bear no comparison with those of the Grand Duke of Tuscany at Florence, either in fixtures or furniture. In the audience chamber, or hall of the throne, there is some display of splendour. The walls and seat of majesty are hung with crimson tapestry, richly embroidered with gold, and bearing the national arms of Naples and Sicily—the former a horse, and the latter three legs with a head in the centre, a symbol worthy of the fabled monsters of Trinacria. The royal bed-chamber and the late Queen's cabinet are both pretty rooms. From the latter, a door opens upon a terrace, commanding a fine view of the bay and the distant mountains. Adjacent to the bed-chamber is the bath, which is said to have been constructed by Murat. A slightly veiled Venus, with an old woman in the attitude of throwing a mantle over the goddess, is among the frescos on the walls.

In one of the rooms miniatures of the present king and queen are suspended by blue ribbons from the candelabra. His Majesty is a rosy-cheeked, chubbed-faced man, with small, round, light-blue eyes. His factotum is the Secretary of State, the Chevalier de Medici, a Sicilian nobleman of moderate talents, and immense fortune accumulated from his office. He pretends to be a fortieth cousin to the great Medicean family of Florence. The pretensions of some of the Neapolitan nobility are ludicrous enough. It was told to me as a fact, that the family of Gaeta (anciently Caieta) claim origin from the nurse of Æneas!

The paintings in the palace are not numerous, and with few exceptions, do not possess extraordinary merit. Among the most prominent are two historical pieces, the assassination of Cæsar and the death of Virginia—by Camuccini, a Roman artist, who is now perhaps the first in Italy. Both of these are classical productions, chaste in composition and colouring. Besides these historical pictures, there are some others worthy of notice. The head of St. Francis, by Carlo Dolci, is in his finest style, with all his finish and softness of colouring. Among other works of merit are portraits of the late king, and the Dutchess of Orleans with a child. The drapery of the latter is peculiarly fine. The statues are few in number, chiefly of bronze, and beneath notice. In point of architecture, the Palazzo Reale has little grandeur and no beauty.

LETTER LXIV.

NAPLES CONTINUED—CAPO DI MONTE—ALBERGO DE' POVERI
—CHINESE COLLEGE—CATACOMBS—CAMPO SANTO—THEA-
TRES—EXCURSION TO CAPRI.

May, 1826.—To the Royal Palace at Capo di Monte, a woody eminence two miles to the north of the town, we made a delightful excursion on a bright afternoon, in company with one of our friends. A magnificent road, the Strada Napoleon, leads to the hill; but its excellence was not very highly relished after receiving the information, that the expense of constructing it came out of the purses of American merchants. The proceeds of the sales of vessels to the amount of three or four millions of dollars, treacherously confiscated by Murat, were partly appropriated to this purpose. Although the king and his court feel no compunctions in enjoying the princely revenue; yet they refuse to recognize the legitimacy of the government, under whose auspices it was opened, and upon that ground withhold indemnity for their spoliations upon our commerce.

The Palace at Capo di Monte is an enormous pile, two stories high with an attic, built of lava, with its exterior walls stuccoed and painted in imitation of brick. It has no pillars, but heavy Doric pilasters, and is entirely destitute of architectural ornament. A terrace extends quite round the building at the height of the first story, affording a charming walk, as well as a wide view of the bay, islands, mountains, the city and its splendid environs. A custode, who was viceroy for the time being, took us the usual rounds. The fresco ceilings and painted floors are in the same style as those in the Palazzo Reale. A few pretty marble ornaments, and some good pictures are among the decorations. Of the latter, the school of Athens, Socrates, Alcibiades, and Aspasia—Ulysses and the Minstrel—and the seventy wise men collating the Septuagint, are the most celebrated. The most interesting room in the Palace is that which contains the presents made to the royal family by different individuals. Here may be seen furbelows and trinkets of all descriptions, labelled with flattering mottoes and loyal sonnets.

Beautiful medallions of the family hang round the walls. The king has nine children. A full length likeness of one of the daughters makes a handsome picture. This palace is not yet finished.

The royal domains at Capo di Monte are very extensive, and laid out in the style of Park scenery in England. They constitute the sole charm of the hill, and form the finest retreat in the vicinity of Naples. Passing under a long arch of evergreen, impervious to the sun at noonday, we pursued one by-path after another carpeted with white clover, and were soon lost in woods, having all the wildness and freshness of nature. A deep, picturesque dell opens to the north, in the depth of which are seen a few scattered huts and three little chapels buried in foliage. The scenery is in the highest degree romantic. Partridges stalked across the road, and rose on whizzing wings. A heedless ramble fairly bewildered us. At length a convent bell, in the very depth of the forest, tolled for vespers. Crossing an old bridge mantled with ivy, we directed our course towards the sound, and pilgrim-like sued for admission at the gate, to which the game-keeper conducted us, and which was readily thrown open by an old monk. He was of the order of St. Francis, wearing a long black beard, a coarse woollen robe, and sandals clouted upon his feet. The situation of the small convent and chapel is delightful, entirely secluded from the world. An inscription states, that it was erected by the late king, for several brothers of the order. A pretty flower garden, all in bloom, spreads in front. The monk showed us the cloisters, and the relics of St. Clement under the altar of the church. After listening to the chant of the evening hymn by the few inmates of this delicious retreat, we bade adieu to the kind-hearted brother and hastened back, charmed with the adventures of the ramble.

Beautiful as the grounds are at Capo di Monte, it is said the king cannot endure the retirement, vastly preferring the hot lava roads of Portici and the crowded streets of Naples. The fact is not perhaps remarkable, as he has neither taste nor intellectual resources to render seclusion tolerable. A theatre and a Corso are indispensable requisites to the happiness of the Italians, who have not the least relish for rural quiet. We visited a charming country seat, called the English Villa, in the vicinity of Capo di Monte, and enriched with the same description of scenery. Its gardens, fount-

ains, grottoes, and refreshing shades are now absolutely deserted and cannot find a purchaser, while the wealthy proprietor probably hears fish and macaroni cried every morning under his window, in some dirty part of Naples.

With the exterior of the Albergo de' Poveri my readers are already acquainted. We paid a visit to the inside, as furnishing a specimen of the numerous similar institutions, with which the city, much to its credit, abounds. There is, in truth, a good deal of active benevolence among the Neapolitans, and never, never was a finer field presented for its display. The French gave the impulse to nearly all the recent improvements at Naples, as well as in other parts of Italy. Murat enlarged the Albergo de' Poveri, (founded by Charles V.) and it is not yet entirely completed. Its situation is eligible, in a healthy part of the town, flanked on one side by a large botanic garden, with wooded hills in the rear. The superintendent conducted us through the establishment, which is almost a town in itself. Its present number of inmates is between three and four thousand, consisting of both sexes and all ages. Some of them are sent thither by the police, as to a sort of penitentiary for the punishment of minor offences; but the greater proportion solicit admission, such as orphans and persons having no means of support. The revenue amounts to \$250,000 annually, of which, the sum of \$40,000 is a contribution from the government.

The whole of the interior is neatly painted of a brick colour, and the comfortable beds in the dormitories are of the same complexion, manifesting some taste as well as cleanliness. Paintings decorate the walls, and nine hundred of the paupers sit down at one table, to enjoy coarse but wholesome fare, served up on *marble slabs*. The police appeared to me judicious. Corporal punishment is seldom or never inflicted. The inmates are all kept busy. They commence their daily labours, consisting of all kinds of trades and manufactures, at 5 o'clock in the morning. At 11 they take breakfast, and dine at 5 P. M. One third of the profits of their industry goes to themselves, and the remainder for the support of the institution. We visited the school rooms, where the children are instructed in reading, writing, arithmetic, the elements of the Italian language, vocal and instrumental music, and dancing. In addition to these branches, females are taught plain and ornamental needle work. Groups of the pupils were observed engaged with their books during the intermis-

sion, in conning their tasks. One of the little bronze-faced, black-eyed girls, the daughter, probably of a lazzarone, ran to the garden and brought each of us a cluster of fresh roses, dripping with dew. In the true Italian style, a theatre is attached to the institution, where the paupers on gala days enact *Punch and the Beggar's Opera* for their amusement. They have also a chapel, and, in fact, all the resources of a town within themselves. The residents are infinitely better off, than a majority of the inhabitants of the city.

Our visit to the Chinese college, for the education of missionaries, was interesting. It stands on an eminence upon the southern declivity of *Capo di Monte*, with a handsome terrace in front which overlooks the town. The halls of the large edifice are hung with Chinese portraits of men, who were here educated, and distinguished themselves as missionaries. We were introduced to the head of the institution, who is a man of learning, and freely communicated much information respecting the origin, history, and present condition of the school, which is now apparently on the decline. Some half a dozen oriental youth, consisting of Chinese and Greeks, are the only inmates. They were playing draughts upon the terrace, and a billiard table in one of the rooms seemed an odd apparatus for educating the young apostles of christianity. The reverend father did not appear to consider it at all inappropriate. One of the Grecian lads, now at the age of 16 or 17, had a fine face, with a keen, dark eye, and all the features of manly beauty. The Chinese boys have the Asiatic countenance; high cheek bones, and other peculiarities of their countrymen. They are all clad in black gowns, girt with a red sash about the waist. They speak their native languages among themselves, but are taught Latin, Greek, and Italian. The principal of the college stated the number of christians now in China to be 500,000. He also mentioned, that the English East India Company give the missionaries their passages back and forth, amounting to a hundred guineas each.

At the base of the same hill, we "left the warm precincts of the cheerful day," and plunged into the Neapolitan Catacombs, the dark and dreary abode of the dead. Two guides led the way, each bearing a dim lamp, which glimmered upon stacks of human skulls lining the passages. Some of them were so fresh, that the tendons still hung dangling to the pro-

cesses of the bones, as our cicerones thrust their fingers into the sockets of the eyes, and held them up for inspection, remarking with the hardened indifference of Shakspeare's grave-digger, that such a one must have belonged to a stout man, and such a one to a pretty woman. These catacombs are much more lofty and regular, than those at Rome. They are two stories high, with arched roofs, Gothic pillars, and many architectural embellishments, hewn from the solid masses of tufo. Two broad avenues form the principal entrance, and lateral ramifications branch off in all directions. One of the subterranean pathways leads to a village at the distance of sixteen miles: another to Puteoli, distant six or eight miles. Through this, an old saint used to walk and preach to the inhabitants of that town, till he was at last caught and beheaded. A third great avenue was begun towards Capua, and the impressions of the implements used in the excavation are still fresh, just as the work was left, when the intelligence perhaps arrived, that some edict against the early christians had been revoked, and that they might in safety revisit the light of heaven.

The cells and niches in the walls are similar to those at Rome, though on a larger scale. On the right of the principal avenue, and at a great depth from the entrance, a circular shaft opens upward to the summit of the hill, with a small aperture to admit the air. It is so high, that a musket ball will not reach the top. A pillar bearing a Greek inscription stands in the centre of the rotunda. These caverns used to be the abode of banditti, who sallied out during the night, committed murders, and threw the dead bodies with the plunder down the shaft. Murat hunted them out of their dens, and broke up the gang. The second story appears to have been the most fashionable part of this subterranean world. Here stood the church, and here the priesthood had their residences, which are as perfect as if they had been deserted but yesterday. The pulpit is at a considerable elevation, and cut from the solid rock. Behind the altar, rude images of two of the Apostles are traced upon the walls. In this quarter, an orifice opens laterally, like a telescope through the cliffs, to enable the former residents to take a peep abroad, and see when their days of misery dawned and closed. Such were the trials that awaited the primitive professors of christianity.

Burials are now discontinued in the Catacombs. The

great cemetery of the city is the Campo Santo, a mile and a half from town, the road to which, though once to be trodden by all, is in a horrible state, scarcely passable with a coach. A few cypresses are scattered along its borders; but most of them have been levelled by the wind. In a city where so many lazzaroni are unemployed, hearses are seldom or never used, and the dead are borne out during the night, in rude troughs on the shoulders of men, without the least ceremony. The Campo Santo is entirely peculiar in its construction. In an area of many acres, enclosed by a high wall, pits sixteen feet square are sunk to the depth of twenty-four feet, divided from each other by stone walls of regular masonry, and covered at top with large flags of lava. These are 365 in number, corresponding with the days in the year. One of them is opened, in rotation, every morning at dawn for the reception of the dead brought out during the night. The average number collected daily is from fifteen to twenty-five—in August and September, much greater. A short prayer is muttered over them collectively, when the trap-door flies up by means of a lever, and they are tumbled in like so much lumber, without coffin or shroud. The lid drops and is hermetically sealed for the year, that the effluvia may not escape. One of the pits was opened for our examination. Sights were disclosed too horrid for description, and from which the feelings recoil with disgust. Swarms of cockroaches issued out and covered the pavement. An Englishman assured me, that he saw in one of the pits a black dog, which had leaped in after the body of his master, and that to no purpose he offered a handsome reward to the sexton, if he would rescue the faithful animal.

It was a subject of sincere satisfaction to learn, that none of our countrymen, who happen to die at Naples, are disposed of in this manner, which renders death doubly hideous, and presents forms, shocking beyond the reach of imagination. The cemetery for strangers is in a spacious garden, in a retired part of the city. It is enclosed by high walls, and the area, still under cultivation, is finely shaded with fig-trees and pomegranates. The graves are ranged round the borders, and the ashes of the dead remain undisturbed. Their tablets of white marble are placed in the garden wall. Tombs of the English are numerous; but the names of only three or four Americans, all from the southern states, could be found. Eustace, an English clergyman and author

of "the Classical tour," died at Naples; but as he was a Catholic in his faith, his remains were suffered to be interred in the chapel of Crocette, standing on the quay of Chiaia, within sound of the murmurs of that bay, which he so much loved, and which notwithstanding all his faults, his eloquence certainly embellished. A stately though not elegant monument, ornamented with the image of a stork devouring a serpent, and with much too long a string of Latin verses, has been erected to his memory. An English lady was paying the tribute of her respect at the moment of our visit; and judging from her language, she was a warm friend of the deceased.

We went one day on a Tom Fool's errand: there are few travellers who have not been on many such. One of the guide-books (edition of 1825,) informed us, that the beautiful statues of Venus and Adonis, from the chisel of Canova, were to be seen at the Palazzo Berio. Away we hurried, and presented ourselves at the gates of the palace, when it was ascertained from the porter, that the two lovers had eloped, without leaving word whither they had gone. They had been sold, long, long ago—probably to buy macaroni, or a coach for the Corso. So we returned to our lodgings, chanting all the while, like the tattered processions encountered on our way, the chorus of the Greek elegy:

‘Αι, ‘αι ταν Κυβερειαν απωλεστο καλος Αδωνις;

"Alas! alas! *Venus*, the beautiful *Adonis* is no more!"

Rather in the way of sight-seeing, than with any high anticipations of amusement, we went the rounds of nearly all the theatres once, and to some of them, several times. There are something like half a dozen at Naples. The first, said to be the largest in the world, is the Opera House, or Royal Theatre, of St. Carlo; for in Italy saints preside over all sorts of establishments. All except the front of this enormous building was burnt down in the year 1816; but it has since risen with renovated and augmented splendour. His Majesty contributes annually \$80,000 to its support, which he had much better appropriate to the purposes of feeding, clothing, and educating his wretched subjects, leaving public amusements to regulate themselves. But poverty and splendour characterize every thing in this city, from the monarch

himself down to the dirtiest trull, who dances barefooted through the Toledo, in ribbons and rags, with golden pendants dangling at her ears.

The front of San Carlo borders on grandeur, though it faces a narrow street, and is so crowded by other buildings, as not to appear to much advantage. Among its decorations are two very appropriate pieces of bas-relief, expressive of the powers of music:—the one represents Amphion giving motion to animate and inanimate matter, by the sound of his lyre—and the other, Orpheus charming Euridice back to earth from the regions of Tartarus. The entrance, corridors, and other appendages of the theatre are upon a large scale, and in good style. But the interior transcends all the rest in magnificence. Six ranges of boxes, with something like thirty in each tier, making nearly two hundred in all, rise in a semicircular form, and are covered with gilt bas-relief, cornucopiæ, and other embellishments of the most splendid descriptions. The ceiling is enriched with beautiful frescos, on a blue field. Directly in front of the stage, and occupying two tiers of boxes, is the seat appropriated to the king and royal family. It far surpasses in splendour any throne beyond the Alps, putting the Brunswicks and Bourbons to the blush! Its curtains are of crimson velvet, embossed with gold, with a colossal crown for a canopy, glittering with a thousand gems.

The parterre or pit alone is sufficiently spacious to accommodate twelve or fifteen hundred spectators, and the orchestra is on a scale proportioned to the other dimensions. On each side of the stage rise two immense Corinthian pillars, dazzling the eye with their gildings. The drop curtain is of green silk, richly embossed. Its lower border is an imitation of mosaic, exhibiting Venus enthroned—a Grecian Temple—and a procession of Cupids driving their chariots, to which are yoked successively goats, serpents, swans, doves, tortoises, and hares, probably intended to illustrate the universal dominion of Love. The stage itself opens a vista of such length, as to have the desired effect in actually deceiving the eye, and producing all the enchantment of real scenery. Within such limits almost any distance, and any object may be represented. The theatre is lighted in such a manner, as to set off its brilliant decorations with the greatest possible effect. A superb chandelier, girt with numerous circles of lamps, is suspended from the centre of the ceiling, and wax

candles hung round the boxes add to the flood of light. We witnessed the grand illumination on the King's birth-day, when the effulgence of San Carlo, with all its gorgeous embellishments, and with its boxes filled with an audience in full dresses, became almost insupportable to the eye. No people understand getting up a show in better style than the Italians, whether it be religious or theatrical. Indeed there is little difference between the two, and they devote half their lives to spectacles of some sort.

But the curtain rises, and let us look at a regiment of actors and actresses pouring in, squadron after squadron, in all the richness of oriental costumes. Plumes and helmets, swords and scimitars, thrones and tiaras glittering with the gold and purple of the East, burst suddenly upon the spectator; and amidst rounds of applause, the enchantment of Italian music, and the warblings of Italian voices, he finds little time for reflection, or for attending at all to the merits of the spectacle. His eye soon exhausts the glare of tinsel decorations; his ear soon becomes familiar with the measured links of harmony; and the very sweetness of the repast begins to pall upon the senses. Then it is for the first time, that the *mind* looks for something more substantial, some animating principle, to keep the attention awake. But it looks in vain. The reason why the Italians are pleased with the Opera seems to be, that they never arrive at this stage of reflection in their amusements. They neither ask nor wish any thing intellectual or literary in a drama—nothing beyond the gratification of the senses—nothing that requires thought, or that may disturb the conversation of the boxes.

On the first night of our attendance at San Carlo, the Opera was *Semiramide*, in which the General sings to his soldiers, and the Princess sings in her tears! Such absurdities soon produce indifference, and indifference, stupor. The trumpet voice of *La Blache*—the lumbering in of some new chariot—the tramp of a tower-bearing elephant—or the thunders of applause which greeted the heroine of the Cyprian band, who could stand longest on one leg and show most of the other, occasionally gave the attention a jog, and kept us from the impoliteness of nodding in the presence of so much nobility and fashion. On the second night, we went merely to witness the illumination and hear the music, which is always worth two carlins. But to a stranger, the Opera House, after the novelty of the show has vanished, is the most stupid of

all places. With the Italians, who go to the theatre, as they would go to a party to meet their friends and hold conversaziones, the case is very different. Their boxes are their houses, where they have all the conveniences of eating, drinking, and receiving company. The play is no more than a mere accompaniment of the social enjoyments of the evening.

To three of the other theatres, appropriated partly to operas and partly to plays, we went once; and to a fourth, the San Carlino, (as much a diminutive in size as it is in name, in comparison with San Carlo,) several visits were paid. It is so popular and so small, as to be opened *twice a day* to accommodate the crowd, who throng its portals. Who but the Italians would think of exposing painted faces and tinsel dresses to the glare of sunshine, or look for an audience in the hours of business? But they must be engaged in spectacles of some kind, from highest to lowest—from the archbishop who liquifies the blood of St. Gennaro in the Cathedral, or burns incense on the tawdry altars of the Toledo, down to the vilest harlequin that gathers a mob and caresses his living snakes,* on the Piazza del Castello. San Carlino is confessedly devoted to what all the other theatres are in reality—*buffoonery*! There is a leading character called *Pulcinella*, (corresponding to Punch among puppets,) who performs his part in the Neapolitan dialect, the Yorkshire or Gascon of Italy, and is considered the representative of the nation. His wit was in a great measure lost upon us, from an imperfect knowledge of his jargon; but the pantomime and the intelligible parts were sufficient to show the piece to be of the lowest and broadest humour. Several noblemen, an Admiral with three stars blazing upon his breast, and some of the priesthood, were among the audience. Every body rallies round Punch; and if the standard of General Pepe had enkindled half the enthusiasm, Naples might not now have been a degraded province of Austria, though the people apparently possess too little energy of character, and too much tameness of spirit ever to be free.

Thus have I finished the rounds of the most prominent features, which an overgrown, but a comparatively uninterest-

* I have frequently seen these showmen coil full-grown serpents about their naked necks, put them into their bosoms, and play with their forked tongues—all, too, “free gratis for nothing,” as the exhibition is in the streets. One of them got up a fight between two snakes and a lizard.

ing city presents. Nearly half of our visit of three weeks to Naples was occupied in excursions to the environs, if environs may be said to extend to a distance of fifty miles and upwards. The first of these was an aquatic expedition to the island of Capri, in the steam-boat *Royal Ferdinand*, one of the largest and finest I have seen in Europe. She is owned and manned by Scotchmen, who have made money by the enterprise. Her regular trips are from Naples to Palermo and Messina, in Sicily, whither she goes every week. Had not the season been so far advanced as to lead us to look towards the north, we should have availed ourselves of this opportunity for visiting old Trinacria. But one would not care to go, without climbing to the top of *Etna*, rambling over the ruins of *Syracuse*, and making a general tour through the Island, which would occupy a month or six weeks, a longer term than our arrangements would permit.

The trip of the *Ferdinand* was an extra, on a party of pleasure, and the passengers, amounting to something more than a hundred in number, were a motley assemblage of both sexes and all ages, composed chiefly of travellers from every nation of Europe, collecting in separate groups and jabbering different languages. Two of our American friends, the *Chargé des Affaires*, and our old messmate, the Surgeon in the Navy, joined us in the excursion. At the hour of embarkation, between 9 and 10 o'clock in the morning, the weather was pleasant, affording a charming view of the city and its environs, from the cleft and burning top of *Vesuvius*, to the yet snow-capt *Apennines* in the distance. But the reign of pleasure was shortlived. Rapidly as the boat receded from the shore, she had scarcely reached the middle of the Bay, when the blue skies of *Campania* suddenly vanished, and the blowing of the *Sirocco*, tumbled in the sea in tremendous swells from the south. Placid and tranquil as is the general character of these waters, they are often lashed into fury by squalls, to which the whole coast of Italy is very liable. From the windows of my apartment, I have frequently watched the progress of the storm, accompanied sometimes by thunder and lightning. Fleets of little boats, hovering like sea-birds to the land, are generally the precursors; for the fishermen, grown familiar with the climate, can judge from a speck in the horizon, when a tempest impends. With all their caution, however, they have occasionally been

observed to be too tardy, and their white sails to disappear instantly in the dense verge of the storm. Then the waves, crested with foam, rapidly extend their circles to the inmost recesses of the Bay. I have seen them run so high, that the British ship-of-war *Revenge*, lying at anchor in the Roads, danced and rocked like a skiff.

The Royal *Ferdinand* on the present occasion, though a staunch boat, rolled merrily, and the consequence was that more than half of the hundred passengers soon strewed the deck. They fell like soldiers on the field of battle, in the places where they stood, sometimes five or six at a lurch. Russians, Austrians, Germans, Italians, French, and English all yielded to the impulses of sympathy; for the barriers of national prejudice had been effectually broken down by the motion of the ship. Some of the party had already taken so much *lachrymachristi*, that they were in a state of happy ignorance, whether their sickness proceeded from the influence of the bottle or the sea. A pretty Italian woman was just ill enough to cause a portion of the blood to retreat from her cheek, and render her face more interesting. All the well gentlemen on board who had smelling-bottles, seized this opportunity to tender their services. She appeared to retain her senses, and manifested more gratitude than did her husband, who stood by in amazement at the formidable array of whiskers and mustaches which encircled her. A tall blue-eyed German girl, taking a hint from the occasion, fell sick about the same time; but Priests and Levites passed by on either hand. Such are the advantages of personal beauty.

As soon as the boat reached the lee of Capri, the water became comparatively tranquil, though the storm had by no means abated. We were now in sight of the rocks of the Sirens, off the capes of Sorrento; but in such a day at least, the warbling trio had retired to their ocean caves, and the only melody which greeted our ears, was the whistling of the Sirocco and the beating of the surge upon the naked crags. Coming to anchor close to the shore, and about midway the Island, we had a tolerable view of this insulated ridge of tufo, the position of which has already been described. Its length from east to west is three miles, and its breadth less than one, giving a circumference of nine miles. It is extremely broken, and exhibits the strongest evidences of being a ruin. Its greatest height above the level of the Bay may be some-

thing like twelve or fifteen hundred feet. There are two tremendous bluffs—one near the centre, up which steps have been cut in the rock to the village of Anacapri on the summit; and the other terminating in impending cliffs, down which Tiberius Cæsar used to order criminals to be thrown, to amuse his sullen solitude.

The apex of the Island is crowned with ruins. Palaces were here commenced by Augustus, and embellished by his successor, Tiberius, at an immense expense. The latter found in this solitary retreat an abode suited to his gloomy and suspicious tyranny. He was killed upon the very rocks, whence hundreds had been hurled into the sea for his recreation. After his death, the palaces were suffered to fall into decay. Some traces of them are yet discoverable. The Island is at present covered with rich verdure, which contrasts beautifully with the white cliffs. Nearly in its centre, the little village of Capri is seated far up the acclivity, many hundreds of feet above the sea. It is approached by a flight of steps, winding up from the landing, and something more than a mile in extent—one of the most fatiguing walks I have ever taken. As the rain poured in torrents, and there is no hotel in the town, we took shelter in the Cathedral, the principal ornaments of which were images of the Virgin and Child, tricked out with a new suit of finery, each wearing a tinsel crown upon curled and frizzled locks. The storm continued with such severity, that it became wholly impracticable to visit the ruins of the imperial palace, and a few other antiquities scattered over the Island. One of our friends found an asylum in a Convent, and took lodgings for the night, determining to wait for a fair day. The rest of us, embarked at 4 o'clock, and scudded back before the wind to Naples, happy to escape from scenes of intoxication, profanity, and rudeness of behaviour among a portion of the passengers.

LETTER LXV.

EXCURSION TO BAIE—PAUSILYPO—LAKE AGNANO—GROTTO DEL CANE—GULF OF BAIE—POZZUOLI—ANCIENT PORT—BATHS OF NERO—LUCRINE LAKE—LAKE OF AVERNUS—GROTTO OF THE SIBYL—CUMÆ—ACHERON—RUINS OF BAIE—ELYSIAN FIELDS—CAPE MISENO—VILLA OF CICERO—SOLFATARA.

May, 1826.—One day was actively and delightfully employed in an excursion to Baiæ, some seven or eight miles west of Naples. A friend who had recently been over the whole ground, was so kind as to accompany us, affording at once the pleasure of his society and the benefit of his acquaintance with all the localities. As the objects to be seen in this direction are both numerous and interesting, we left Naples at an early hour in the morning, and were favoured with one of the brightest days, that had been found in this soft and delicious climate. The road we pursued, leads through the faubourg of the city as far as the Tomb of Virgil, and thence pierces the hill of Pausilypo,* by an arch, or grotto, as it is called of the same name. This arch resembles the tunnels of canals, or the galleries on the road between Nice and Genoa. It is forty or fifty feet in height, and barely wide enough for two carriages abreast, hewn out of a solid ridge of tuff, and paved with blocks of lava. Two small apertures open diagonally through the roof, serving the double purpose of ventilation and of admitting a feeble light. In neither respect, however, are they of much importance, being of less size than Herschel's telescope, and half closed at top by the foliage of the hill. They were not observed at all in our first ride through the grotto, which in the central parts has more than the dimness of twilight.

* This appellation is derived from two Greek words (*παύσις* and *λύπη*) signifying the *cessation of sorrow*, classically given to the hill by the scholars of the Augustan age, on account of the charm of its scenery, and its exhilarating effects on the mind. The word is written *Posilipo*, *Posilippo*, and in half a dozen other different ways. As the orthography seems to be wholly unsettled, I take the liberty of following the analogies of the Greek and English languages.

A lamp suspended before the image of the Virgin, is kept constantly burning. The deafening noise of coaches, and the obscure glimpses of pedestrians, gliding like ghosts through the shades, render the way gloomy, and even terrific, to the foot passenger, who is not protected from carriages by side-walks. In the month of October, the setting sun shoots his horizontal beams through the whole length of the arch, and illumines a house at the eastern end. Many conjectures have been offered as to the origin and object of this work. Its antiquity is undoubted, as it is mentioned by Roman writers soon after the Augustan age. But in a region where excavations are so easy and so numerous, the subject appears unworthy of the profound speculations, with which antiquaries have racked their brains. A luxurious Roman might open the road in a single season, to save the trouble of climbing the hill on his way to Baiæ. Ten thousand modern works surpass it in expense and labour.

The ridge of Pausilypo extends in a southern direction to the distance of three or four miles, terminating in high perpendicular cliffs, and with the little island of Nisida, a few rods from the extremity, forming one of the capes of the basin of Baiæ. A new road yet in an unfinished state, has been opened along the eastern side of the promontory, crossing it by a deep cut, and leading to Pozzuoli by another route. It has been constructed at an immense expense, and with the usual tardiness of similar works in Italy. In an excursion on a subsequent day to the end of the cape, three or four hundred Neapolitans were seen engaged in digging through the hill, carrying away the sand in baskets poised upon their heads.

Although the hill of Pausilypo affords a charming ride, commanding a full view of the bay of Naples, it presents few objects of interest. Its heights were once covered with the villa of Pollio, the friend of Virgil; and it is said the poet himself here had a house. But the ruins of both have vanished. The residence of Sannazaro is shown on the right of the new road, and on the left are a Chinese temple, and the lodge of Lady Craven, who has made so much noise in Europe. She was banished from the Neapolitan court, under an accusation of being accessory to the amours of the queen. Her mansion, standing near the water, and surrounded with gardens, exhibits a good deal of taste.

So much for a digression on one side of the grotto of

Pausilypo:—and it may be as well to mention here as elsewhere, that on the other hand, a path leads through a gorge in the hills to the celebrated Grotto del Cane, seated within a few yards of the little Lake of Agnano, two miles from Naples. An excursion to this place hardly repaid us for the trouble. The old woman who keeps the keys of the cave, was so extravagant in her charges for exhibiting the usual experiment upon the dog, and poor Tray was dragged up to the door with so much reluctance, that we refused to pay the fee for a popular show, which excites little wonder or curiosity, since the effects of the gases upon animal life are so well known. Every laboratory in our country can now furnish illustrations of the principle, which a century ago, before pneumatics became a branch of science, led Addison and other travellers to a round of experiments, now repeated by an ignorant, crusty hag. The friend who was with us tried on a former occasion a percussion pistol, immersed in the air, which is said to prevent the ignition of gunpowder. Contrary to his expectation, the pistol went off, and the report frightened the old woman prodigiously, lest the neighbourhood should be alarmed, and the party suspected of poaching upon the king's hunting-grounds. Lake Agnano is a small, muddy, reedy pool, encircled by a high rim of hills. It is supposed by some to have once been the crater of a volcano, and by others, that it was artificially scooped out by Lucullus for a fish-pond. At present it forms a part of the royal demesnes. In walking along the shore, we heard wild ducks squalling among the rushes, and saw a group of females, busy in stringing together the hind legs of frogs for the Neapolitan market!

A third road, and the one pursued by us in our excursion to Baiæ, leads through the beautiful vale of Bagnoli, opening from the grotto of Pausilypo to the sea, and smiling with tillage and vineyards. Half an hour's ride brought us to the island of Nisida,* situated at the eastern extremity of the Gulf opening between the promontory of Pausilypo, and cape Miseno, a distance of three or four miles, and setting up perhaps five miles inland. It is surrounded on all sides save one by heights of moderate elevation, increasing in altitude towards the north-east. The borders of this gulf,

* This island is crowned with the ruins of Pompey's villa, and the Lazaretto stands under the cliffs.

which in common parlance go by the name of *Baiæ*, but which more properly are denominated the *Phlegræan Fields*, exhibit in their whole extent a mass both of physical and moral ruins. Volcanos, earthquakes, and the irruptions of the sea have shattered the coast into fragments, changed lakes into mountains, and overwhelmed towns in the general war of the elements. In the Augustan age, this was emphatically the centre of Roman taste and luxury. Besides the large seaport of *Puteoli*, one of the most extensive marts in the world; *Misenum*, the rendezvous of imperial fleets; *Bauli* and *Baiæ*, crowded with the seats of the nobility; *Cumæ*, the oldest and one of the most populous cities in Italy, with many other smaller towns and villas, were all embraced within a circuit of a few miles, exhibiting an assemblage of more wealth and splendour, than any other part of the empire in the same compass could boast.

Of these places, some are so entirely obliterated, that even their sites cannot be satisfactorily ascertained; and others present the most melancholy traces of former magnificence. The utter impossibility of identifying the ruins, after so many convulsions, destroys in some degree the pleasure of the traveller. It may be remarked, too, in general terms, that the sumptuous abodes of luxury, the haunts of dissipation and vice, presented nothing originally of intense interest; and one feels a sort of indifference, whether he stumbles upon a bath or a fish-pond, a temple or the tomb, of some voluptuous nobleman. The population of this region has wasted away with its buried and dilapidated towns, till it is at length reduced to a handful of squalid inhabitants, as ghastly as any of the spectres which *Charon* ever ferried over the *Styx*. *Puteoli* (now *Pozzuoli*) is the only village left upon the bay, and even that is but the shadow of a shade compared with its former extent and importance. It stands upon a point projecting into the gulf of *Puteolano*, and forming a natural harbour.

On arriving at this ruinous old town, we immediately took a row-boat, and embarked for the hot baths of *Nero* across the bay, at the distance of two or three miles. *Peter*, who acted in the double capacity of admiral and cicerone, had been for several years on board of a British man-of-war, and had visited most of the great ports of England:

"On stormy seas, unnumber'd toils he bore."*

He still kept up the style of the glazed hat, blue jacket, and white trowsers, although he had finished his active career of naval services, and returned to seek repose in his native village. As much philosophy was wrapped up in his tarpawling dress, as probably ever lurked beneath the stole and toga in the same retreat, and he discoursed sagely upon the influence of climate and luxury, in hastening the decline and fall of empires, illustrating his lessons by pointing to the ruins, which peeped above the waves, and on either side strewed the shores. To the left, the remains of the Mole, constructed for the convenience of lading and unlading ships, extend into the harbour. Thirteen out of twenty-five arches are yet standing, resembling those of an old bridge. It was repaired for the last time by Antoninus Pius, and has since been suffered to sink gradually into decay. From the extremity of the Mole, the Emperor Caligula extended a bridge of boats to Baïæ, a distance of about four thousand feet. It was covered with sand, like an ordinary road; and the Emperor rode across it in triumph, with his brow twined with wreaths, in anticipation of his future victories! This achievement was in imitation, or more properly in rivalry of Xerxes, in crossing the Hellespont.

On the right of the port, rises Monte Barbaro, (anciently Mount Gaurus,) covered with vineyards and crowned with one or two old buildings. Farther to the west and nearer the shore is a hill several hundred feet in height, called Monte Nuovo, which rose from the Lucrine Lake and the Julian Port, during the shock of an earthquake in the 16th century. It is composed entirely of lava, cinders, and ashes, which were vomited forth amidst flames from the subterranean regions. The surface is of a reddish complexion, thinly shaded with a coat of dwarfish broom.

Landing at a point where the ruins of what is called the palace of Julius Cæsar are seen under the cliffs, we visited the hot baths of Nero, opening like caverns into the side of the hill, whence a stream constantly issues, heated to such a degree, that the bottom of the bay, under water, is insupportable to the hand. A narrow, crooked subterranean passage leads to the boiling spring, at the distance of several hundred

* I promised Peter when we parted, that I would sing his praises; and the pledge has now been redeemed.

yards. We penetrated the gallery for perhaps one third the length, when the intensity of the vapour and the suffocating fumes of the torch-light, compelled us to retreat with all possible despatch. A person in attendance went to the spring and brought a pailful of the water, in which an egg was boiled for each of us. On his return, he seemed nearly exhausted with heat, and the condensed steam was dripping from his hair and face. These waters are found extremely efficacious in rheumatic complaints. The baths have gone to decay, and the only use now made of them is by the patients in the hospitals of Naples.

Returning to the boat, we effected a second landing upon the shores of the Lucrine Lake, and there mounted donkeys to make a circuit of several miles. The Julian Port and the channel which connected it with the lake of Avernus, are entirely filled up, and scarcely a vestige of either is discoverable. A modern garden occupies the site of the former, in riding through which, a group of ragged children tendered to us bouquets of roses and wild flowers, which grew upon the ruins of imperial splendour. The Lucrine Lake, so celebrated by the poets of the Augustan age, is almost obliterated. A small stagnant pool, choked with mud and reeds, alone remains of this once famous sheet of water, on which so many millions were uselessly expended. So evanescent are the proudest monuments of kings, whilst the allusions to them by men of genius are as fresh and as interesting as ever!

A ride of less than a mile brought us upon the shores of Avernus, the very centre of ancient superstition, and the supposed entrance into the infernal regions. The lake is nearly circular, perhaps half a mile in diameter, bordered with reeds and water-grass. It has no visible outlet, and appears originally to have been the deep crater of a volcano. Its terrors have all vanished, and the eye searches in vain for the dark forests and gloomy images, with which its shores were infested by Homer and Virgil, adopting the popular superstitions of the age. It was the fabled abode of the Cimmerians, who dwelt in the neighbouring caverns, shut out from the light of day, and according to the splendid description of the Greek poet, involved in eternal darkness. In all probability, the lake, situated in the midst of a volcanic region, and girt with sombre woods, presented natural phenomena, which were magnified by the terror of vulgar minds, and seized upon as fit themes for the embellishments of the imagination.

Augustus levelled the forests. His enterprise was regarded by the multitude as impious, which is a proof that the imagery of the two great epic poets was not altogether the work of fancy. The borders of Avernus are at present clad in vines and wild shrubbery. The water is stagnant and filled with reptiles. On the southern side are seated the ruins of a building, which like a hundred others in this region has divided the opinions of antiquaries. Some consider it the temple of Proserpine, and others, of Apollo. It forms a prominent and picturesque object in the landscape.

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Riding some distance along the southern shore of the Lake, we arrived at what is denominated the Grotto of the Sibyl, the entrance of which is overgrown with bushes and fern, which two or three peasants were busy in mowing. This cavern has the reputation of being the *atri janua Ditis*—the gate of Pluto himself; and dismounting from our donkeys, we followed our guides through the black jaws, in imitation of Ulysses and Æneas. At the distance of perhaps a hundred yards from the mouth, a narrow avenue branches off at right angles towards the west. Here the flambeaux were lighted up, and each of us mounting, Anchises like, upon the back of a peasant, we crossed the Stygian waters, which are something more than knee-deep, and were safely landed in the gloomy caverns beyond, without the aid of Charon's boat: The very niche was pointed out to us, from which the Sibyl is said to have uttered responses. On one side stands a sarcophagus, which perhaps contained her ashes. The avenue is here choked up so as to become impassable, and as the smoke of the torches added to the confined air was almost suffocating, we recrossed the Tartarean waters, black as Cocytus or Acheron itself, without realizing in this instance the truth of the poet's admonition :

Facilis descensus Averni est ;

Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis :

Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,

Hoc opus, hic labor est.

Having once more reached the cheerful light of day, we rode more than half way round Avernus, thence climbing up a high hill and entering the road to Cumæ. Across the path, a substantial brick wall, supposed to be a fragment of the ancient ramparts, rises to the height of sixty feet, with an arch twenty feet in breadth, called the Arco Felice. For aught I

know, it may be one of the Gates of *Somnus*, through which the spectres of the dead were wont to flit, and the divinities of *Tartarus* used to send false dreams to the world above. It certainly leads to a *land of shadows*, and our donkies glided through like ghosts, in journeying on towards the *Elysian Fields*. Just beyond the arch, on the left of the road, are the ruins of the temple of the Giants, so called from the colossal statues found in its niches. The building was small, notwithstanding its name, and offers nothing worthy of notice.

The city of *Cumæ*, the oldest in Italy, settled by a Greek colony from *Eubœa*, not only anterior to the foundations of *Rome*, but even to the *Trojan War*, has now entirely disappeared. Its *Sibyls* are gone—its oracles silent. In the few fragments of the temple, which still strew the brow of the hill, snakes and lizards have made their home, and were seen crawling over shattered columns and friezes. An earthquake finished what the jealousy of *Naples* and the conquests of barbarians left undemolished. The plough has for many years passed over the site of a city, once so renowned as the seat of ancient religion; and the forests of poplars hung with vines, disclosing here and there groups of swarthy, squalid peasants at their labours, render the by-paths and solitudes almost appalling. From the hill on which *Cumæ* stood, the view extends northerly along the curved shore to *Cape Gaeta*. Midway on the desolate beach, the eye rests on a little heap of ruins which designate the site of old *Linternum*, whither *Scipio Africanus* retreated, under the censures of the Senate, and beyond the confines of his ungrateful country, ending his days in exile. A part of the epitaph* upon his tomb, recorded by *Livy*, is said to be found among the ruins, and the principal word of the inscription left has given the name of *Patria* to the shore and to the small lake formed by the waters of the *Clunio*. Beneath the heights of *Cumæ* is seen the reedy pool of *Licola*, the ancient port of the city, separated from the sea by a ridge of sand, and in the age of *Augustus* connected with the *Lake of Avernus* by a canal. The region is at present entirely deserted, and overgrown with bushes, forming another portion of the King's hunting-grounds. Wild boars now wal-

* "*Ingrata patria, nec ossa quidem mea habes.*"
Ungrateful country, thou hast not even my dust,

low in the mud of a haven, where once rode the ships of Eubœa, engaged in an active commerce between the colony and the parent state. On the other side, we had a fine view of the islands of Ischia and Procida, at the distance of only a few miles, and appearing through the medium of a clear atmosphere to lie almost at our feet. Their broken rocks are evidently fragments of the coast, rent asunder by earthquakes and volcanos. In the former the subterranean fires are not yet quenched. A few settlements are scattered over their rude, mountainous ridges, rendering them in the highest degree picturesque, rising like ruins from the sea.

Descending a long, steep declivity to the shore of the Mediterranean, we penetrated by torch-light another grotto of the Cumæan Sybil, where tradition says she had a shrine and a home. The entrance of the cavern is even more lofty and spacious than the one already described, appearing to have been fashioned into a stately temple with regular pillars and arches. It is said to have been connected by secret passages with the Lake of Avernus. At the distance of a few hundred yards, the avenue is blocked up, and the floor of the cave is covered with loose stones. In some of the wars of the Goths, the roof was perforated to the summit of the hill, to undermine a fortress, which at length came down, ramparts, garrison, and all.

Again emerging into day, we rode along the shores of Lake Fusaro, which is four miles in circumference, and separated from the sea by a high sandy beach. The King has here a hunting-lodge, situated on a little island, where he amuses himself and his court, in giving chase to the boar, and in eating oysters, which the lake produces in abundance, and which our own experience enables us to say are of a good quality. The waters of Fusaro are dignified by the classical reputation of having been the ancient Acheron, spreading between Avernus and the Elysian fields. Although the position justifies such renown; yet it appears that all the images of Virgil's heaven and hell—plains, lakes, and streams, even to the skies and celestial luminaries, were subterranean. Among all the employments of the damned or the blest, lazzaroni were never seen catching, nor monarchs devouring oysters!

From Fusaro we recrossed to Baïæ, and again embarking on the bay, coasted along the shore to Cape Miseno, a distance of three or four miles, landing as often as a ruin at-

tracted particular attention. The remains of the temples of Mercury and Venus are in the same neighbourhood. Both are of brick, supposed to have been cased with marble. The former is a rotunda open at top, like the Pantheon at Rome, richly mantled with verdure, and furnishing a very perfect whispering gallery. Two of us placed at opposite sides of the walls conversed with each other, without a syllable being heard by a third person stationed in the centre. Baths are connected with the temple of Venus, which lead antiquaries to doubt the character of these edifices. At one extremity of Baiæ, a large Gothic and comparatively modern fortress stands upon the cliffs two or three hundred feet above the water, and forming one of the most picturesque objects on the shores of the bay. The rocks are nearly all cavernous, either by nature or art, which render the deep, hollow murmurs of the waves in some measure peculiar.

Passing the reputed gardens of Sylla the Dictator, and the villa and fish-ponds of Hortensius, we landed at what is called the tomb of Agrippina, the mother of Nero, which stands within a few rods of the water. A woman kindled her funeral torch, and conducted us through the gloomy recesses. A throng of ragged females here beset us to buy shells and pebbles, which they pretended were antiques, polished by the doves of Venus. Escaping from their importunities, we climbed the hills, hurried through the labyrinth of the Cento Camerelle—the hundred chambers—and the Piscina Mirabile—the wonderful fish-pond of Lucullus, which are both stumbling-blocks to antiquaries, baffling all their investigations. The most rational opinion seems to be, that the former were a part of Nero's folly, and the latter a reservoir of water to supply the fleet in the port of Misenum.

Soon after leaving these ruins, and passing the solitary church of Bauli, we arrived at the borders of the Elysian Fields, which slope with a gentle declivity towards the south-west, and are at present covered with vineyards. Numerous tombs are scattered over the hills, finely shaded with foliage, but presenting odd scenery for the regions of the blest, into which such lugubrious images ought not to enter. At the foot of the declivity, spread the stagnant waters of the Mare Morte, or Dead Sea, connected on one side with the ancient Acheron, and on the other with the port of Miseno. Pure as were the skies, and green and flowery as were the gardens on the day of our visit, the Elysian Fields are

rather a burlesque upon the high-sounding name, presenting scarcely a single feature which corresponds with the finished pictures of Virgil. But that is not his fault, as *his* paradise was not upon the earth. The cicerones might have found a much more perfect one in many parts of Italy.

Though neither ambrosia nor nectar was to be had on the borders of Elysium, the exercise of the morning had given us an appetite for fare less delicate and celestial. So finding a shady retreat, overhung with vines and overlooking the bay, we partook of our oysters from Acheron, and such other knick-knacks as Peter had been able to cater in a region of poverty. The fish-ponds of Lucullus and Hortensius are dry, and no lampreys fattened with human flesh, nor other dainties, were to be expected from these sources, had they been desired. A light, sweet wine, made from a grape which grows on Mount Gaurus, and which bears the classical name of Falernian, gave zest to our simple repast, as unlike the luxurious suppers of the Romans, as the present aspect of the country is to that of ancient Baïæ.

After dinner we re-embarked from the port of Miseno, which is capacious, deep, and safe, sheltered on three sides by land, with a narrow entrance. Here was the station of the Roman fleet, which the elder Pliny commanded at the time of the great eruption of Mount Vesuvius in the year 79; and hence he sailed for Castellamare, at the base of the mountain, for the purpose of satisfying a philosophical but fatal curiosity. Cape Misenus, which preserves the name either created or adopted by Virgil, is a rugged, picturesque promontory, with perpendicular cliffs, perhaps two hundred feet in height, crowned with a villa of Lucullus, and sloping into a low, narrow isthmus towards the Mare Morte and the Elysian fields. Hoisting our little white sail to the breeze, which blew fresh and fragrant from the flowery shores forever left behind, we scud across the azure waters of the bay, in a direct course to Pozzuoli. This place contains some antiquities worth seeing, and as a piece of the afternoon yet remained, our round of observations was resumed, notwithstanding the fatigues of the morning. In one of the public squares is seen the pedestal of a colossal statue of Tiberius Cæsar, ornamented with bas-relief, representing fourteen cities of Asia Minor, restored by the Emperor after they had been destroyed by an earthquake.

The remains of the temple of Jupiter Serapis are among

the most extensive we have found in Italy. They were disinterred some seventy years ago, and many valuable works of art discovered. This huge pile was in the form of a parallelogram, one hundred and fifty feet in length, and something more than a hundred feet in breadth, surrounded with porticos composed of columns of red African marble, sixty feet in height, and eighteen in circumference. Three of the massive pillars are yet standing. The lower part of the shafts is eaten full of holes by marine animals, and corroded as if by long exposure to the sea—a phenomenon not easily accounted for. Nearly the whole area of the pavement has been cleared of rubbish, but is still covered with stagnant water an inch or two in depth, and swarms of frogs were seen hopping over the mosaic, croaking their solitary homage to the Egyptian god. In the centre of the temple rose the circular shrine, supported by magnificent columns, the stumps of which yet remain, like those of a forest shattered by a tempest. The exterior courts are still supplied with hot springs from Solfatara, used for vapour baths.

In climbing the hills of Pozzuoli, antiquities meet the traveller at almost every step. The Cathedral stands upon the site of the temple of Apollo, some remains of which are yet discoverable. Higher up the acclivity, sarcophagi sculptured with bas-relief have been found in excavating a garden. Close to the shore of the bay, and commanding a full view of Capè Misenus, stood a villa of Cicero, where many of his philosophical works were written. A few traces of it are yet visible. On the brow of the eminence above, was an amphitheatre, next perhaps to the Coliseum in dimensions. The foundations are tolerably perfect, though entirely overgrown with shrubbery. A threshing-floor has been formed on the ramparts; and the arena has been converted into a luxuriant garden. Two gloomy chapels have been fitted up in the subterranean corridors, and the ruin possesses great religious sanctity, on account of the martyrdom of St. Januarius, who here performed several miracles, but at last could not save his life from his blood-thirsty persecutors, and as the tradition runs, he was torn in pieces by wild beasts. Not far from the amphitheatre was an extensive reservoir, for supplying it with water. The subterranean arches are nearly perfect, and are now denominated from their intricacy the Labyrinth of Dædalus.

The Solfatara is the only remaining object, with a notice

of which I shall tax the patience of my readers in this excursion. It is situated on the summit of the hill a mile and a half from Pozzuoli, and consists of the crater of a volcano, the fires of which are not yet extinguished. The basin is nearly circular, half a mile in diameter, and bordered by a high rim. A few patches of the prickly gorse and wild rose are the only traces of vegetation, to break the sterility and desolation of the region. The rest of the area is naked marl, of a tawny, brimstone complexion, and so hot as to be insupportable to the naked feet. Smoke issues from half a dozen different places, and in the night a blue, lambent flame is visible. We descended into one of the pits, whence the steam bursts with such violence, as to throw up pebbles and particles of sand from the aperture of the subterranean furnace. The boiling and hissing of the water were distinctly heard beneath us. Large quantities of sulphur and vitriol are deposited upon the rocks, near the orifice. The process of nature suggested a manufactory, and Murat used hence to derive the elements of his gunpowder. From all appearances the crust of earth, forming the roof of the great laboratory, is thin. It rings to the tread of the feet. Peter lifted a large stone, and hurling it upon the surface produced an echo clearly distinguishable in the vault below. It is the general opinion that the arch will at some future period give way, and perhaps disclose a lake of liquid fire. If the Italians had as much enterprise as our countrymen in boring, spiracula would soon be opened to the world below, were it merely from motives of curiosity. Some of Milton's sublimest images of the infernal regions are supposed to have been borrowed from this place, and the burning marl, over which his fallen angels walked, corresponds very nearly with the Solfatara.

LETTER LXVI.

EXCURSION TO THE TOP OF VESUVIUS—HERCULANEUM.

May, 1826.—Our visit to Vesuvius occupied the greater part of a day. Wishing to see the sunrise from the top of the mountain, we left Naples at one o'clock in the morning, taking a fiacre as far as the village of Portici, nearly half the distance

of the seven or eight miles. At the hour of our departure, the skies were free from clouds, but suffused with redness, giving to the moon and stars a sultry, fiery aspect. The city was for once found in a state of perfect silence, and the lazzaroni, who had no homes, snored quietly in their baskets. There was something peculiarly solemn in the hollow murmurs of the waves, at this witching time of night. Not a person was seen moving, save the sentinels stationed along the road, who permitted us to pass without molestation.

On arriving at Portici, or more properly at Resina, a small contiguous village, we roused up Salvatore Madonna, the famous guide for the mountain, who rose with some reluctance, before he and his mules had been sufficiently refreshed by sleep from the labours of the preceding day. After rubbing open his eyes and taking an observation at the heavens, like old Palinurus, he said we had come too early, and had selected an unfortunate day, as the sirocco was blowing, and the mountain would be covered with clouds. He would however accompany us, if it was our pleasure. Making due allowances for his wish to finish his morning nap, and fearing that circumstances might be equally unfavourable on another morning, we concluded to persevere in the excursion. The donkeys were saddled with all possible despatch, and our little caravan took up the line of march in total darkness, as the day had not yet dawned, and the moon had gone down. But Salvatore could probably perform the route blindfold, having been trained to it from childhood.

The path at first leads through a faubourg of the village, straggling for some distance up the acclivity, and thence crosses beds of lava, which came down in molten torrents, and congealed in dark, shapeless, desolate masses, about which not a blade of verdure is to be seen. A more dreary, gloomy picture cannot be imagined. The belts are of the width of broad rivers, sometimes a mile in breadth, extending from the cone to the margin of the bay; and in some instances, they have poured their burning streams into the water. There is much more asperity in the surface of the beds, than I expected to find. Protuberances five or six feet in height, and of the most fantastic shapes, are scattered over the hideous tracks, having nearly the same degree of roughness, that a torrent of water would assume in rolling down the hill, and freezing as it broke over the obstacles opposing its passage. The complexion and general appear-

ance of the beds at a distance is not unlike that of a newly ploughed field, in a rude state, with a black soil.

About midway between Resina and the base of the Cone, stands the Hermitage, on a high ridge which may emphatically be considered as an island, surrounded by broad torrents of lava on either hand. The solitary white house is kept by a monk, who affords refreshments to travellers. His tenement is furnished with a large bell, which he rings every Sunday morning, and on other feast days, probably to let the world beneath him know that he is alive. At certain seasons, religious processions from Naples and the neighbouring villages climb to the Hermitage, to celebrate the anniversaries of some of their saints. The brow of the hill in front of the house has been planted with trees, and a dozen little shrines have been erected in imitation of Mount Calvary. As we were in great haste to reach the top of the mountain, the morning dreams of the monk were not disturbed.

On leaving the Hermitage, the path winds along the spine of the ridge, bordered with verdure, which becomes extremely grateful amidst the solitary waste. The point of the island soon terminates in other beds of lava, which extend to the foot of the Cone, and over which our donkeys picked their way at a snail's pace, notwithstanding all our efforts to hasten them forward. For the greater part of the distance, the path is passable for horses, and Salvatore could not introduce an improvement more acceptable to travellers, than by substituting a better sort of animals in place of his jackasses. —It is much harder work to ride them than to climb the hill on foot. They are also very unsafe. One of our countrymen last winter was pitched thrice among the crags of lava, and came near breaking his neck.

To our inexpressible regret, on arriving at the base of the Cone, the predictions of the guide had proved true, and the whole hill was enveloped in a dense cloud, so that our horizon did not extend twenty feet in any direction. Here another question arose, whether or not it was worth while to ascend farther, under such circumstances. But perseverance carried us onward. Throwing aside our cloaks, and tying our donkeys to lumps of lava, we plunged into the mist and commenced crawling up an acclivity, rising with an angle of about 45 degrees, and composed of cinders, ashes, and loose stones. The summit is between three and four

thousand feet above the level of the sea. Fortunately, only a small portion of the toilsome heights could be seen in advance. Salvadore came panting after us, directing us not to walk so fast. The fatigues of the ascent appeared to us very much exaggerated; and to persons of ordinary activity, sedan chairs, belts about the loins, and pilgrim staves are a useless apparatus. Much less weariness was experienced, than in climbing Mam Tor, in Derbyshire Peak. The walk was accomplished in less than an hour, and without resting but once. For the greater part of the way, the route leads up a furrow in the hill, into which stones have tumbled, forming tolerable foothold. Smoke gushes out in sundry places along the way, and the hand cannot bear the heat of the surface.

On reaching the top at about 6 o'clock in the morning, we for a time abandoned all hope of being adequately compensated for our toil, so far as it regarded a prospect. The crater was entirely filled with thick clouds mingled with smoke, tumbling in broken volumes over the verge, and hanging in wreaths about the black crags. It was impossible for the eye to penetrate ten feet into the abyss, and the imagination was left to fathom its gloomy depths. Here we were, involved in mist, and without cloaks. Great difficulty was experienced in persuading the guide to wait an hour, with the hope of a change of weather. At length he consented, and finding a warm place, under the rocks near one of the spiracula, he stretched himself out upon the cinders, and finished his interrupted slumbers; while we amused ourselves in throwing stones into the apertures, to hear them rumble in the caverns below. The vapour rising out of these crevices exactly resembles that issuing from a hot chimney or brick-kiln, and the hand is as soon scorched in coming in contact with it. A low, heavy, sullen sound of the subterranean furnaces is heard, though less distinctly than at the Solfatara.

After a sleepless night and the fatigues of the morning, nothing but intense curiosity kept us from following the example of our guide, and patience was nearly exhausted, when casting my eye towards the crater, I perceived a change in the aspect of the clouds. More of the abyss became every moment visible. The dark, ragged rocks forming the circumference, and shooting up into rude shattered peaks, were developed one by one, till glimpses of the very

bottom, at the depth of fifteen hundred or two thousand feet, alternately appeared and vanished. Soon the disk of the sun was seen through the mist, "shorn of his beams." On turning to the outward verge of the crater, a scene was witnessed which wholly baffles description. The cloud had by this time become a thin, semi-transparent vapour, shifted every instant by gentle currents of air, and as often varying the objects around us. With the suddenness of a flash of lightning in the night, the blue skies with fleecy clouds reposing in the horizon, the whole bay of Naples, its azure waters, its islands, its white sails, the splendid circle of towns, and the green shores, spread like enchantment beneath the eye—and then a curtain of mist swept by, involving all in utter obscurity, till the veil was again lifted by the winds. The feelings involuntarily sought relief in rapturous applause; and even Salvadore clapped his hands with as much enthusiasm, as he would manifest at the exhibition of some grand spectacle in the theatre of San Carlo. In extent, grandeur, and picturesque beauty, the scenery far transcended the most splendid conceptions of the imagination. While standing with my back to the sun, my shadow was distinctly thrown several times upon a volume of cloud in front, with two perfect and vivid concentric circles of rainbows, three or four feet in diameter surrounding my head.

At last every vestige of the vapour disappeared and left us in the full blaze of day. A perfect view of the crater was obtained. It is about four miles in circumference, and in shape nearly circular. The brim is broken into deep rugged notches, fifty or a hundred feet deep, and bordered by the splintered fragments of the mountain, impending in rude crags over the abyss. This belt of rocks, exhibiting a frightful image of ruin, extends about one third of the way down, and thence commences a region of loose cinders, sand, and ashes, sloping with a steep declivity to the bottom. Pieces of the cliff are every moment dropping to the depths below, breaking the profound silence of the hill, and producing the most dreary sound imaginable. In the very apex of the inverted cone, there appeared to be a bed of solid rock or lava, filled with water, which reflected the rays of the sun with such intensity, that it was at first mistaken for some glittering mineral. Along the sides of the crater the smoke rises in a hundred different places, ascending in most cases gently, as if proceeding from smothered fires, and curling in wreaths

round the projecting rocks. The guide stated that an unusual quantity was emitted on the day of our visit, owing to the prevalence of a southern wind.

It seems to be the general opinion, that the Volcano is in its old age, and that its combustible materials are nearly exhausted. So thought the inhabitants of Herculaneum and Pompeii, whose streets were paved with lava thrown out centuries before, and who were lulled into a fatal security by a temporary repose of the elements. Since that period not less than forty eruptions have taken place, covering all sides of the mountain with a mass of ruins, which would make a hill twice the size of the cone, and which prove that the torrents ejected must come from great depths in the earth. Incredible stories are told of the height to which the showers of fire and cinders are elevated, and of the distances to which they extend. Egypt, Syria, and Constantinople are said to have witnessed a rain of ashes during some of the eruptions, and the column is supposed to have ascended to the upper regions of the atmosphere, thirty or forty miles from the earth. Such tales are contrary to all the calculations of projectiles, and outrage belief. The last eruption occurred in 1822, when about eight hundred feet of the top of the hill was taken off. Torrents of lava, twenty feet in depth, rolled about half way down the mountain, in the direction of the villages lining the shore, the inhabitants of which were in a state of the utmost terror, expecting to realize the fate of Herculaneum and Pompeii. It rained ashes for several days in the streets of Naples, and the air was so thick as to render candles necessary at noon day. The indications of a convulsion by a long course of observation have been clearly ascertained. Immense volumes of smoke, of a darker complexion than usual, rise in the form of a wide spreading tree, the top of which reaches to heaven, and the trunk extending sometimes twenty miles in diameter. The waters of the bay retreat from the strand, as if absorbed into subterranean gulfs, to be emitted from the crater. A tremor is felt in the earth. These signs continue for a day or two, giving the populous district at the foot of the mountain warning of the impending calamity. In 1822 the people clung to their property, their little all, to the last, and the police were obliged to tear them away. Thieves, disguised in female attire, seized the opportunity of plundering amidst the scene of confusion.

I walked about one third of the way round the crater, and should have completed the circuit, had not another cloud dashed against the mountain and again involved us in mist. Two English ladies, now at Naples, are making preparations to descend into the abyss, by means of ropes fastened to the cliffs. Such an enterprise deserves little applause, since it is mere matter of heroism, and will probably not serve to extend the sphere of philosophical knowledge. The formation of the basin can be examined to as good advantage from the top as from the bottom. Having lingered something more than two hours on the top of the mountain, and examined its various aspects in the most satisfactory manner, we descended in a few minutes from the height, which it required a wearisome hour to climb. In the course of the jaunt, I picked up among the embers the sole of a pretty shoe, which looked as if it might have been thrown out by the volcano. Thinking that old Empedocles* might, according to his doctrine of transmigration, have been once more changed into a girl, and the proofs of his mortality again discovered in the fragments of a slipper, I added the relic to Salvatore's museum, although he did not seem to appreciate its value.

In recrossing the beds of lava, our guide relieved the tedium of the way by giving an account of the remarkable personages, whom he had conducted to the top of Vesuvius. Baron Humboldt has ascended four times, for the purpose of making philosophical experiments. All the Bonapartes save Napoleon, have been among the number of visitants. The Emperor of Austria, the late Princess Charlotte of England, and many of the sovereigns of Europe, have been carried up in sedans—a species of cruelty, which, to a person of any feeling, must more than counterbalance the pleasure. Count Bergami, and the late Queen Caroline must not be forgotten in the enumeration of nobility. They went up together, and are said to have been enamoured of smothered flames. Tradition is silent, whether the cavalier put his shoulder to the sedan, or was himself carried in state.

On our return to Resina, we examined the museum of Salvatore, which contains mineralogical specimens of the

This philosopher and disciple of Pythagoras contended, that he had successively appeared on earth, in the forms of a girl, a boy, a bird, a fish, and last of all Empedocles. He secretly threw himself into the crater of Etna, wishing to pass for a god; but an eruption ejected his sandal, and was the means of exposing his unfounded claims to divine honours.

whole region in the vicinity of Vesuvius. Cases containing full suites, are neatly put up, and kept for sale at reasonable prices. We had picked up for ourselves some fine specimens in the vicinity of the crater; but a traveller, who is constantly on the wing, will soon learn the folly and impracticability of collecting mineralogical cabinets. I began several times to make a collection of such as I deemed most curious; but after the parcels were kept in my trunk just long enough to wear out my clothes, they were in most cases thrown away.

While breakfast was preparing, a cicerone conducted us through the ruins of Herculaneum, buried seventy feet beneath the villages of Resina and Portici. The entrance through long, dark, and intricate avenues, render the use of tapers necessary from the very threshold of the descent. Instead of the bright skies which once canopied the ancient city, its firmament is now composed of a solid bed of lava, and the rumbling of carriages is heard on the road above. The excavations are very circumscribed, and the ruins are too imperfectly developed to afford much interest. Treasures to an unknown extent yet remain to be opened, and as the surface is thickly covered with modern buildings, among which is the king's palace, ages may elapse before the whole will be explored. The ancient theatre is at present the only object which attracts the attention of the traveller. Its proportions, its benches, its entrances, and its ornaments, even to the red stucco upon the walls, are distinctly seen. The corridors are surrounded by a suite of apartments, which were probably the coffee-houses and lounges of the audience. It is said that the inhabitants were in the theatre, at the time it was overwhelmed—a supposition wholly improbable, since only a few skeletons have been found. The catastrophe does not seem to have been sudden. Pliny had time to sail from Cape Misenum to Stabiae, a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles, after the eruption appeared, before these cities were destroyed. Ample time was therefore afforded for those who chose to make their escape.

It is the received opinion, that half a dozen different torrents of lava, at distant periods, have rolled above Herculaneum, producing as many distinct strata. Indeed, it is wholly incredible, that a single eruption should emit a bed seventy or eighty feet in depth. As Herculaneum was overwhelmed by the same deluge as Pompeii, it becomes a ques-

tion why the former should be buried in solid masses of lava, while the latter was covered merely with ashes, cinders, and scoria. The fact may be explained by the supposition, that the streams of lava succeeded the first showers of other materials and melted them into solid masses. These primary layers seem to have formed a covering, to protect the remains of the city from the burning flood, which subsequently came down from the mountain, and annihilated every thing, with which it came in contact. It is a subject of regret to the traveller, that he has no opportunity of examining the stratification of Herculaneum. All the excavations except that about the theatre have been filled up. This city was the second or third in size and importance in Campania, anterior to Rome in its foundation, and at the time of its destruction, the seat of wealth and luxury. But I will not dwell on this topic, having a long story of the same kind to tell of a sister city, overwhelmed by a common calamity, and much more fully laid open to observation.

LETTER LXVII.

EXCURSION TO POMPEII.

May, 1826.—A day was busily occupied in examining the remains of Pompeii, seated on the south-western slope of Vesuvius, midway between the top of the mountain and the bay, twelve or fourteen miles from Naples. The road leading to it, through Torre del Greco and Annunziata, traverses several beds of lava, by one of which the former village was entirely destroyed in the great eruption of 1794. Some of the buildings are yet seen buried to the chamber windows by the deluge of fire, which descended in billows high as those of the ocean, sweeping away every thing in its path. It is impossible to imagine any phenomenon more awfully sublime than these burning torrents, kindling into a flame all the combustible matter over which they roll, and producing tremendous explosions of rocks, with which they come in contact. The foliage bordering the tract in a moment becomes sere, and the next instant is in a blaze. One would almost be willing to meet Pliny's fate—certainly to encounter the risk he did—for the sake of witnessing a spec-

tacle of so much grandeur. The beds formed by the eruption of 1794 are yet perfectly bleak and sterile, though the borders are exuberantly rich and productive. Fields all green, flowery, and gay, extend far up the acclivities of the mountain, between these broad desolate tracts of lava. *Lachryma-christi*, a wine well known for its excellence, is peculiar to this district, in which great quantities of it are made.

The situation of Pompeii is delightful, in the midst of a fertile region, sufficiently elevated to command a view of the sea and mountains. Immense mounds of sand and ashes, thrown out in making the excavations, admonish the traveller of his approach. We arrived at an early hour in the forenoon, and lingered till sunset among the ruins. The town was four miles in circumference, of an irregular shape, and surrounded with double walls. Only one eighth of its area has yet been excavated. The rest is buried to the depth of fifteen or twenty feet. Excavations are still in progress. The surface is planted with poplars, vines, and maize. But the soil appears arid, and vegetation parched and stunted though irrigated by the waters of the Sarno, carried through the town in aqueducts.

We commenced our examination with the Amphitheatre near the southern gate. It is nearly in a perfect state, similar in form and construction to the Coliseum at Rome, with two principal entrances on opposite sides, and a small door for carrying out the dead, killed in combats on the arena. The *podium* or lower circle of benches seems to have been guarded by an iron railing. Two fragments of bas-relief, one representing a charioteer in the attitude of driving, and the other a mask, are still visible. The exterior was surrounded with a course for chariot races, elevated by a concentric wall and terrace above the entrances of the amphitheatre, and secured on the outside by balustrades. These aerial races at the height of fifteen or twenty feet from the ground, must have formed a curious spectacle. In the corridors and passages of the circus, the pavements are composed of blocks of lava, showing that this region has been volcanic from time immemorial.

A little to the north of the amphitheatre is a building called the *Triclinium*, exhibiting traces of couches and tables, where the frequenters of public amusements used to recline at the feast. In the same quarter, excavations have been

made, which exhibit perfectly the several strata which overwhelmed Pompeii, in the memorable eruption of the year 79. It is supposed, that each stratum was the work of a day, and that the number corresponds with the intermissions and renewals of the showers of fire, water, lava, pumice-stones, cinders, ashes, and sand, which deluged the ill-fated city. The first or bottom layer is five or six feet thick, composed of small whitish stones, loose and round, mingled with globules of lava, of the size of shot. Above this are spread several beds of ashes and cinders, of a darker complexion, and perfectly distinct in formation. It will be seen from these facts, that the ruins of the mountain which overwhelmed Pompeii differ entirely in character from the solid masses of lava under which Herculaneum was buried, though both cities were destroyed during the same eruption.

Crossing a plain about half a mile in width, enamelled with a variety of wild flowers, which bloom above the unopened sepulchre of the town, we arrived at one of the principal streets, which has been excavated to the pavement, and is in as perfect a state as it was seventeen centuries ago. It is lined on both sides with public buildings, dwelling-houses and shops, the fronts and walls of which remain entire, their roofs alone having been pressed in by the showers of volcanic matter. Nothing was wanting but inhabitants to complete the picture of a modern Italian village. We strolled along the street just as we would through the Toledo, peeping into the shops, and pausing to examine whatever fell in our way. It is sufficiently broad for two modern carriages to pass abreast; paved with large flags accurately adjusted; furnished with side-walks, and with stepping-stones, at convenient intervals, elevated a foot or more, to enable pedestrians to cross comfortably in wet weather. Much more cleanliness prevails, than in the most fashionable parts of Naples and Rome. The pavement is deeply worn with the tracks of ancient carriage wheels, proving that the town was old at the time of its destruction. I had the curiosity to measure the distance between the ruts, and found it to be five feet, about the width of a modern coach.

Many of the dwelling-houses and shops were examined with minute attention. They look so like inhabited tenements, that it almost seemed proper to knock or ring at the door, lest the stranger should intrude on a family of old Pompeians. The preservation of the buildings, composed of

ordinary materials, is perfectly astonishing. Not only the walls, but the painted stucco and frescos, even to the most delicate lines, are as entire, and almost as fresh, as if they had been done six months or a year ago. There seems to have been nothing damp or corrosive in the substances, which have protected them from the influence of the elements for so many ages. The apartments are uniformly small, badly lighted, without fire-places, and in all respects inconvenient, affording strong evidence that the ancient inhabitants knew as little of the comforts of home, in our sense of the word, as do the modern Italians, and that most of their time, except in the hours of sleeping, was passed in the streets, and at places of public amusement. The decorations of the rooms are quite as handsome as the same description of ornaments at the present day. Some of the mosaic floors are of exquisite workmanship, and the designs exhibit a good deal of taste. The walls are painted of different colours—generally green, but sometimes red or yellow. In a sculptor's shop, spots of the liquid plaster which bespattered the side of the room while he was at work, remain as fresh as ever. We could at first hardly believe our own eyes, and suspected some deception, till other streets had been traversed, and the same vivid impressions found in all parts of the city that have yet been opened.

The two theatres, one for tragedy and the other for comedy, are nearly entire, and show perfectly the construction and arrangement of such edifices among the Greeks and Romans. They are of a semi-circular form, rising with tiers of stone steps to the height of twenty or thirty feet, terminating in a gallery guarded by iron balustrades, and appropriated to the female part of the audience. The stage did not differ materially from that of a modern theatre, except that it was broader and had much less depth. Behind was the postscenium or green-room; in front, the proscenium corresponding with our orchestra; and the ancient orchestra seems to have answered to the modern parterre or pit, though used for a different purpose. Two play-tickets have been found near the theatres, and are now deposited in the Museum at Naples. They are of ivory, circular in shape, bearing the name of *Æschylus*, the Shakspeare of Greece, with the number of the place in Greek and Latin on one side, and an image of the theatre on the reverse. The practice of assigning and numbering seats, to prevent confusion;

appears to have been introduced by Augustus. In the pillars and ornaments of the buildings at Pompeii, Parian marble is found in great profusion, evincing the wealth and luxury of the inhabitants. Few cities now existing in Italy could furnish so many works of art, and such strong indications of taste and splendour, as have here already been discovered in a Provincial town, justifying fully my remarks on the articles in the Museum at Naples.

From the theatres we strolled through the Forum Nundinarium, or Market-place, which is a large square, surrounded by colonnades of Doric pillars, with a copious fountain in the centre, and at present shaded with weeping-willows. The columns are covered with stucco, and exhibit traces of etchings and initials cut by ancient idlers, while lounging in the Forum thinking of nothing, or using the penknife during a conversation with an acquaintance. Ranges of boutiques extend round the Market, in which sundry domestic utensils were found, and also skeletons in the stocks, in what was supposed to be the guard-house. As this place furnished all the conveniences for dining, except the trifling article of food, and the exercise of the morning had created an appetite for any fare however coarse, we directed the cicerone to bring out the best, which his humble habitation afforded. His wife, the only female resident within the walls of the ancient city, made her appearance, and spread an antique table of Parian marble dug from the ruins, beneath the shade of one of the weeping-willows, rendered cooler by the playing of the fountain. Our round Grecian slab, supported by a beautiful fluted pedestal, was crowned with more than attic simplicity. The black-eyed Calabrian hostess produced two sorts of bread—one made of Indian corn, but very far inferior to that which Yankee housewives know how to knead from the same material. Neither milk nor butter—fish, flesh, nor fowl was to be had. A boiled egg, to be eaten as it might without a spoon, and a glass of red wine, made from the grape which springs from the ashes of Pompeii, concluded the slender bill of fare. But the frugal repast was more highly relished, than probably are in most cases the banquets of kings. Imagination reverted to the period, when perhaps a circle of Grecian wit and beauty surrounded the same table, quaffing Falernian cups, and warbling in Lydian measures the love-songs of Sappho and Anacreon.

After dinner, which did not require a long sitting, we visited

the temple of Hercules, standing upon an eminence that overlooks the Forum. The ruins are massive and highly interesting. Triangular colonnades surrounded the edifice, and a magnificent porch rose in front. The platform, ninety feet in length and sixty in breadth, elevated three steps from the ground, is still entire. Fragments of gigantic columns strew the area. They are of the old Doric order, without bases, and resembling those of Pæstum. This temple is believed to belong to a period long anterior to the rest of Pompeii. There were three altars for the sacrifice of victims, one of which is small, designed merely to hold the sacred fire. Near by stood the receptacle for the consecrated ashes. At one end of the shrine, is a semi-circular bench in the form of a sofa, and in the vicinity, a burying-ground, supposed to be the cemetery of the priests, who officiated at the altars.

Entering the Appian Way, which ran through the whole length of the town and formed the principal street, we found the buildings if possible in a more perfect state of preservation, than those that have already been described. If a stranger could be set down blindfold, and the bandage removed, he would scarcely know but he was in a modern Italian town, which had just been deserted, or whose inhabitants were taking a siesta after dinner. The names of persons, written in red paint, are seen over the shop doors, and the designations of cross streets, on the corners, as at the present day. In a word, if the furniture which is now in the museum at Naples, had been left *in situ* as it was here found, a new set of inhabitants might have gone to house-keeping, with very few repairs, and at very little expense. The silence and solitude which reign along the streets are almost terrific, reminding the visitant that he is traversing the city of the dead, whose spirits start up to meet him at every step.

Among the public edifices which we visited, are the temples of Æsculapius and of Isis. The former is a mere cell, and the most useful of all the gods, if he was not a quack in his profession, was honoured with a very humble shrine. A low altar rises in the centre of the fane, on which the convalescent patient probably used to burn incense to the healing divinity. His statue and that of his attendant goddess Hygeia, were found among the rubbish. The temple of Isis is upon a much larger scale. It was about sixty feet square, of the Doric order, built of brick, and covered with stucco. The pavement is splendid mosaic, and the sanctum sanctorum,

whence oracles issued, rises on half a dozen lofty steps ornamented with Parian marble. A statue of the goddess surmounted the high altar. The secret stairs up which the priests ascended, behind the curtain, to give responses to worshippers, are still seen. A more gross and bungling attempt at imposition cannot well be imagined, proving that with the Egyptian religion, Egyptian credulity, which could bend to cats, crocodiles, and onions, must also have been imported. Below the shrine, are the altars on which the burnt-offerings were made, the reservoir in which their ashes were preserved; and here lavfers for purification were found. In fact, the whole apparatus for performing the mystic and superstitious rites is nearly complete. The worship of Isis seems to have been just coming into fashion in Italy, at the commencement of the Christian era, and in the succeeding ages, it acquired new eclat from becoming the religion of the emperors. It appears to have been introduced by a connexion with Egypt in commerce. It was evidently in vogue to the last fatal day of Pompeii; for the skeletons of priests have been found in the refectory and other apartments of the temple, where they were overwhelmed by the tempest of fire, while clinging to the post of duty, or lost in sensual enjoyments. The fragments of the very banquet at which they were seated, when the awful moment of destruction arrived, were discovered in disinterring the temple, and are seen in the collection of curiosities already described.

Round the Forum Civile, a spacious public square, and apparently the centre of the town, rose other edifices of no ordinary magnificence. Among these is the splendid dwelling house disinterring under the direction of the French General Championet, and which has very justly taken his name. It contains numerous apartments, small but remarkably neat, in a perfect state of preservation, displaying frescos and other ornaments in all their original freshness. Several skeletons of females, with rings upon their fingers, were found in this mansion. It appears to have been the seat of wealth and luxury. The remains of baths and alcoves are found in the gardens.

On the western side of the Forum stood the Basilica, or Court of Justice—a colossal building, two hundred feet in length, and seventy or eighty in breadth, adorned with Corinthian columns. The tribunal or bench for the judges is elevated by several steps above the pavement at one end,

and directly under it is a cell, supposed to have been a prison, with apertures in the ceiling through which criminals received their sentences. Another court, or more properly a municipal Senate-house, is situated near the temple of Isis. The rostrum, ascended by a flight of steps, is yet standing. Contiguous to the Basilica are the temples of Jupiter and Venus, the mosaic pavements and paintings of which furnish proofs of their former splendour. We climbed to the top of the former, now mantled with foliage, and took a view of the deserted city. The Pantheon and the fane of Mercury border the other side of the Forum. They have just been opened, and the colours of their frescos are more vivid than those that have been longer exposed to the action of the air. Immense quantities of statues and other ornaments have been dug up and deposited under lock and key in the courts.

In the region of the Forum, the excavations are now in progress. About one hundred men are employed, under the superintendence of an agent of the Neapolitan government. The bank which they are digging down and carting without the walls, is eighteen or twenty feet in height, and so loose as almost to slide of itself. One old man among the labourers particularly arrested our attention. He had a hoary beard, and a black, piercing eye. His naked arms, and legs below his kilts, were of as deep a bronze, as the most tawny of the American Indians. As he stood knee-deep in cinders and ashes, using his spade in opening the grave of the city, he sang aloud a merry song, the notes of which expired in echoes along the deserted streets and through unpeopled houses. It is indeed a most melancholy sight to watch these labours—to see columns, statues, and the walls of buildings just coming into view, and gradually developed by the workmen with as much indifference, as they would manifest in digging out a stump or a stone. We here examined apartments, which had been unburied on the day of our visit. The paintings were slightly moistened, and appeared as bright as when they received the last touches of the pencil. Among the most recent discoveries, is a large woollen manufactory. The whole establishment, even to the sign, is entire. But time would fail me to enter into particulars. The progress of excavation is slow, compared with what it is was under the French, who have done more towards disclosing the remains of Pompeii and the ruins scattered over Italy, than all others

put together. Had Napoleon maintained his ascendancy, and made Rome the capital of the kingdom, few antiquities would now have remained to be explored. But he preferred to play the madman in his boundless ambition, and to aim at new conquests instead of securing those he had already made. The impulse which his energy of character gave to the spirit of research and improvement in Italy, has in a great measure been spent, and the present inhabitants content themselves with revelling amidst the ruins of their country, without pushing vigorously their investigations into the imperial monuments of their ancestors.

Returning towards the Appian Way, we visited the houses of Sallust, the historian, and of Pansa, the last of the Roman Consuls, before the usurpation of the Cæsars, who reduced the office to a shadow. Both of these wealthy and distinguished citizens had splendid mansions, to which they probably used to resort as winter residences. Traces of the Triclinium and banqueting rooms, of sumptuous baths lined with Parian marble, of mosaic pavements, and other luxuries, present vivid images of taste and splendour. In our walk along the street towards the northern gate, sundry indications of the gross vice and sensuality of the Pompeians, alluded to in my remarks on one of the apartments in the Museum at Naples, were pointed out by the cicerone. Signs of the most obscene descriptions were openly paraded over the doors of the houses, on the main avenue leading through the city. Others of a more delicate but doubtful character are seen. On one threshold the word "*salve*"—which may be translated, "*walk in*"—is inscribed. Some writers have oddly enough conjectured, that the house belonged to the Vestal Virgins, who were as repulsive as modern nuns. Others more rationally believe, that it was the office of a scribe, and that the welcome was addressed to his clients. In the same quarter a coffee-house, or more properly a tippling-shop, is shown, with rings of the wet glasses upon the counter. Here also are oil stores, where large jars were found standing in holes or matrices, just as they were left. A bottle in the Studii at Naples is filled with a liquid, which was found corked among these ruins.

At the Herculaneum or northern gate, the walls were examined to the best advantage. They are lofty and substantial, but rather rude in construction, built probably to guard against earthquakes, as were the houses of the city, which

were generally of one or two stories. The gate itself, which spans the Appian Way, and seems to have been the principal of the four entrances, is a stately arch with two side-paths for pedestrians. Beyond it, a faubourg extends for some distance towards Naples, lined with taverns and other accommodations for travellers, who arrived too late to enter the town at night. A circular seat designed as a resting place is seen by the way-side, near which the skeleton of a female and a child were discovered, supposed to be a mother who here sat down with her babe, and was overtaken by the storm. Here also was the cemetery of the city. The remains of many tombs rise along the road. Some of them exhibit beautiful specimens of sculpture. In one, the urns containing the ashes of the dead are left precisely as they were discovered. We caught a glimpse of the unknown dust through the grate, by which it is guarded from intrusion. The Tomb of the Gladiators is similar in construction to the Mausoleum of Cicero near Mola di Gaeta. A column rises in the centre, with niches, technically denominated *columbaria* or pigeon holes, for holding cinerary urns. In the vicinity stood a building, used as a sort of refectory for supplying refreshments to persons engaged in burying the dead. A country-seat without the gate is ascribed to Cicero; but its character seems to be little known, and the conjecture rests on slender authority.

Our tour of observation ended where that of others generally begins—with the Villa of Diomede, standing upon an eminence close to the Appian way, and affording a magnificent view of the shores of the bay of Naples. It is perhaps the most perfect of all the ruins, if indeed any thing can produce more vivid impressions, than the objects already described. From its elevation and prominence, it accidentally led to the discovery of the buried city, by peasants at work in a vineyard, about the middle of the last century. The house is two stories high, fitted up with all the splendour, which taste and luxury could devise. Marcus Arius Diomedes, the proprietor, seems to have been a man of great wealth, and sumptuous in his style of living. He had a splendid tomb on the other side of the way, which his ashes never reached; for his skeleton was found exhibiting his ruling passion strong in death—in his wine cellar, with his keys in one hand and his gold in the other. His servant was behind him, laden with splendid plate. Seven-

teen other skeletons, one of whom seems to have been the mistress of the Villa, were discovered in the same gloomy, subterranean arches, in the gardens of the mansion whither they had fled for shelter from the fiery tempest, and where they all perished. Long ranges of amphoræ, for containing a stock probably of the choicest wines, are yet standing along the walls of the arcades.

Such is a very imperfect sketch of Pompeii, and of some of the most prominent antiquities it contains. Although I have entered more into detail, than some of my readers will probably wish; yet a small part only of the interesting ruins have been described. A volume might be written without exhausting the subject, or without being able to convey an adequate idea of the vivid and impressive picture, which the reality presents. So intensely are the feelings engaged, that the visitant does not dream of fatigue till the examination closes, although he is necessarily kept upon his feet during a long day, to enable him to catch a glance at such a multiplicity of objects.

LETTER LXVIII.

EXCURSION TO PÆSTUM—VALE OF THE SARNO—NOCERA—LA CAVA—BAY AND TOWN OF SALERNO—EBOLI—SKETCH OF THE RUINS OF PÆSTUM.

May, 1826.—Our excursion to the ruins of Pæstum, fifty-four miles south of Naples, occupied three days, which were among the most pleasant I have passed in Europe. The American Chargé des Affaires and our old medical friend accompanied us, contributing largely to the pleasures of the jaunt. We left Naples at an early hour in the morning. The road as far as Pompeii has already been described. A few miles beyond the walls of the ancient city, it crosses the Sarno, a large and romantic stream, which falls into the bay near Castellamare. At its mouth stood the ancient Stabizæ, where the elder Pliny landed in his excursion from Cape Misenus, and fell a martyr to his philosophical curiosity, during the same eruption which overwhelmed Pompeii. The vale watered by the Sarno is one of the most rural, fertile, and delicious imaginable. Its broad alluvial borders are

richly covered with vines, flax, hemp, corn, grain, and vegetables of various kinds. Orchards like those of the United States border the road. The country was all in bloom, and the flowery plains exhibited a gaiety of landscape, which can hardly be conceived in less sunny climes. But the inhabitants are miserable, and know not how to appreciate or improve the munificence of nature. We actually saw females harnessed like cattle to the plough, and dragging it through the light soil, while a man was lounging in the furrow, guiding the share! Woman, poor woman, is here emphatically degraded into the servant of servants, and it makes the heart bleed to witness the burdens she is often compelled to bear. There is no affectation nor sentimentality in this. It is plain, downright matter of fact, which stares the traveller in the face, at every step of his progress through Italy.

The general features of the district between the vale of the Sarno and the bay of Salerno, may be given in few words. It is a deep and romantic pass through the Apennines. The hills on either hand are lofty, broken, and picturesque; in many places beautifully wooded, and in others, the heights are crowned with villages and solitary convents, old fortresses, and towers, which sometimes appear almost beyond the reach of human footsteps. On the right, the mountains extend for many miles towards the Mediterranean, terminating in the lofty cape of Sorrento, dividing the bay of Naples from that of Salerno, to the south. Several large towns occupy this gorge in the hills. Nocera has many churches. We were detained half an hour in its streets, to permit a long religious procession of both sexes to pass. They were all in white masks, with red stockings, and the usual badges of ecclesiastics. The choral chant from so many voices fairly produced an echo among the hills. La Cava is another populous town, with many handsome buildings. The main street is bordered on both sides by arcades, serving the double purpose of sheltering the inhabitants from the rain and sun. It contains many churches, and convents. Some of the latter are occupied as extensive schools, for the education of females, who in Italy pass the first sixteen or eighteen years of their lives in retirement, without mingling at all with the world.

Between La Cava and the village of Vietri, an old aqueduct and bridge, stretching across a deep ravine on the right of the road, form a massive and highly picturesque ruin. In-

deed, few regions can present greater variety and richness of scenery, than this unfrequented part of Italy. The traveller would be compensated for an excursion to Pæstum, were it only for the sake of the views along the way. At 1 or 2 o'clock in the afternoon, we emerged suddenly from the defile in the mountains, and the Bay of Salerno spread full before us in all its glory, slumbering beneath skies as pure and brilliant as its own waters. It extends from the Cape of Sorrento to Pæstum, a distance of perhaps forty miles in a right line. Between these two points, it sweeps inland with a bold uniform curve, forming a gulf nearly twice the size of that of Naples, and not inferior to it in beauty. The mountains on its borders are decidedly superior; and nothing can be more romantic than its comparatively solitary shores, exhibiting here and there a village upon the rocks, and washed by the brightest waves I ever beheld.

On the right of the pass, as it opens upon the sea, a cluster of buildings hang upon the cliffs; and still higher up a convent is perched upon the very apex. If any earthly consideration could tempt a man to turn monk, it would be such a retirement as this, where nature presents her brightest elements in the happiest combinations. The late King of Naples had the good taste to build him a neat lodge, between the outlet of the defile and Salerno; but the present monarch prefers the lava beds of Portici. An excellent road, a sort of royal corso, extends along the shore, built the greater part of the way on terraces. The town of Salerno stands upon the beach, with a small port spreading in front, and high broken hills in the rear. It has a population of 15,000, but little trade, and is said to be very unhealthy in summer. The streets were full of importunate and clamorous beggars. An excellent dinner, consisting among other things of two kinds of delicate fish from the bay, green peas, oranges, and wine of a peculiar flavour, was provided for us at the hotel, the balcony of which commands an enchanting view. A visit was paid to the Cathedral, for the purpose of examining columns and other antiquities from Pæstum, deposited in the court. They present nothing particularly worthy of notice. Numerous sarcophagi were observed, ornamented with bas-relief, and inscribed with epitaphs in the Saxon character. They are evidently of the middle ages, when the Normans overran this country, and Salerno was a town of importance. It was at that period

the seat of science, literature and the arts. Its medical school was the most celebrated in Europe. From the door of the church, there is a charming view of a high broken rock, back of the town, surmounted by the ruins of an extensive fortress.

At 3 o'clock we renewed our journey towards Pæstum, crossing a wide alluvial plain, bordered on one side by the chain of Apennines, rising in rugged, fantastic peaks, and on the other, by the sea. Several pretty streams water the plain. This is the country of Salvator Rosa, and his pencil never sketched any thing half so picturesque as its natural scenery. Some of his peasantry were seen in the fields by the side of the road, with their swarthy Calabrian faces, sunburnt limbs, short white kilts, and pyramidal hats. So far as our observation goes, they are gentle and inoffensive in their manners, though they have acquired notoriety for their indolent habits, vices, and crimes. Several of the threshing floors, such as are described by Homer, attracted our attention. They consist of smooth hard areas, in the open field. Cattle are driven round on them to tread out the grain.

We reached the little village of Eboli, sixteen miles from Salerno and forty-three from Naples, at 6 o'clock in the evening, and took lodgings for the night in an old convent, now converted into a hospice for travellers. Its accommodations are wretched enough; dirty and dangerous; without conveniences or comforts. Its present master is said to have been eighteen years at the head of a band of robbers, in which time he was engaged in fifty murders. He is accused of having been accessory to the death of Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, a year or two since, between this place and Pæstum. To our inquiries whether there was at present any danger upon the road, he replied—"No, thank God, those days are gone by." He is a stout, broad-shouldered, athletic man, with nothing of the bandit in his face or manner. Although the chambers are destitute of furniture, save a miserable bed, I saw in one of them an image of the Virgin, seated in a little shrine with blue silk curtains, and a tiny lamp always kept burning before her. The chambermaid informed me, that this tutelary doll of the family cost thirty dollars, and was reckoned a good bargain. It is the only species of luxury in the house.

As we arrived at Eboli an hour before sunset, time was

afforded for a charming walk to the village, at the distance of half a mile or more from our lodgings. The streets, houses, and inhabitants are in perfect contrast with the splendour of the skies and the luxuriant charms of the country. While the latter are as beautiful as nature can bestow, the former are as mean, dirty, and repulsive as ignorance, poverty, superstition, and vice can render them. A hill back of the town affords a delightful view of the broad plain, stretching from the base of the mountains to the sea. The rocks around us were crowned with convents, and shaded with hanging woods. On the brow of this hill is an extensive garden. The keeper threw open the gate, and invited us to stroll in its alleys, plucking for each of the party a cluster of roses. We lingered here till the sun had gone down, and twilight began to fade. The softest and the richest skies I have ever witnessed were beheld from the heights of Eboli. Claude Lorrain, with all the magic of his pencil, never produced tints so exquisitely delicate and beautiful, as the blushes of the west and the purple light of the firmament on this evening.

In returning to our lodgings, we met groups of the peasantry, loitering from the fields to their dirty homes, with rural implements upon their shoulders, and carolling with light hearts, notwithstanding their poverty. A scene entirely new to us all afforded not a little amusement. It was a goatherd milking his flock and penning them for the night. The animals knew their keeper, and walked up to him one after another, to have their udders drained, and then marched into the fold without bidding. Not one offered to go, before the process of milking was completed. The flock seemed quite as intelligent as the shepherd. A group of poor villagers stood round with their little mugs, ready to purchase the milk at a penny a pint. Such is a rural scene in Calabria. How different from the extensive farm-yards, the fifty cows, the rosy-cheeked lasses, and the foaming pails of our own country!

Early next morning we left Eboli and pursued our journey towards Pæstum, which is eleven miles beyond that village. The traveller here deserts the great road, leading to the straits of Messina, and enters an unfrequented path to the right, crossing a broad, solitary plain, which bears a striking resemblance to the Campagna di Roma. There is scarcely a house in the whole distance, and the very silence of the

waste, independent of its having been the haunt of banditti, is almost terrific. A fox which crossed the way a few rods before us, was the only living creature seen for six or eight miles. The greater part of this desolate tract belongs to the hunting-grounds of the king, who has a lodge, called Persano, in sight of the road. To the left rises Mount Alburnus, a bold, rugged hill, with its rocky acclivities slightly shaded with woods, and its top still white with snow! This phenomenon perfectly astonished us in a Calabrian climate, at a season when the weather was as warm as it is with us in the summer. The plain is watered by the Silaro, a considerable stream, the banks of which are in some places finely wooded with ilex. We crossed it on a bridge built by Murat. The toll for our *fiacre* was *two dollars*!

Notwithstanding the badness of the road, which compelled us to walk a considerable part of the way, we reached Pæstum at 8 o'clock, and drove through a breach in the old wall, called the gate of Aurora, though the portals have long since been levelled to the dust. A squalid peasant boy met us at the entrance, and presented a cluster of the far-famed roses, which bloom twice a year, in May and December—at least in the page of every tourist, from Virgil down to Madam Starke. The site of the ancient town is so low, and so buried in the foliage of the plain, that no glimpses of it are obtained in the approach; and the three great ruins, which form the principal objects of the stranger's pilgrimage, came suddenly into view, exciting by their contiguity, their dimensions, their complexion, and above all by the loneliness of their situation, a very deep and strong emotion. With them, the ordinary course of nature seems to be reversed, and the eternal monuments remain nearly entire, while the nation by whom they were erected has vanished from the face of the earth, and its records have been swept into oblivion. Their origin and history have become mere matter of conjecture, to be drawn from an examination of their construction, rather than from any external evidence. The story of Pæstum itself may be told in few words. It appears to have been originally settled by a colony of Dorians, who were subsequently expelled by the Sybarites, and the name of the city changed to that of Posidonia or Neptunia. The latter was in turn conquered by their neighbours the Lucanians, and these by the Romans, who gave to the town its present appellation. In after ages, Pæstum was scourged by the

Saracens and Normans, who left the three great temples standing, either from the difficulty of demolishing them, or out of respect to their venerable antiquity, where no stronger motive prevailed. Though the ruins never could have been concealed or entirely unknown, they seem to have attracted no attention, in a country so full of antiquities, till a Neapolitan artist brought them into notice about the middle of the last century.

The three temples range along the solitary plain in a direct line, within the distance of less than a half a mile, rendering it probable that they fronted upon the principal street, of which no traces now remain. They are designated by the names of Ceres, Neptune, and the Basilica, standing in the order they are mentioned from north to south. I know of no evidence either internal or external, which might lead with certainty to these appellations. The temple of Neptune is much the largest, and to this our steps were first directed, under the guidance of a local cicerone. It is in the shape of a parallelogram, two hundred feet in length, and eighty feet in breadth, with two fronts, one facing the east and the other the west, each supported by six massive columns. On either side are twelve pillars of the same dimensions, making thirty-six in all. They are twenty-seven feet in height, and twenty feet in circumference at the base, tapering towards the top, fluted and of the primitive Doric order, giving the heavy proportions of only five, instead of the usual number of eight or nine, diameters to the length. Each of them is composed of half a dozen separate blocks of stone, so accurately adjusted, that the junction is scarcely discernible. They have no bases, but the shafts are firmly planted upon a substantial platform, raised three steps from the ground. Their capitals are all entire, connected by doric architraves, friezes, and cornices, running quite round the building. After examining the construction of this severe but beautiful fabric, one feels less surprise that it has stood comparatively unimpaired for so many ages, amidst natural and civil convulsions, which have levelled structures of lighter and more elegant architecture. It is supposed to be the oldest edifice now in existence, and to date from a period anterior to the finished models of the Grecian orders.

The material out of which the temple of Neptune is built, is a porous but substantial species of stone, believed to be

petrifications from the banks of the Silaro. Its complexion is of a rich orange hue, and nothing can be finer than the aspect of the ruin, especially when softened and harmonized by a moderate distance. The interior contains two vestibules at each end, whence there is an ascent by steps to what is technically called the *cella*, forming an oblong platform in the centre of the temple. On this stand colonnades of less dimensions than the external pillars, but of the same order, and surmounted by a massive architrave, which supports another range of small columns. A few of the latter are missing—the only innovations which time has made upon the pillared magnificence of this fabric. Traces of the altars on which victims were offered are yet visible. The summits of the outer porticos are fancifully shaded by wild shrubbery and flowers springing from the crevices of the architrave, and hanging their blossoms over Grecian cornices. At the hour of our visit, two or three peasants had ascended to the battlements on ladders, to hunt for the nests of jackdaws, swallows, and wrens, that build in the ruin, and keep up a constant chattering. One little incident occurred, which formed so curious a coincidence, and was in such perfect keeping, that my companions were specially called to witness, lest a narrative of it might be considered a fiction. While gazing at the ruins, we observed three snowy bulls, feeding among the thistles at the western end. One of them, as the sun grew warm, deserted his pasture, and actually climbed the lofty steps, leading to the porch of the temple. He marched up toward the very altar, on which so many of his ancestors had probably been sacrificed to the god of the sea. He walked deliberately over the platform, and we left him lounging in the shade of the colossal pillars.

The edifice denominated the Basilica stands a few rods south of the temple of Neptune, to which it bears a strong resemblance in its general aspect. It is one hundred and sixty feet in length and eighty feet in width, raised on a platform, adorned with sixteen fluted columns on either side, and nine on each front. The pillars and architraves are precisely of the same character, as those which have already been described, though less massive, and varying slightly in complexion. There is not the shadow of a doubt that the two buildings were erected by the same people, (probably the Dorians,) and in the same age. The absence of altars and of a *cella* has led antiquaries to believe, that this edifice was

a Court of Justice. A range of columns, three of which are yet standing, extended lengthwise through the interior, dividing it into equal parts. The shafts are planted upon a slight elevation, which is supposed to have been the seat of the Judges.

From the Basilica, we strolled to the southern gate of the city, near which is a small cottage with a garden, where a bed of Pæstan roses was seen in full bloom. The poor tenants of the humble and dirty habitation permitted us to pluck for ourselves. There is certainly a peculiar fragrance in this flower, and the blushes of its crimson petals, as well as the verdure of the leaves, appeared unusually brilliant, in comparison with the paler hues of more northern climes. We made pets of the buds, and nursed them with the most assiduous care. The garden is watered by the Solofone, a pretty stream, which flows under the very walls of the town, and gurgles among the ruins. We here ascended the ramparts, and followed them nearly half way round the city, which was about three miles in circumference, with four gates placed at right angles, corresponding with the cardinal points of the compass. At the south-western corner, the murmurs of the sea breaking upon the solitary beach beneath us, at the distance of less than half a mile, were distinctly heard. The view from the walls, is both extensive and splendid, reaching to the amphitheatre of mountains beyond the bay of Salerno, to the north and east. On the south, the high hills of Callimara, Cantena, and Acropoli, in continuation of Mount Alburnus, form a long continuous chain, bearing on their acclivities a few scattered buildings, and terminating in the bold, desolate promontory of Leucosia. To the west spreads the boundless sea, rolling in azure brightness, but unenlivened by a single sail. The port, which tradition says Jason and Ulysses, Hercules and Pyrrhus once visited, has now entirely vanished, and even its site cannot be ascertained. It was probably near the western gate which still goes by the name of *Porta a Mare*.

Traversing the walls to the northern gate, we examined the ancient tombs, which are without the city. Antiquaries have inferred from their construction, that the people to whom they belonged, were of Chaldaic origin. They consist of separate cavities in the earth, of the dimensions and depth of an ordinary grave, walled up and covered with a triangular roof. The ruins are too vague to afford much satisfaction to

the mind. Some beautiful relics have been found in them. Our ramble was extended thence to the eastern gate, which is nearly entire, and bears the name of the Siren, whose image was once seen upon the key-stone, holding in her hand a Pæstan rose. The arch is fifty feet in height, without side-paths. Here the walls are examined to the best advantage. They are built of large blocks of stone, resembling the ramparts of ancient Fæsulæ, and leading some to believe them to be of Etrurian origin, or to have been erected by a kindred people. They were originally fifty feet high, and twenty feet wide at top, flanked with eight massive towers.

After examining the obscure remains of the theatre and amphitheatre, which offer nothing worthy of notice, we repaired to the temple of Ceres, and there finished our round of observations. This beautiful edifice is very similar in construction to the other two, which have already been described. The order of architecture is the same, except that its proportions are lighter and more elegant. It is about one hundred feet in length, and fifty in breadth, elevated on a platform, with two fronts, and the same number of columns, as the temple of Neptune. A beautiful entablature extends quite round the building. It has altars, and a *cella*, separated from the vestibule by a range of pillars. By another odd coincidence, fields of grain almost fit for the sickle, were now waving under the very porticos of the shrine of Ceres. This circumstance is the more singular, as the greater part of the space enclosed by the walls of the city has run to waste, and is overgrown by wild bushes, brambles, and thistles. A few miserable huts, and a handful of sickly, wretched inhabitants, constitute the only remains of the town. The *mal'aria* is so destructive as to render the place uninhabitable in the summer months.

Having seen under the most favourable circumstances all the objects of interest, which Præstum contains, we reclined on the pavement, in the shade of the porch of Ceres, and dined on coarse bread and wine, the only articles our cicerone could cater among his poor neighbours. A flow of soul sweetened the humble repast; and scanty as was our stock of provisions, some of the party made libations to the goddess, just by way of seeing whether they remembered their classics. After dinner, we took a farewell view of the ruins, and at 1 o'clock set out for home.

Half a mile from the gate of Aurora, we paused a mo-

ment to examine the spot, near a large fig-tree, where Mr. and Mrs. Hunt were murdered, on their return from a visit to this place. The cicerone who conducted us over the ruins of Pæstum, was several months in prison, under a suspicion of being concerned in the robbery. He however escaped. A ragged peasant boy informed us, that he saw the murder, and was called as a witness. 'The banditti were behind the bushes, but almost within call of the town. One of them stepped out and demanded Mr. Hunt's money. He began to parley, when both he and his young wife received mortal wounds from a musket. They were carried to Naples and buried in the same grave.

At 7 o'clock this evening, we reached Salerno and found good accommodations for the night. Some of the party went to the village play, and others read Horace. The luxurious poet, tired of the hot springs and myrtle groves, the gaiety and dissipation of Baïæ, makes particular inquiries in his epistle to Caius Numonius Vala, respecting the advantages and comforts of a residence at Salernum. It does not appear, that he ever availed himself of the information he sought, though the region is far more attractive, than the neighbourhood of his Sabine farm. If the Roman town furnished as good accommodations as we found in the modern, Horace would have found all the dainties he required, even to his wine :

—generosum et lene requiro,
Quod curas abigat.

A delicious red wine, the product of Calabrian hills, was set upon our table, and gave a higher relish to the varieties of fish from the neighbouring waters.

On the following morning, an excellent breakfast was served up on the balcony of the Hotel, fanned by the breezes of the sea, and in view of all the splendour of Calabrian scenery. One of our quartetto was so full of Pæstum, that he forgot his watch, and was obliged to travel back four miles. But notwithstanding this slight accident, we reached Naples at an early hour, delighted with the excursion.

LETTER LXIX.

DEPARTURE FROM NAPLES—VISIT TO CASERTA—PALACE—
GARDEN—AQUEDUCT—RETURN TO MONT ALBANO.

June 1826.—On the morning of 4th of June, we left Naples, on our return towards Rome, accompanied by several friends including the American Chargé. At the town of Aversa, we made a diversion to the right of the great Capua road, and after crossing a broad fertile plain, tolerably well cultivated, waving with harvests and vineyards, we reached Caserta about noon. After breakfast, we procured a cicerone, and went to the famous palace, built by Charles III. a monarch of handsome talents, great magnificence, and no mean taste. This colossal pile is in point of architecture decidedly the finest edifice to be found south of Rome. Its length is eight hundred feet, and its breadth four hundred; three stories high, besides the attic; and of the composite order. The material is a light coloured stone, which shows remarkably well. There are three lofty arched doors in front, opening quite through the building, and disclosing in long perspective the elevated ridges of hills in the rear. Through the vista formed by the middle entrance, a copious stream is seen falling in cascades from the mountains, which are comparatively naked, uniform, and tame. The artificial character of the water also detracts much from the beauty of the prospect. In front of the palace, which, in spite of all its faults, presents an imposing façade, the view extends across a wide plain to the south, towards Naples and the sea. The old town of Caserta, seated on the top of one of the hills, and now in ruins, forms by far the most striking and romantic feature in the scenery.

The interior of the palace is entirely unique in its construction, and notwithstanding its oddity, presents a coup d'oeil of perhaps unequalled architectural grandeur. It is erected round four spacious courts, two on each side of the central arched and pillared passage. From the middle of the edifice four magnificent avenues open diagonally into the courts, and afford views of the rich façades by which they are bordered. The spectator here finds himself in the midst

of a splendid panorama of palaces rising on all sides, magnified and seen to more advantage through the long perspective arches, forming hexagonal radii, including the two running transversely through the building. So far as my observation extends, this plan has the merit of perfect originality, and the unity of idea in such a maze of splendour produces a very happy effect.

The stair-way can hardly be surpassed in grandeur. It springs from the central arch, and ascends by a flight of marble steps, perhaps thirty feet in breadth, to the first story, where there is a spacious landing; and thence two other flights, of nearly the same width, rise laterally on each side of the former to the second floor. In an alcove opposite the foot, stands a colossal Hercules, a copy of the one in the Studi at Naples; while the head of the steps is guarded by two beautiful lions in marble. The upper flights are enriched with balustrades and Ionic columns of the richest materials and the most exquisite workmanship.

Entering the labyrinth of apartments, we first visited the Chapel, which is a compound of splendour and meanness. The walls are surrounded by colonnades of Corinthian pillars supporting the galleries. Some of these are said to be from the temple of Jupiter Serapis at Pozzuoli. As a contrast to this richness of columns, the High Altar is of painted stucco, without a fragment of marble or precious stone in its tawdry ornaments. The theatre is splendidly finished, having three tiers of boxes, making about forty in all, with a throne in front, for the king, little inferior in its decorations to the royal seat in San Carlo. On extraordinary occasions, his Majesty takes with him to Caserta a company of players from Naples.

The cicerone led us through an extricable suite of vacant rooms, which looked all alike, and in which the points of compass were easily lost. The floors are painted red and varnished, like those of all the other regal palaces. There is a scanty show of furniture and tapestry; and the frescoed ceilings are not very remarkable either for design or execution.

The gardens, fountains, and cascades in the rear of the Palace, are all in horrible taste. Such nudity and poverty of grounds were never seen in connexion with so much architectural splendour. A lawn more fit for a farm-yard, than for the park of one of the finest edifices in Europe, spreads

back of the northern façade. A scanty coat of foliage; a few shorn trees and shrubs, bordering straight paths; parterres of flowers fantastically cut into the shape of baskets, disgust the visitant at every step. In the centre of the grounds is a large square fish-pond, substantially walled up, and guarded by a heavy balustrade. Not a leaf, nor an aquatic plant shades the finny tribes from the influence of a broiling sun.

Again entering our coach, we set out for the Aqueduct, at the distance of four or five miles. The road runs along the base of a high range of hills, crowned with the ruins of old fortresses and towns. It passes several pretty villages, and is bordered at intervals with pyramids of moderate elevation, surmounted by vases. Winding round under the cliffs of one of the mountains, the traveller sees the Aqueduct stretching across a deep, retired, rural vale half a mile or more in width. This stupendous work, which reminds one of the similar structures of the Romans, is two hundred feet in height, consisting of triple rows of arches, stretching from hill to hill, and presenting a view of much grandeur. It is substantially constructed of yellowish stone; wide enough at top for the passage of a coach, and guarded by balustrades. The king has ridden across it in his chariot. It bears a striking resemblance to a work of the same kind at Montpellier, in the south of France, described in one of my former letters.

We climbed the rugged ascent, to the eastern end of it, and examined its arches, opening longitudinally through two of its stories, in lengthened perspective. The conduit is five feet deep, and eight or ten feet from the top. At the point, where the water enters, the stream is so rapid, that its roar may be heard at the depth of several feet below the surface. Half a mile farther on, the current descends from the hill in an open canal. It is rapid, clear, and cold; sufficiently copious to turn several grist-mills before entering the aqueduct. It comes from Beneventum, twenty miles to the north-east. After crossing the valley, it runs along the ridge of mountains, in one place through a tunnel two miles in length, and the rest of the way near the surface, till it bursts from the brow of the hill, in the rear of the palace at Caserta. Thence it is carried to Naples, making a distance in all of about forty miles.

We followed the track of the king's coach, across the top, and descended on the other side. The view into the secluded vale, winding up among the mountains, is extensive, rich, and

beautiful. This aqueduct was constructed in the term of seven years, by Charles III. to supply his palace at Caserta with fountains and fish-ponds. Two long Latin inscriptions on the arches, give a history of the undertaking. Who that has examined this work, constructed for more than half of the way through a rough, mountainous country, and by a nation without enterprise or energy, can doubt the practicability of supplying New-York with water from the Bronx or the Croton! Either of these streams might be brought to the city for one half the sum, which has here been expended.

Having accomplished all the objects of our visit, we returned to Caserta; and after parting with the friend, who had been with us almost daily during our residence at Naples, and who had done so much to render our tour both agreeable and instructive, the rest of our party set out for Capua, with feelings not a little saddened by such an incident. Just at twilight, a glance was obtained of the ruins of the old city of Capua, rising in dark masses from a plain, on the right of the road, and overgrown with luxuriant foliage. Half an hour more brought us to the centre of the modern town, scarcely less a ruin, where we were compelled to take lodgings for the night, amidst beggars, bed-bugs, and fleas, the latter of which became more active and sanguinary, as the summer campaign opened. The swarms of these animals, multiplied partly by the warmth of the climate, partly by the ruinous condition of the houses, and still more by a want of neatness in the inhabitants, form a serious drawback upon the comfort and pleasure of the traveller.

It was rather an act of mercy on the part of the vetturino, to arouse his passengers at an earlier hour than the old Carthaginian used to muster his troops, and to hurry us away from Capua with all possible despatch. The weather was intensely hot and our progress slow; but the charms of the country, now dressed in summer pride, together with books and conversation, rendered our leisurely retreat over a road once travelled far from tedious. We reached the charming villa of Cicero, at Mola di Gaeta, on the second night from Naples; and the third day brought us to Terracina, where it was necessary to take lodgings, much against our inclinations, amidst beggars and banditti. In recrossing the Pontine Marshes, a grand thunder-storm was witnessed. The dark cloud, with well defined borders, rolled along the ridge of Apennines

to the east, enveloping one village after another, about which the bolts fell in rapid succession, and the road trembled with the reverberations from the hills. At 11 o'clock, we again reached the Half-way House. A *dejeuné* consisting of a dirty omelet, a bit of coarse bread, and a glass of sour wine, was served up on a wooden bench, in a room profusely ornamented with frescos in charcoal. This inn is supposed to stand upon the site of the Three Taverns, alluded to in the Acts of the Apostles, where Paul met his friends in journeying to Rome. In the vestibule of the ruinous chapel, mentioned in a former letter, a Latin inscription states, that the temple and its refectory were built by the Pope, to commemorate the scriptural incidents, and preserve the footsteps of the great Apostle of the Gentiles. The fourth night after leaving Naples brought us to the Alban Mount, where good accommodations were obtained at the *Viila di Londra*. On the following morning, our trunks were forwarded to Rome, while we lingered a day or two to examine this interesting region. In the pretty little white village, on the brow of the Alban Mount, there is a coffee-house, called the *Coffè Americano*, out of compliment to our country. Could the old Romans awake from the sleep of the tomb, and read the sign, how would they be puzzled with the name, and what would be their astonishment to learn, that it designated a Republic, proud as their own at the zenith of its glory, situated in a land beyond the waste of the Atlantic, unknown to the world for a thousand years after the fall of the Roman Empire!

At the door of this coffee-house and along the streets were seen the descendants of the Alban Fathers, playing at *Mora*, the national game of the lower classes throughout Italy. The women of Albano are beautiful, in comparison with the same classes in the Neapolitan dominions. They do up their hair in a peculiar manner, with massive silver skewers eight or ten inches in length. Red bodices, tightly laced, preserve an original beauty of form, even among the peasantry.

LETTER LXX.

SKETCH OF MONTE ALBANO—SHORES OF THE ALBAN LAKE—
EXCURSION TO LAKE NEMI—POMPEY'S PRISON—MUSEUM OF
ANTIQUITIES—GROTTO-FERRATA—FRASCATI—RUINS OF TUS-
CULUM—MODERN PALACES—RETURN TO ROME.

June, 1826.—The morning after our arrival at Albano, we procured a suite of donkeys, and commenced an examination of the hill, under the guidance of a local cicerone. A shower overtook us soon after leaving the hotel, and compelled us to take shelter under a grove of ilex upon the declivity, commanding a full view of the Campagna di Roma, which was chequered with sunshine and shade. In the distance, the eye could distinctly mark the foam of the sea, breaking upon the solitary shore. Beneath us rose the tomb of Ascanius, and several other old towers peeped out from the rich foliage, which covers the hills, rendering it highly picturesque. As the rain intermitted, we rode to the woody borders of the Alban Lake, slumbering in a deep, circular crater, more than a hundred feet below the bank. The shores are rural, but lonely and silent. Here a relapse of the shower increased to such a degree of violence, as to drive us into a Franciscan Convent, the monks of which permitted our donkeys to enter the cloisters. These monastic institutions, situated in a healthy region, are appropriated to the purposes of education; and on our way up the acclivity, we met a long procession of Roman boys, in their black tunics, and dressed with remarkable neatness.

The storm assumed an aspect of much grandeur, and heavy peals of thunder reverberating among the hills were peculiarly suited to the character of the Alban Mount, which was sacred to Jove. Fortunately our covert afforded a prospect of many of the interesting objects in the vicinity. The Convent stands upon the high shore of the lake. Before it rise fourteen little shrines, intended to represent the various stages of the crucifixion. Several monasteries are in sight, crowning romantic eminences, and the sound of the bells mingling with the storm had a strong effect upon the mind.

The Lake itself is a pretty sheet of water, seven miles in circumference, embosomed by an unbroken chain of green hills. On its southern shore, stood Alba Longa, the cradle of the Roman empire. It is now in utter ruins, which may be indistinctly traced along the edge of the water. A modern convent rises near the site; and above on the declivity is a cluster of houses called Rocca del Papa. Behind the village, swells the highest peak of the Alban Mount, finely wooded and lonely, crowned with the ruins of the temple of Jupiter Latiaris, to which a triumphal way once led, and whither the Roman conquerors at the head of their legions, together with all the Latin tribes, resorted to pay their annual vows.

After the rain was over, we continued our ride to Castle Gandolfo, a massive old fortress occupying an eminence, surrounded with a group of buildings, and looking down upon the lake. A winding, precipitous path leads to the margin. We descended and traversed the shore for some distance. The water is deep and of a sea-green complexion. Its greatest depth is said to be four hundred feet. The borders are reedy and overhung with groves of ilex, intermingled with wild bushes of various kinds. A spacious but gloomy cavern, scooped out of the cliffs, and bearing the marks of having once been fashioned into a temple or grotto with brick arches, goes by the name of the Baths of Diana. Between its entrance and the water, spreads a pretty alluvial patch, sprinkled with flowers.

On the western side of the lake is the celebrated Emissary, or artificial outlet, constructed in the time of the Roman Republic, four hundred years before the Christian era. It was undertaken in consequence of a response from the Delphic oracle, which gave out that the war with the Veii, in which the Romans were then engaged, would not terminate till this work was completed. It was finished in a single year, and consists of a tunnel bored through the solid rock of the mountain, for the distance of more than a mile. Its dimensions are sufficiently large, to enable it to be cleared without difficulty. A lofty court or reservoir, constructed of massive blocks of stone, forms the vestibule of the shaft. The stream issuing from the lake is narrow, but extremely rapid, and at the distance of a few rods from the margin, loses itself in the arch. A group of fishermen and sportsmen, with their dogs and guns, were found collected about

the mouth of the outlet, spreading their nets and beating the bush for game. One of them wished to sell us a monster of an eel, three or four feet in length; still alive, entangled in the meshes. He was probably a lineal descendant of those, which some imperial epicure had sent to feed and fatten in these waters.

Returning to the village of Albano by another path, bordered on both sides by groves of oak, we made an excursion in a different direction, along the old Appian Way, to Aricia and Genzano. The remains of the former of these ancient towns are scattered by the side of the road, at the base of the hill on which the modern village is situated. In the vicinity are the ruins of numerous tombs, which cover the dust of the Alban fathers. Sections of the Appian Way, together with fragments of a bridge, are also here distinctly visible. The large square blocks of stone are worn deep by the wheels of Roman chariots, which once whirled onward from the metropolis to Brundisium and the baths of Baiæ.

At Genzano, we visited the lake of Nemi, back of the town. It is four miles in circumference, cradled in a deep basin, which to all appearances was once the crater of a volcano. Its waters are of a greenish complexion, clouded occasionally with darker hues, giving to the surface the variety of rich mosaic. It has an artificial outlet, bored through the hills. The shores are rural, but less wild, woody, and picturesque than those of the Alban Lake, though it derives its name from the groves of Diana, which once darkened its borders. A pretty little village is seated on the brow of the opposite hill, overhanging the water, into which the fountain of Egeria, gushing from below, pours its tributary urn. In the bosom of lake Nemi is buried an imperial palace, which once floated on its surface, no small part of which it covered. It was constructed by the Emperor Trajan, in the wantonness of wealth and luxury, and was suffered to sink without much regret. It is said to have been five hundred feet in length, three hundred in breadth, and two hundred in height; built of wood fastened with iron clamps; covered on the outside with sheets of lead, and lined with marble. It was moored in the centre of the lake, and supplied with fresh water by conduits leading from the fountain. The adjacent shores were adorned with walks, and this little region was converted into a sort of fairy land. In the 16th century, an enterprising Roman citizen descended in a diving-bell, and ex-

mined the foundered palace. It is said to be in a good state of preservation ; and could it be raised again to the surface, valuable specimens of the arts would probably be found.

Returning to Albano through the luxuriant woods, which shade these hills, we visited at evening the ruins of Pompey's Prison. They are scattered over the garden of a modern villa, and consist of gloomy arches, composed of large blocks of Peperine, without cement. There is nothing very interesting in the construction, or agreeable in the associations of the remains, which are now hidden among the foliage.

On the following morning I rose at sunrise and visited a Museum in the village of Albano. It contains a set of antique porcelain, comprising about nine hundred articles, found under a bed of lava, on the shore of the Lake, near the site of Alba Longa. The collection embraces an infinite variety of vases and cinerary urns, some of them containing the bones and ashes of the dead. Scarcely any two of their forms are alike. The larger ones are round, in the shape of little temples, with a door in front, and conical roofs. They are supposed to present a miniature picture of ancient cottages. In the interior, are smaller vessels and ornaments of various kinds, such as lamps, tiny plates to hold the soup for Cerberus, and cups for wine, oil, and incense—equipments for the travels of departed spirits on their journey to another world. At the threshold of the vases stand two rude images, probably lares, six or eight inches in height, and rudely fashioned. All the articles are of baked earth, appearing to be moulded by the hand, and not cast like those of Greece and ancient Etruria. The decorations of the ware seem to be of oriental origin, resembling Egyptian hieroglyphics. These antiquities were discovered only five or six years ago, and have not yet been fully examined or satisfactorily explained. If they are genuine, they indicate that there was a town upon the shore of the lake, anterior to the foundation of Alba Longa, and that it was probably buried in lava, like Herculaneum. Mr. Hough, in his illustrations of the Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*, has some judicious remarks on this subject, to which those of my readers are referred, who wish for any thing beyond a passing notice.

After breakfast we set out for Frascati, a white village situated on the western declivity of the mountain, eight or

nine miles from Albano. Midway between the two places, we reached Grotto-Ferrata, so called from the massive iron gate, by which it was once guarded. It is situated in the midst of a wild and romantic district, girt with the striking scenery of the Alban Mount. A pretty brook, supposed to be the ancient Crabra, descends in cascades from the declivity, murmuring through a deep and finely wooded glen. An hour was occupied in examining the Convent of St. Nilus, which is said to stand upon the site of Cicero's Tusculan Villa. Such a conjecture rests on no better authority than a vague tradition, which says that in the 11th century St. Nilus, a Calabrian monk of the order of St. Basil, demolished the Villa and built the monastery on its ruins. A few fragments of bas-relief, friezes, and statues have been found in the vicinity; but in the general revolution, they might have been brought thither, and furnish no traces whatever of the splendid retreat of the Roman Orator, where several of his most celebrated works were composed. The evidence of identity is almost too feeble to awaken the train of association.

In the chapel of St. Nilus are several frescos by Domenichino—the finest I have ever examined. The most celebrated of these pieces is the Demoniac Boy, which is above all praise. It is one of the boldest, sublimest, and most vigorous productions of the pencil, and no one can survey it without an emotion. The figures in the group are numerous, and the strong and varied expression of their faces is admirable. But the maniac himself is one of the highest conceptions of a wild and poetical imagination, which this artist in a pre-eminent degree possessed.

Frascati is a pretty village, but of itself presents few objects of interest to the traveller. After taking such refreshment as a small coffee-house afforded, we mounted donkeys, and set out for the ruins of Tusculum, at the distance of several miles towards the summit of the hill. On our way thither, a short visit was paid to the villa lately owned and occupied by Lucien Bonaparte, who sold it to a Sicilian Countess, whose name it now bears. Its situation is enchanting, commanding a full view of Tivoli and the mountains beyond, Soracte, Rome and its environs. The apartments are tolerably neat, but present a waste of stucco. Among the ornaments is a long gallery of old family portraits. The garden affords the only attractions. Its graves are

luxuriant and beautiful. It is said, that on one occasion the whole family residing at this villa were made captives, while at dinner, and the house pillaged by a band of robbers from the neighbouring hills.

The ascent from this point to Tusculum is arduous, leading along unfrequented paths, through pastures and woodlands enriched by the charms of nature, but wild and solitary. Every step extends the traveller's horizon, till he arrives at the ruins of the old town, scattered over the summit of the hill. After traversing the streets of Pompeii, nothing of this kind can surprise: otherwise, Tusculum would have excited our admiration. On several accounts, the latter is less interesting than the former. The village was destroyed at a much later period than the town, and by a fate less calculated to awaken feelings of sympathy. Extensive excavations have been made, and the remains cover a wide area. Fragments of marble columns, capitals, and entablatures strew the field, half buried in matted grass, and overgrown with bushes, which it is necessary to thrust aside to read the mutilated inscriptions. We left our mules at the entrance of the disinterred village, and walked up the main street, laid bare to the pavement, composed of large blocks of stone. The amphitheatre is hidden by a coronet of verdure; and enough of the theatre exists, to show it was once a handsome building.

On the brow of the hill, at a little distance from the ruins, stood a villa, which is the rival of Grotto-Ferratta, in claiming the éclat of Cicero's name. For aught I know, the pretensions of the former may be as well grounded as those of the latter. The location is worthy of the taste of the great orator, statesman, and philosopher; suited to that elevation of thought and to that love of elegant retirement, for which he was celebrated. In front of his house rose Mont Albanus, surmounted by the temple of Jupiter Latiaris, already alluded to; and farther to the east, the sylvan heights of Mount Algidum looked down into a deep rural vale, opening into the Campagna. On the other side his eye could rest upon Rome, the scene of his renown, and the object of his paternal cares. Such may have been the favourite retreat of the Father of his Country. The ruins of the house are extensive, and bear the marks of having been once splendid. It is said, tiles have been found, inscribed with the name of Cicero; but the evidence in this instance, as in the

one mentioned above, is extremely vague and unsatisfactory. The name of old Cato is also associated with the hill, and the Porcian Meadows form a part of the flowery field in the environs of Tusculum.

In returning to Frascati, we visited the Villa Belvedere, belonging to the Prince Borghese, who married the celebrated Paulina, sister of Napoleon. He is one of the most wealthy of the Italian nobility, his income amounting to something like half a million of dollars per annum. He is the proprietor of two of the most splendid villas in the vicinity of Rome; of the largest palace in the city; and of much real estate in Tuscany and other parts of Italy. His chateau on the Alban Mount is an extensive and showy pile of buildings. A group of pretty little girls met us at the gate, and presented to each of the party a bunch of red and white roses—an image of their own sunny cheeks. The guardian of the mansion, in the absence of the prince, was courteous in his demeanour, and conducted us through the apartments, which are neat, but contain few ornaments except some good prints and frescos. Among the latter, Judith with the head of Holofernes is admirably executed. In the grounds back of the palace are fountains and water-works, much in the style of those at Chatsworth in England. They were put in motion for our amusement. The concert commenced with the blowing of a horn by a Triton in a grotto. In another alcove is a representation of Parnassus, with musicians seated upon the cliffs, who produce “a concord of sweet sounds,” as the flood-gates are hoisted and the fountains begin to play. The contrivance is rather bungling, and the eye readily perceives, that the music is ground out by an organ, placed under the mountain, the crank of which is turned by a water-wheel. It is fit only to amuse children, and gratify vulgar curiosity. The stale trick of wetting persons, by decoying them into a grotto, from the pavement of which streamlets suddenly spirt, is here resorted to; but in this instance, a troop of rustics, who gathered round to witness the concert, were the only dupes.

Having visited all the objects of interest upon the Alban Mount, we returned to Frascati and commenced our flight across the Campagna late in the afternoon, making the fifth time that this desert had been traversed by four different routes. The road is equally solitary with those which have already been described, and the tract as susceptible of be-

ing reclaimed. Passing under the Aqueduct denominated the Aqua Felice, the principal source whence the city is supplied with water, we re-entered the gates of Rome at sunset, and were happy to recognize many old acquaintances, if not in the faces of the inhabitants, at least in the Coliseum, the Triumphal Arches, and the ruins of the Forum, after an absence of a little more than a month.

LETTER LXXI.

SKETCH OF ROME RESUMED—DESCRIPTION OF ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

June, 1826.—On the day after our arrival, we resumed an examination of Rome, and an unremitted round of observations was continued for three or four weeks. I shall select from the number of objects examined such as are deemed the most interesting, and be as concise in my notices, as the relative importance of the several topics will permit.

St. Peter's Church is among the first objects which the traveller will visit, and among the last which he will wish to attempt to describe. I have seen it perhaps a hundred different times since my first entrance into Rome—at morning, evening, and noon-day; by moonlight, and in the blaze of two illuminations. To catch its different aspects, I have been round it, and over every part of it, from the vaults to the ball; but after all, it may be extremely difficult to convey an adequate idea of the structure; as it is *sui generis*, wholly beyond the limits of comparison.

The location of St. Peter's is pre-eminently beautiful, though little except the Dome can be seen from other parts of the city. It stands on a gentle eminence, the brow of the Vatican Mount and the site of Nero's amphitheatre, a few rods from the right bank of the Tiber. From a point near the Castle of St. Angelo, two comparatively narrow, crooked, and dirty streets, with a block of mean buildings between them, terminate in the Piazza in front of the church, of which nothing is seen till you enter the square.

The view on entering the Piazza is certainly magnificent, though not sufficiently imposing to strike the mind with awe or astonishment. From the entrances of the streets to the

porch of the church, spreads an area of about a thousand feet in length, and in the widest part eight hundred in breadth, handsomely paved with large flags, bordered by lofty porticos and galleries on both sides, ornamented with an Egyptian obelisk in the centre, and refreshed by two noble fountains, throwing their silver sheets of water to a great height. The moderate acclivity of the area; the triple flight of steps mounting to the porch; the front of the church; the dome; the lantern; the ball and the cross, form an ascending series, extremely agreeable to the eye. Had Michael Angelo's plan of St. Peter's been adopted, which would have brought the dome to the centre of the edifice, and rendered the whole of it visible above the contemplated portico, like that of the Pantheon, the view from this point could scarcely have been equalled in architectural grandeur. As it is, the high front, surmounted by a balustrade and by colossal statues, effectually conceals some of the boldest and finest features of this glorious temple. The Sacristy, which may be denominated the *Folly* of Pope Pius VI. on the left, and the monstrous pile of the Vatican, on the right, also obtrude themselves upon the eye, and interrupt the unity of the prospect. Notwithstanding the panegyrics, that Eustace has lavished on the beauty of the Travertine stone, of which the church is constructed, its complexion appeared to me to detract much from its dignity. Its hue is a pale, sickly yellow, without any of the richness of the Coliseum, or even the sober grandeur of St. Paul's at London. With these deductions, the coup d'oeil is less striking, than one might imagine from a description of the constituent parts.

The porticos, bordering the sides of the Piazza form segments of an ellipsis. They are composed of four ranges of Doric columns, sixty feet in height, including the Ionic entablature by which they are capped. This mixture of the orders of architecture, the work of Bernini, has been severely censured. The three hundred enormous pillars, forming these colonnades, stand at sufficient distances, to leave three avenues between the rows, of which the central one is wide enough for two carriages to pass abreast. In continuation of the porticos, covered galleries, with arcades looking into the square, rise with a slight inclination to the vestibule of the church. The tops of these magnificent avenues, extending on either hand about a thousand feet in length, are

faced with pilasters, adorned with balustrades, and crowned with two hundred colossal statues, ten or twelve feet in height, giving a total elevation to the sides of the Piazza of upwards of seventy feet. It is difficult to conceive of an approach exhibiting an air of greater grandeur.

The obelisk consists of one stupendous block of red Egyptian granite, covered like all the others at Rome, with hieroglyphics. It was brought from Heliopolis, by order of the Emperor Caligula, in a vessel constructed for the purpose; and after being purified from the superstition of the Nile, it was dedicated to the Cæsars and erected in the amphitheatre of Nero. It lay buried in ruins for many ages, till one of the Popes raised it by machinery at an immense expense, absolved it again from the pollution of pagan idolatry, consecrated it to christianity, and mounted it upon its present pedestal, on which it is supported by four lions. The quadrangular, pyramidal shaft is about a hundred and thirty feet in height, with long Latin inscriptions on two of the faces. A horizon is drawn on the pavement, round the pedestal, and the points of the compass marked in the Italian and English languages.

The two copious and exquisitely beautiful fountains form the finest features in this superb area. They are constantly gushing out in jets d'eaux, in the shape and size of large weeping-willows, sparkling in the sun, and not unfrequently producing an iris. The waters fall into basins of oriental granite, fifty feet in circumference. In this species of ornament, which in point of convenience, cleanliness, and taste, ought to be placed in the very first rank, Rome holds out an example worthy of imitation in all other large cities. Not one of her hundred squares is destitute of fountains, some of which are even superior to those of St. Peter's, splendid as they are.

The triple flights of marble steps, leading to the vestibule of St. Peter's, have not in my opinion that boldness of outline, which is suited to the grandeur of the temple. They are four hundred feet in breadth, and perhaps half that distance in depth, sloping off towards the Piazza, in a kind of platform, so that a coach might almost drive to the door. Had the depth been somewhat contracted, a horizontal plain continued, and full instead of half steps constructed, the effect would have been much more striking. From the upper flight, the front of the church ranges along between the

two galleries, to the extent of four hundred feet, and rises nearly two hundred feet in height, supported by enormous Corinthian columns at the bottom, with a sort of attic story embellished with Ionic pillars, pilasters, and a variety of architectural ornaments, which deprive the façade of all simplicity of character. To this defect, numerous windows and balconies, whence the Pope pronounces his benedictions upon the people, greatly contribute and justify all the criticisms of architects. The front is broken into irregular sections, and resembles that of a palace rather than of a religious temple. A balustrade extends along the top, behind which stand colossal statues of the Saviour and his twelve Apostles, the former in the centre, and the latter ranged on either hand. They are about twenty feet in height, and bear their characteristic emblems. At the corners are the papal arms—the keys, the eagle, and the triple crown.

Five stately entrances, corresponding with the number of doors, open into the vestibule, which extends across the whole breadth of the front, is thirty feet wide, and upwards of sixty in height. The ceiling is splendidly gilt; and the walls are enriched with a variety of bas-relief and other decorations. Two equestrian statues—one of the Emperor Constantine, and the other of Charlemagne—occupy the extremities of the porch, and terminate to great advantage the long perspective. Of the five doors, the central one is of bronze, resembling those in the Cathedral at Pisa, and the Baptistry at Florence, though inferior to both in workmanship. The compartments of bas-relief contrast oddly with the heavy, greasy curtains in the shape of coverlets, hanging at the other entrances, and pushed aside by the visitant, to enable him to crawl through. One of the doors possesses peculiar sanctity, and is opened only at the return of the year of Jubilee, when the Pope uses the hammer, and acts as porter in person, unbarring a new gate to the sanctuary, through which the eager multitude rush. Its threshold and the cross on the pannels are worn by the lips of devotees, who never pass it without a salutation.

At his initiation into the interior of St. Peter's, the spectator may probably pause for a moment in mute admiration of the splendid scene, which opens before him. He will look forward through a perspective of more than six hundred feet, from the front door to the extremity of the chancel behind the High Altar, and lift his dazzled eye from the tessellated

pavement of marble, to the profusely gilded vault, at the height of seventy or eighty feet above his head. After the glare of the *coup d'oeil* is over, and his feelings are prepared to survey objects with deliberation, he will set about examining the construction of the church, and the world of ornaments it contains. The same optical deception with regard to dimensions prevails here, as on the exterior. One sees a white marble cherub clinging to the wall and supporting a font of holy water. It appears a mere child of the ordinary size; but the hands attempt in vain to span the colossal wrist or ankle. A pen is seen in the hand of an Evangelist, in proportion to the statue; and it is found to be six feet in length. Some of the decorations suffer extremely from not having been calculated for such a scale, appearing like mere motes upon the walls.

Contrary to the plan of Michael Angelo, who intended to bring his stupendous dome into the centre, the church is in the shape of a Roman instead of a Greek cross. This form and some obvious defects in the construction greatly impair the grandeur and beauty of the interior. The nave is about two hundred feet in width, bordered with walls which are ornamented with Corinthian pilasters, and intermediate niches holding colossal saints. From the nave, lofty arcades open into the two aisles, which are lined on the sides next to the walls with a succession of chapels and altars. The massive partitions, separating the nave from the aisles, break up and destroy the view, taken as a whole, and but a small part of the area can be seen at a time. Had pillars been substituted in place of pilasters and arches, the *tout ensemble* would have been inconceivably grand.

The High Altar is in the centre of the cross, beneath the peerless dome, and above the tomb of St. Peter. It is a prouder shrine than ever rose to a pagan god, amidst all the wealth and splendour of the East. Four spiral columns of bronze, wreathed with garlands and adorned with cherubim, rise to the height of ninety feet to support the canopy, which is surmounted by angels and a cross, said to be one hundred and thirty feet above the pavement. In front of the altar is a beautiful balustrade, enclosing a flight of steps, which descend to the tomb of the Patron Saint. At the foot of the stairs spreads a small but splendid area, denominated the *Sacred Confessory*. The walls are lined with alabaster, lapis lazuli, and red antique. A white marble statue kneels upon the

brilliant mosaic, before the brazen doors, which guard the sepulchre. The balustrade above is bung with a hundred cornucopiæ, supporting lamps which are kept eternally burning.

But let us cast our eyes upward, and survey that miracle of architecture, the inimitable dome, spanning a rotunda one hundred and forty feet in diameter, and swelling to the height of four hundred feet above the pavement ! It is unquestionably the most stupendous and the sublimest work of the kind ever reared by human art ; and the longer one gazes, the more is he astonished at the indescribable grandeur and beauty of the fabric, which would immortalize the genius of Michael Angelo, had he left no other monument of his fame. The walls of the cupola are lined with splendid mosaics, representing the hosts of heaven, angels and archangels, cherubim and seraphim, assembled in the presence of the Almighty, who is enthroned above, almost beyond the reach of the eye. Nothing but the unequalled majesty of such a canopy could sustain the boldness of its ornaments. At the foot of the dome, are colossal statues of the four Evangelists ; and above, two galleries, one at the height of a hundred and seventy, and the other two hundred and forty feet from the pavement, encircle the interior. Near the latter is the appropriate motto of the church, inscribed in one line and in large letters, which are legible from the floor—"Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my church ; and I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven.

How painful and humiliating is it, to turn from the elevation of thought and the exhibition of human power, bodied forth in this wonderful achievement of the arts—nay more, from the contemplation of the shadowy image of the Supreme Being himself—to a miserable idol, seated upon a pedestal near the High Altar ! It is called a statue of St. Peter, though it was once a Jupiter Capitolinus. I regret to say, that neither its character nor destination seems to be essentially elevated by a conversion to christianity ; for the worship daily and hourly paid to it rises but little if any above the most abject idolatry. The material is bronze, of a coal black complexion. As the figure is no larger than life, the colossal proportions of other objects in the vicinity give to the image of the saint the appearance of a sooty slave, set up for the mockery of adoration. Devotees approach in crowds, kneel, rub their foreheads against the knees, and kiss the toe with fervid lips. The

parts of the bronze most exposed to caresses are kept bright by a perpetual round of blandishments.

Behind the High Altar, in the semicircular Chancel or Tribuna, stands the bronze chair of the Patron Saint, elevated against the wall seventy feet above the pavement, and supported by four colossal figures of the doctors of the Greek and Latin church. Above it is a round window, with the glass stained of a yellow hue, on which the Holy Spirit is portrayed in the form of a dove, and through which the western sun pours a shower of saffron light sufficient to gild the brazen ornaments. The tomb of Urban VIII. is on the left of the chair of St. Peter; and on the right, is a rich group of statuary, designed by Michael Angelo, in memory of his distinguished patron, Pope Paul III. The figure of justice, represented in the guise of a young female, is said to have been originally so beautiful, that a Spanish cavalier, probably a descendant of the knight of La Mancha, or his redoubtable squire, fell in love with the voluptuous marble. His Holiness, taking the hint from the unfortunate passion of this modern Pygmalion, muffled justice in a bronze habit, rendering her charms less attractive.

One or two rounds through the aisles, a Sabbath day's journey in extent, will satisfy most travellers, that amidst the boundless riches and gorgeous decorations of this church, there are very few objects of intense interest to rivet attention. In a chaos of splendour, composed of the most precious materials, the eye roves, and carelessly surveys, it scarcely knows or cares what—columns which it took an age to polish and rear—marbles and gems, which the wealth of a kingdom could not purchase—walls covered with pictures of the Italian masters in mosaic—shrines sparkling with jewels, and wreathed with the smoke of incense. At every turn, you meet colossal statues of monks and saints, whose names are only to be learned from the papal calendar; tombs of Popes, who left no other monuments behind, than proud piles of sepulchral marble; exiled kings with mock titles of sovereignty, and queens who never saw a throne or a sceptre. The last of the Stuarts are gathered into the sanctuary of the faithful; and the historical reader may here muse over the ashes of Charles III. James IV. and Henry IX. kings of England, whose reigns Hume and Smollet forgot to mention! I would not insult the dust of this persecuted

race; but such tricks are too ludicrous to be carried to the grave.

With the exception of Leo X. and two or three others, there is scarcely a distinguished name in the congregation of Popes, who have been so fortunate as to find an apotheosis in St. Peter's. But what is still more remarkable in a city, which is the very centre of the fine arts, and in the grandest temple ever reared by human hands, the sepulchral monuments are generally characterized by a sort of regular dullness, with no very gross defects and but few striking merits; as if genius was paralysed by the subjects it was employed to commemorate. But besides this cold negative mediocrity, there is much positive bad taste in the ornaments—devices unsuited to the solemnity of the church and the tomb—materials of different complexions—marbles highly gilt, and tricked out with other gaudy decorations. By far the finest monument is in memory of Clement XIII. by Canova. At the base are two recumbent lions: the one represented asleep is a noble production of the chisel. A holy family, by Michael Angelo, is on too small a scale to produce much effect. The baptismal font was once a part of the tomb of Otho II. It is of beautiful porphyry, but tastelessly bedizened with bronze. A pillar in one of the aisles is said to be that against which the Saviour leaned, while disputing with the doctors in the temple at Jerusalem. The church is finely lighted, and an equable temperature preserved throughout the year.

The principal chapels are those of the Choir, in which mass is daily celebrated; and of the Holy Sacrament, on the opposite side of the nave. Innumerable confessories, resembling the sentry boxes of watchmen, with a lateral aperture, where the ear of the priest may come in contact with the lips of the penitent, are ranged round the ends of the transept. They are made of wood, moveable, and labelled with the languages for which each is intended. A person may here confess his transgressions in any tongue, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, French, German, English, and a dozen others. All sorts of persons, old and young, male and female, civil and military, may be seen kneeling at the sides of the boxes, pouring out the secrets of their hearts in whispers. It is said, with what truth I know not, that frequent iniquities are practised by the priests, availing themselves of the propensities and weaknesses disclosed to them in confessions,

for forming intrigues of their own; while in too many instances the worldly-minded make a cloak of religion, converting an act of contrition into the means of greater offences,—

“And e’en in penance plann’g sins anew.”

By a flight of steps in the vicinity of the High Altar, we descended into the crypt beneath the pavement, where the old church built by Constantine is still preserved. It is only ten or twelve feet in height; but the relic is held in great veneration by the pious. The subterranean region seems to be nearly co-extensive with the pavement of the church. One or two young ecclesiastics lighted us through the gloomy labyrinths with candles, and pointed out the numerous curiosities. At the entrance, is the Chapel of the Confession in the form of a Latin cross, embellished with bas-reliefs in marble and bronze, illustrative of the lives of St. Peter and St. Paul. The workmanship of some of the ornaments is exquisite. A grate in the pavement, forming the roof of the chapel, admits a few rays of light, which fall like moonbeams on the sculptured marble. The dust of the Patron Saint is said to repose beneath the altar. Tradition says that his head was buried at St. John Lateran, while a part of the body of the Apostle, from whom that church derives its name, here mingles with the ashes of St. Peter: Such are the nice apportionments into which the Catholics enter, in the subdivisions of relics. Medallions of the two great heralds of the gospel are suspended from the altar. We groped our way like ghosts through the vaults of the dead, whose slumbers were undisturbed by any sound, save the echoes of our footsteps. Popes and cardinals, princes and nobles, here sleep in state; But the same remarks are applicable to their sarcophagi, as to the tombs above, round the walls of the church. Very few names induce the visitant to pause and strain his eyes to read the long Latin inscriptions by the gleams of the taper.

Our ascent to the top of St. Peter's, in the afternoon of a bright day, formed a striking contrast with this visit to the subterranean world. The inclination of the stair-way, or more properly the road leading to the roof of the church, is so gentle that donkeys may go up without difficulty. A little town paved with brick, and covered with small buildings, here opens to the view of the traveller, over, which he strolls

as carelessly, as he would through the streets of a village, occasionally leaning over the balustrades to look at the Piazza, or the gardens of the Vatican. Amidst pinnacles and minor copulas, forming the roofs of the chapels below, the great dome swells with inconceivable grandeur, surrounded by magnificent columns joined in pairs; surmounted by the lantern, which sits like a Grecian temple upon the apex; and overtopped by the ball and cross. This stupendous work is as indescribable as it is inimitable.

Pursuing our journey upward, we entered the dome and walked round both of the galleries, which are at such a height from the pavement, as to make the head swim and the feet to fall lightly, notwithstanding the defence of a balustrade. Whispers are distinctly heard from side to side. From this point to the lantern, the narrow stairs lead through the concentric walls of the cupola, both of stone, and substantially constructed. Thence we continued the arduous ascent by an iron ladder to the ball, which is eight feet in diameter, and about four hundred and fifty feet from the ground. The wind roared like a furnace round the brazen walls, though the day was comparatively calm. Persons have ascended by a ladder of ropes, on the outside of the ball to the cross. A French lady is said to have performed the achievement, and to have leaned, like a graceful statue, with the utmost coolness, against the burnished crucifix. But the useless undertaking is attended with so much danger, that the Pope has prohibited the ascent by a special bull.

From the lantern, which contains an album for recording the names of visitants, and also a card of the dimensions of the church, we had a splendid view of Rome and its environs, the Tiber rolling beneath us, the Seven Hills strewn with ruins, the Campagna, the distant mountains, and the sea. But these objects are already too familiar to my readers, to bear a repetition. Although the dome of St. Peter's is twice the height of the tower to the Senator's House on the Capitoline Hill, the prospect from the latter is preferable, as it commands nearly the same horizon, and is more central, especially as it regards objects in the city. On this account, it is generally selected as the observatory of travellers and artists.

The history of St. Peter's may be told in few words—at least all that the generality of readers will care to know. It was founded in the 4th century, and acquired great veneration.

tion, from being the rallying-point of the primitive christians, as well as from the reputation of containing the relics of the Apostle. The old church erected by Constantine, became ruinous in the lapse of a thousand years, and the foundations of the present structure, the proudest temple of religion that the world ever saw, were laid at the commencement of the 16th century. From that period onward for many ages, the richest materials were collected, and through the successive reigns of thirty-five Pontiffs, the services of the first architects were put in requisition—Bramante, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Vignola, Giotto, and Bernini; names to which the present age can furnish no parallels. It may be doubted, whether the united skill of all the countries upon the globe, notwithstanding the modern improvements in science, could now erect an edifice equally splendid. Certain it is, the experiment is not worth trying; for St. Peter's has exhausted the resources of a nation, and entailed poverty and wretchedness upon millions of people.

A sufficient sum has been wasted, emphatically wasted, upon the Vatican Mount, to render the inhabitants of the papal dominions free, great, and happy, instead of sinking them into miserable and abject slaves. The original cost of St. Peter's was something like sixty millions of dollars; and the gorgeous, tasteless Sacristy added by Pius VI. with other embellishments which every new Pope is ambitious of introducing has increased, the total expenditure to an amount not less than *a hundred millions!* And what is the intrinsic value of this gewgaw, with all its dazzling glories? For any purposes of religious worship, the humble temple of Goldsmith's Curate,

“The decent church that topp'd the neighbouring hill,”

is worth more than all the pomp and glare of St. Peter's, leading the thoughts astray, and fixing the eye, not on heaven, but on the monuments of human pride.

LETTER LXXII.

ROME CONTINUED—VATICAN—SALA REGIA—SISTINE CHAPEL
—LAST JUDGMENT OF MICHAEL ANGELO—PAOLINE CHAPEL
—GALLERIES AND CHAMBERS OF RAPHAEL—COLLECTION OF
PICTURES.

June, 1826.—Adjoining St. Peter's on the north is the Vatican or the Palace of the Pope, an irregular, enormous pile, covering an area twelve hundred feet in length by one thousand in breadth, and forming a congeries of buildings, which have been added one after another, from the days of Constantine to the present period. As no systematic plans or orders of architecture have been followed, and the various sections have sprung up in ages widely differing in character, the exterior is without form and void, presenting nothing striking except its magnitude. Some of the twenty-five courts enclosed by these vast ranges of palaces are rather splendid, adorned with fountains, and the other usual embellishments. One peculiar feature prevails in the construction of these buildings. They conform to the original contour of the hill, rising one above another on the acclivity; and the extensive galleries, which have been opened in the interior, are in the forms of inclined planes, which may be considered an ornament rather than a defect.

The whole of the Vatican, except the suite of apartments appropriated to the Pope, is occupied as an immense repository of the fine arts—by far the most extensive and splendid in the world, not excepting the Gallery at Florence, or the Louvre at Paris. Several days were industriously employed in examining its various compartments; and as many months might be passed without exhausting their interesting contents. But I am neither an artist nor an amateur, and a cursory notice of a few of the more prominent objects will alone be attempted. A mere specification of the articles in the Vatican would fill a volume, which nobody of course would read.

The entrance is by the Sala Regia or Regal Stair-way, a magnificent flight of steps, springing from the Porch of St. Peter's, near the equestrian statue of Constantine, and lead-

ing to the second story of the palace. First in the labyrinth of apartments,* which soon bewilder the visitant, and render either a pocket compass or a cicerone indispensable, is the Sala Regia or Royal Hall. It is filled with frescos; and lest the subjects might be mistaken, the artists have adopted the precaution of giving long explanatory inscriptions in Latin. These ornaments are in no other respect interesting, than as illustrating the prevailing spirit of the Popes. The scenes delineated are all of a temporal, proud, imperious, character. One represents the triumphal entry of Gregory XI. into Rome, after the restoration of the papal see from Avignon; another, Gregory VII. receiving acts of humiliation from Henry IV.; a third, the reconquest of Tunis; and a fourth, a victory over the Turks at Lepanto.

Expectation was on tiptoe, as the guide ushered us into the Sistine Chapel, the Sanctum Sanctorum of papal rites, and rendered still more sacred in the eye of ordinary visitors, by the genius of Michael Angelo. This may be denominated the chamber of his peculiar presence, although in my estimation, it is very far from being the throne of his glory. Here the boldest, the most daring of artists attempted to portray the sublimest of subjects—subject to which the powers of even *his* imagination and his pencil were wholly inadequate. On the ceiling he endeavoured to give form to the Most High, surrounded by the hosts of heaven; and the western wall is entirely covered with his fresco of the Last Judgment, to which he devoted three of the best years of his life. I am free to confess, that it appeared to me a chaos of wild, incoherent, and ill-assorted images, where the spirits of the blessed and the cursed are scarcely distinguishable; and that I left the apartment with a full conviction, that if this fresco had been the production of an ordinary artist, nine out of ten would pass it over unobserved, or treat it with contempt.

The Paoline Chapel, near the Sistine, is a dusky, gloomy, and cheerless shrine, exhibiting its proud decorations to very little effect. On the sides of the altar stand two beautiful porphyry columns which were taken from the temple of Romulus at the Forum, almost literally exemplifying the maxim of "robbing Peter to pay Paul." Among the ornaments is a rich and fantastic tabernacle, wrought of pure crystal; but

* The number of rooms in the Vatican is said to be *thirteen thousand*, and the palace to cover as much ground as the city of Turin. I did not take the trouble to count the one, or to measure the area of the other.

such is its position in an obscure corner, that a beam of light seldom reaches and pierces the translucent gem. Here also are two pictures by Michael Angelo—the Conversion of St. Paul and the Crucifixion of St. Peter. Owing to a bad light and other circumstances, they do not attract much attention.

We visited the celebrated galleries of Raphael several times. They open on three sides from the second story of the Palace of the Pope, into one of the principal courts of the Vatican, and command a most enchanting view of Rome and its environs. I often turned from the mimic creation of Raphael, to the sublimer works of nature herself, presented in the blue summits of the Alban hills, and the long line of mountains beyond, brightened by the pure azure of Italian skies. The ceiling of these extensive galleries, stretching to the distance of perhaps three hundred feet, is divided into numerous compartments, and covered with frescos by Raphael and his scholars. The subjects are all scriptural, furnishing a series of illustrations of sacred history, from the creation of the world to the crucifixion of the Saviour, arranged in chronological order. This Herculean labour was undertaken at the request or perhaps more properly by the injunction of Leo X.; and any defects in the designs are ascribable to the Pope rather than to the artist. The latter has done all that mortal could do with such subjects; but even his inimitable skill has failed to impart a very high degree of interest to the work, any farther than as associated with his imperishable name.

The Chambers of Raphael constitute a more interesting portion of the Vatican. They are four in number, opening into one another; and the walls are occupied by sixteen separate paintings in fresco, all of his design, and a large proportion of them executed by himself. The dimensions of the rooms are perhaps twenty feet by thirty, presenting an immense area, to be filled as the tablets of his exhaustless fancy. These taken collectively form a great study for artists, affording an almost endless variety of invention, composition, and colouring; while each picture delights the mere visitant by some peculiar points of excellence. I visited the chambers repeatedly, and always with increased pleasure. At first sight, the reality did not equal my high anticipations. The apartments do not enjoy intrinsically a very favourable light; and as the frescos have been defaced and obscured by the hords of northern barbarians, who converted the halls

into barracks, a cursory view often produces disappointment, and close attention is required to discover all their merits.

Another Department of the Vatican, comprising a suite of half a dozen chambers, contains a small but choice collection of pictures by the first masters. The most celebrated of these is the Transfiguration, by Raphael, the merits of which have in my opinion been greatly overrated. Truth compels me to confess, that it afforded me very little pleasure—far less than many of the minor pieces of the same artist. My disappointment was perhaps in part owing as usual to exaggerated expectations. Yet it appeared to me there are intrinsic and obvious defects in the design, the composition, and expression.

Of the other rare pictures in this gallery, the most remarkable are the Medonna di Foligno, and the Coronation of the Madonna, by Raphael; the Crucifixion of St. Peter, by Guido; the Incredulity of St. Thomas, and a Magdalen, by Guercino; a Holy Family, by Caravaggio; a Madonna and Saints, ascribed to Titian; the Communion of St. Jerome, by Domenichino. These are all gems. The two first and the last are inimitable productions. Most of them have crossed the Alps and attracted crowds of admirers to the Louvre, where they remained till the restoration of the Bourbons. The apartments in which they are at present deposited, are open to the public twice a week, and at all times accessible to artists, to whom every facility is afforded for taking copies and prosecuting their professional pursuits.

LETTER LXXIII.

ROME CONTINUED—VATICAN MUSEUM—LIBRARY—GARDEN—
SKETCH OF THE PRESENT POPE.

June, 1826.—The Chiaramonti and Pio-Clementino Museums at the Vatican are so extensive, and contain such an infinite variety of articles, that I almost recoil from the task of retracing the labyrinth of sumptuous saloons, and of attempting to give even so much as a desultory notice of their splendid treasures. In comparison with this display of papal magnificence, the halls of the Louvre, the galleries of Florence, and the Studii at Naples are but toy-shops. Here

are not less than fifty apartments, or more properly superb temples of the arts, of different sizes and the most beautiful forms; sometimes opening immediately into another, and at others, connected by long corridors, presenting the finest vistas imaginable; with pavements of the richest mosaic, walls lined with pillars of porphyry, alabaster, and Parian marble, and roofs bright with azure and gold; all filled with the choicest collections of antiquities, sculptures, busts, and statues. Several visits are required, to catch even a hasty glance at the innumerable objects, which challenge attention and bewilder the mind of the spectator.

The entrance to the Museum is from the quarter of the Vatican denominated the Belvidere, through a gallery something like a thousand feet in length, and fifteen or twenty feet in width, the walls of which are lined from the floor to the ceiling with ancient inscriptions. Those on the right are taken from the tombs, tablets, and sarcophagi of the old Romans; while those upon the left were chiefly found in the catacombs, and relate to the early christians. The original fragments of marble are arranged with care, and firmly fixed, so as to form the permanent facing of the wall.

Having traversed this Campo Santo of the Vatican, the traveller who has set out on the interesting journey of the rounds of the Museum, arrives at an iron railing, extending across the hall, with a gate under lock and key, which is opened only twice a week to the public. On both sides of the hall extend long ranges of antique statues, busts, hermes, bas-reliefs, urns, and sarcophagi, of the richest materials and the most finished workmanship. Apartment opens after apartment, where under the auspices of munificent Pontiffs, the divinities of antiquity repose in more sumptuous alcoves, than they enjoyed in the day of their glory, and imperial heads are mounted upon prouder pedestals, than they ever found in the palaces of the Cæsars.

The Belvidere Torso, so much admired and studied by Michael Angelo, can afford little pleasure to any one, except a connoisseur or an artist. In the vestibule which contains it are to be seen the sarcophagus and bust of Lucius Cornelius Scipio Barbatus, taken from the tomb of that illustrious family, alluded to in one of my previous letters. There is a character of rude unostentatious grandeur and republican simplicity about these memorials of the dead, which exalts them above the tawdry decorations of later times. The

material is of peperino, a common kind of stone used for building, and the sole object of these stern monuments seems to have been, to designate the ashes and perpetuate the name of a great man. There could indeed have been no other motive; for it will be remembered, that the tomb of the Scipios was a plain subterranean vault, like that of our own immortal Washington at Mount Vernon, with no imperial mausoleum towering to the skies, to court the admiration of the passenger.

From the corridor which looks into one of the twenty spacious courts of the Vatican, I saw a beautiful model of a ship in bronze, floating on the undulations of the fountain below. Here also is deposited a sun-dial of the old Romans, on which time is measured according to the ancient mode of computation.

The elegant little temple denominated the first cabinet, contains the *Perseus* and the *Boxers* of Canova, which are almost the only modern statues to be found in this immense collection; a signal honour, though conferred perhaps less from an acknowledgment of his pre-eminent claims as an artist, than on account of his invaluable services in the arrangement of the Museum. The works of any modern artist, whatever may be his merits, must suffer by a comparison with the master-pieces of antiquity; and the *Perseus* and *Boxers* of Canova are severely put to the test, by being placed in contiguity with the group of *Laocoon* and the *Belvidere Apollo*.

Much as I had heard of the former of these immortal works, the half had not been told me and the reality far exceeded my expectations. It is utterly impossible to convey either by words or copies an adequate idea of the original, which in my opinion is the *ne plus ultra* of human art, and the next step to creative power. Never was greater force of expression imparted to inanimate matter, which is here invested with all the attributes of feeling and suffering, except the vital principle itself. Every school-boy, who has read *Virgil* or heard of the *Trojan horse*, is familiar with the story of *Laocoon*. It is indeed highly probable, that the poet drew his animated description of the ill-fated son of *Priam* from this very statue, which is satisfactorily proved to have existed long before the *Æneid* was written. *Pliny* states it to be the joint production of three artists of *Rhodes*, who lived four hundred years before the christian era. It was considered in his time as the greatest work of the kind,

either in statuary or painting. His account of it leaves it in the Palace of Titus; and it was found in the Baths of that emperor in the 16th century. The right arm was missing, which Michael Angelo attempted to restore, but could not satisfy himself, and after several trials gave up the undertaking. A higher compliment could not be paid to the merits of the original. The defect was supplied by a cast of Bernini. Laocoon and his two sons, with a host of other antiquities in this Museum, paid their court to Napoleon, and for several years enriched the collection of the Louvre. More copies of it are to be found than of any other work, and it may fairly be considered as the finest group of statuary now in existence.

The Belvidere Apollo, that beautiful idol at whose shrine thousands have worshipped, and whose praises have been hymned with as much enthusiasm by modern amateurs,* as they once were by the circle of the Muses, received no servile act of homage from me. I walked erect into his presence, with as stubborn a republican knee, as was sometimes preserved in my approaches to his Holiness, while the multitude were prostrate upon the pavement.† His pretensions

* Winkelman concludes his elaborate description of this statue with the following rhapsody :

"When I behold this prodigy of art, I forget all the universe; I assume a more dignified attitude, to be worthy to contemplate it. From admiration I pass into ecstasy. Penetrated with respect, I feel my bosom heave and dilate itself, as in those filled with the spirit of prophecy. I am transported to Delos, and the sacred groves of Lycia, once honoured by the presence of the god; for the beauty before me seems to acquire motion, like that produced of old by the chisel of Pygmalion. How is it possible to describe thee, thou inimitable master-piece, unless I had the help of ancient science itself to inspire me, and guide my pen? I lay at thy feet the sketch I have rudely attempted; as those who cannot reach the brows of the divinity they adore, offer at its footstool the garlands with which they would fain have crowned its head."

Such is the enthusiastic apostrophe of a grave antiquary. It is the merest rant, and rant too with not even the merit of originality.

For Lord Byron's beautiful hymn to the Apollo Belvidere, the reader is referred to the 4th Canto of *Childe Harold*.

† I was sometimes extremely embarrassed to know what to do, when the Pope was coming, and the crowd cowered to earth like a flock of pigeons. To kneel to a mortal was contrary to my feelings; and to stand upright whilst others knelt, looked like singularity and ill manners. The old adage, "when you are with the Romans do as the Romans do," furnishes perhaps the best general rule of conduct in a foreign country. A pleasant anecdote is related of Horace Walpole, in his visit to Italy. As he entered the door of the Pope's apartment at the Vatican, and stood hesitating whether he would conform to the usual act of humiliation, the aged Pontiff observed his embarrassment and relieved it by saying—"Kneel, my son, and receive the blessing of an old man: it can do you no harm."

to divinity, (I mean Apollo, and not Leo XII.) are unobtrusive, and certainly at the first glance the god does not stand confessed. There is not so much of majesty in the face, form or attitude, as one might expect to find in the son of Jove, with the attributes ascribed to him by Homer. The predominant character of the statue appeared to me to be that of beauty, rather than of dignity or grandeur. Its height is but little above the human stature; its proportions symmetrical and manly, without any tension of muscles, or affected exhibition of strength; and its position is light, easy, and graceful. My obtuse perceptions were unable to detect in the features and the expression of the face any of those super-human traits—that “beautiful disdain,” which Byron discovers in the *eye*, and which Winkelman finds seated on the *lip*. The poet and antiquary are here sadly at variance, as to the *locus in quo*. The latter says that “his eye is all sweetness, as if he were now surrounded by the Muses, eager to offer him their caressing homage.” Madam Starke concludes her description of the statue with the remark, that “it exhibits all the masculine beauty, grace, and dignity, *with which we may suppose Adam to have been adorned before the fall!*” This opinion approximates somewhat to that of Sir Benjamin West, who thought it an exact model of the North American Indian. But not to detail all the ridiculous things that have been said of the Belvidere Apollo, it is doubtless a work of transcendent merit, and the unknown artist,* who may almost be said to have breathed into its nostrils the breath of life, has furnished a beautiful illustration of the ancient fable, alluded to in the following passage of Childe Harold:

“And if it be Prometheus stole from Heaven
The fire which we endure, it was repaid
By him to whom the energy was given,
Which this poetic marble hath array’d
With an eternal glory—which, if made
By human hands, is not of human thought;
And Time himself hath hallowed it, nor laid
One ringlet in the dust—nor hath it caught
A tinge of years, but breathes the flame with which ’twas wrought.”

The Hall of Animals is one of the most interesting and

* This statue was found in the 15th century at Antium, a seaport thirty miles from the mouth of the Tiber, and is supposed to have been brought thither by the emperor Nero, a native of that place, on his return from Greece.

instructive departments of the Museum. It is a spacious and splendid temple, with vestibules supported by granite pillars, and pavements studded with ancient mosaics. The variety of marbles and precious stones, from which the animals are sculptured, furnishes not the least splendid and valuable part of the exhibition. Here are assembled all the most costly materials, which the quarries of the east could afford. Much taste is displayed in adapting the colour of the stone to the complexion of the quadrupeds; as also in expressing the habits of the latter, by concomitant circumstances. For instance, one lion is in the attitude of devouring a horse; another holds a bull's head in his claws; a dog appears upon the back of a stag; and the stork bears a serpent in its mouth.

The visitant is now introduced into a suite of rooms, filled with as numerous and as stately a conclave of the gods, as ever convened in the chambers of the skies, and canopied by firmaments as starry and brilliant. Jove is seated in the midst, grasping the lightning in his hand, and exhibiting the stormy terrors of his brow. Juno sustains the character of the imperious queen of Heaven. Neptune lifts his trident—Pallas stands in massive panoply—and Minerva extends the olive of peace. Here too is the whole court of pleasure and love—Venus and Diana, with their paramours, Adonis and Endymion by their sides—Fauns clanking their cymbals—Bacchantes, with their brows twined with garlands, reeling through the dance—and nymphs reposing in voluptuous dreams.

One apartment is appropriated exclusively to the quire of the Muses and their distinguished votaries. The former were found in the villa of Cassius, at Tivoli. They are arranged with much taste, each bearing her characteristic symbol. Two of them, Melpomene and Thalia, are particularly beautiful. Apollo appears in the midst of them, arrayed in his theatrical habit. Among the poets are Homer, in the attitude of singing to Minerva, Sophocles, Euripides, Sappho, Virgil, Tasso, and Ariosto. Many of the preceding, and hundreds of others not mentioned at all, are first rate productions of the Grecian School, probably constituting the richest collection of statuary in the world.

The ornaments of the rooms are magnificent beyond description. In the centre of the Rotunda stands a porphyry basin forty-two feet in circumference; and scattered over

the Museum, are several colossal sarcophagi of the same material. I observed a large chair, used by some of the former Popes, which is composed of red antique—a species of stone of much finer grain, and more rare than porphyry. The decorations of black antique, and red granite are also beautiful. On some of the ancient mosaics, the battle of the Lapithæ, the head of Medusa, Pallas with her ægis, and other classical fables are portrayed. From the vestibule denominated the Greek Cross, one of the *two hundred* flights of steps at the Vatican leads to a saloon above, in which is deposited an ancient bigæ or chariot, of white marble, drawn by two horses. It is an elegant piece of workmanship, and valuable to the scholar in furnishing illustrations of the classics.

A gallery more than a thousand feet in length, and divided into eight or ten sections by iron-railings, is appropriated to an infinite variety of candelabra, vases, cinerary urns, sarcophagi, and other rare antiquities. The walls of one of the sections are covered with geographical delineations of the papal territories, executed in the 16th century, by order of Pope Gregory XIII. The beautiful plan of St. Peter's, as originally designed by Michael Angelo, also arrested my attention. It is in all respects superior to the present model. Guido's fresco of the Descent of the Holy Ghost, on the ceiling of an adjoining chamber hung with tapestry, deserves examination, although it is not in his happiest style. Thus have I made the circuit of this princely Museum, and noted some of the principal objects it contains. It is a proud monument of the resources, liberality, and munificence of the Pontiffs, and its treasures have been among the most powerful means of drawing thousands of strangers to Rome.

The Library of the Vatican is on a scale proportioned to the extent and magnificence of its other departments. It is contained in three spacious halls, situated between the two wings of the Museum, whence it is approached. The principal apartment, in which are deposited forty thousand rare manuscripts, is two hundred feet long and fifty wide, with a ceiling glittering with gold and ornamented with frescos. Among the splendid furniture are tables of granite, supported by gilt caryatides; celestial and terrestrial globes of the most beautiful workmanship; a column of transparent alabaster; and a sarcophagus of Parian marble, with a winding-sheet of asbestos. The books and manuscripts are all

kept out of sight, under lock and key, in presses ranged round the walls. Many of the most ancient and curious works were taken out of the cases by the librarian for our inspection. Of these was a copy of the scriptures in a folio so large, as to require two men to lift it upon the table—versions of the bible in several languages and of as early a date as the 6th century; also copies on rolls of parchment—transcripts of Pliny, with delineations of animals described by him, and of Virgil, with costumes of the Latins and Trojans, all done with a pen in the 5th century—manuscript copy of Dante—original correspondence between Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn, with numerous other literary curiosities, which time will not permit me to specify. The penalty of excommunication is denounced against such, as shall be guilty of pilfering any of these treasures.

This great hall of the Library opens at right angles into a gallery little short of half a mile in length, supported by pillars of porphyry and other precious materials, presenting one of the richest perspectives, which the imagination can conceive. Its sides are divided into compartments, labelled with the names of great men, as Cicero, Virgil, Cæsar, and others, accompanied by a likeness of each painted upon the wall. The ceiling as usual is enriched with frescos, among which are some of the finest productions of Mengs. These almost endless galleries are filled with books, antiquities, and curiosities of all descriptions, kept in the same manner as the manuscripts. Many of the cases were opened and the contents disclosed to us. In this inexhaustible cabinet, we saw among a thousand other things, a cross composed of small figures, representing Greeks and Russians, in golden mosaic—a volume of plates, illustrative of the horrible deaths of martyrs, in the ages of persecution—instruments of torture in every possible shape—a singular kind of bell, lamps, and other domestic utensils, found in the catacombs and used by the early Christians—a lock of human hair found in a Roman sarcophagus—and last in the catalogue I shall give, two splendid porcelain candelabra, made at Sevres, near Paris, and presented to his Holiness by Napoleon, as a propitiation for his revolutionary offences, and a pledge of his reconciliation, after he had assumed the imperial purple!

The Garden of the Vatican comprises an area of several acres, flanked on one side by a façade of the Palace, and on

another by St. Peter's, the dome of which from this point appears to great advantage. On the remaining sides are walls as high and impregnable, as were those of Eden, while the temptations to scale them are much fewer and less irresistible. A sop of a paul appeased the hungry Cerberus, and induced him to unbar the jarring gates, scarcely less massive than the poet's brazen doors in the nether world. But even the pittance, paid as a fee of admission, is more than the lounge is worth, with the bare exception of a copious fountain, which is made to wind through groves of ilex, and dash down a bed of rugged rocks, filling the whole garden with its murmurs. The stream feeds two or three lakes of moderate size, on the borders of which are erected several lodges, in the worst possible taste, breaking in upon the simplicity of nature, without adding any of the embellishments of art. All the statues and other decorations are of a mean and uninteresting character. The walks are straight and formal, and the shrubbery tortured into unnatural shapes. If the Pope's gardeners were shut out of the enclosure for a few years, it would become a charming retreat.

In one of our frequent visits to the Vatican, as we were sauntering through the Loggie, gazing alternately at the azure firmament of Raphael, and the still brighter heavens, which canopied the city of the Seven Hills, the Pope's carriage came thundering through the colonnades of St. Peter's, and drove into the court below. A report soon circulated among the crowd of visitants, that his Holiness was bent on an excursion to his shooting-lodge, which forms an oasis in the desert of the Campagna, several miles beyond the walls of Rome, in the direction of the Alban Mount. Curiosity led us to descend to the door of the palace, for the purpose of catching a glance at the Pontiff as he came out. An eligible station was found on the landing at the foot of the stair-case, where a group of both sexes had already assembled—some from no better motives than our own, and others to receive the benediction of the godly man. An interval of fifteen or twenty minutes afforded ample time for examining the four sleek and jetty steeds, which stood champng the golden bit, and tossing high their plumed heads, caparisoned with a profusion of burnished harness, and mounted by a brace of postillions in tawdry liveries. The carriage is a flaming chariot, with fiery red wheels, and the inside lined with crimson velvet. It was surrounded by

a squadron of light dragoons for outriders, and a Swiss guard dressed like harlequins, in Turkish trowsers and stockings of red and yellow, armed with halberds resembling the ancient bipennis.

A troop of pilgrims, issuing from a morning levee in the chambers of the Vatican, were the precursors of the Pope, who soon made his appearance upon the stairs, attended by a troop of ushers, bearing the rods of office, and a suite of cardinals, in hose and tunics of crimson. The Pontiff himself, now at the age of sixty or upwards, of a tall, slender form, and a pale, emaciated, though somewhat expressive countenance, appeared bare-headed, clad in a white robe bound with a girdle about his loins, red sandals, and a multiplicity of diamonds sparkling upon his fingers. During his descent of the long flight of steps, he was in earnest conversation with the ex-queen of Sardinia, who was on a pilgrimage to the palace, accompanied by a retinue of her maids of honour. She walked by his side, and they frequently paused, as if debating some important question, or perhaps to give the spectators a fair view of their persons. On arriving at the foot of the stairs, within a few paces of our station, her majesty knelt for the purpose of kissing the slipper of his Holiness. With a good deal of gallantry, he apparently endeavoured to prevent her from such an act of humiliation; but she persisted, and quite a bustle ensued. Finding all resistance vain, he raised in succession each foot to meet her fervent lips. One of the maids of honour attempted to follow the example of her mistress; but the Pope seemed to think, that the kisses of the latter would suffice, and hurried away to join his carriage, pronouncing his benediction on us all as he passed.

Leo XII. is said to be a man of very moderate talents, and was scarcely known at the time of his elevation to the papal throne. Unable to acquire influence by the force of his intellect or the depth of his learning, and incapable of following the example of some of his predecessors in their splendid schemes of ambition, he has sought the reputation of extraordinary piety, with a sincere hope perhaps of redeeming the vices of early life by the peculiar sanctity of his old age. His pontificate is characterized by all the bigotry and gross superstition of the dark ages. Romo is filled with pilgrims and beggars, invited thither by the encouragement of the Pope; monastic institutions are restored to

their pristine vigour ; new saints are canonized and added to the calendar ; miracles have again become frequent ; the year of jubilee returns at short intervals ; and religious parades are made the business of life. The zeal of the Pontiff has in some degree extended to his spiritual subjects in other countries. What must be the character of an age, when a Bourbon descends from the throne of France, and goes up bare-headed to the shrine of Calvary, in a procession of monks, chanting hymns to the Virgin !

LETTER LXXIV.

ROME CONTINUED—POPE'S CATHEDRAL—SCALA SANTA—CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA MAGGIORE—ST. MARY OF THE ANGELS—MONTE TESTACCIO—TOMB OF CAIUS CESTIUS—PROTESTANT CEMETERY—EXCURSION TO ST. PAUL'S OF THE THREE FOUNTAINS.

June, 1826.—St. John Lateran, or the Pope's Cathedral, is second only to St. Peter's in magnitude and the grandeur of its proportions, and claims even a superiority in sanctity and religious importance. It is the mother church of Rome, founded by the emperor Constantine, or more properly converted by him from a palace into a sanctuary. It stands upon an elevated, spacious, and beautiful area, near the Neapolitan Gate, commanding a charming view of the ruins in the vicinity, as well as of the distant mountains. The front is peculiarly bold, grand, and imposing, surpassing in my opinion the principal façade of St. Peter's. Its battlements are surmounted by colossal statues of the Saviour and the twelve apostles. The material of the church is a handsome stone of a light complexion. A magnificent flight of steps, extending the whole breadth of the front, leads to the vestibule. The central door is of sculptured bronze, said to be from the ancient temple of Saturn near the Roman Forum.

Such is the stately exterior of St. John Lateran. The interior is of the form denominated the basilica, consisting of a wide nave in the centre, with double aisles on each side, separated from one another by rows of pilasters, which at the time of our several visits were covered with crimson cloth, the usual decorations during festivals. A series of splendid

chapels line the outermost aisles. Of these shrines, the Corsini is by far the most magnificent. In the four corners are statues, representing the cardinal virtues, beautifully executed in white marble. The figures are admirable both in design and execution. On the left as you enter, is the proud tomb of Clement XII. who consecrated and enriched this chapel, in honour of St. Corsini, his ancestor. The sarcophagus of the Pope is porphyry, of the most exquisite workmanship. It was pilfered from the Pantheon, and is supposed to have contained the dust of Agrippa, son-in-law of Augustus.

We witnessed in this church the anniversary celebration of Ascension Day, when the Pope officiated in person. The ceremonies were splendid, but had little the appearance of religious rites. Early in the forenoon, the principal streets leading to the Cathedral were thronged with carriages and pedestrians, hastening to see the Pontiff perform his sacred functions. Regiments of Austrian troops in full uniform, wearing sprigs of evergreen in their hats, were paraded on the great square, in front of the church; and a numerous band of martial music gave life and animation to the scene. An immense multitude, comprising nearly the whole population of Rome, with all the strangers in the city, were collected in the church, on the steps, and seated in their coaches thronging the area. There was a fine display of Roman beauty and taste. At length the Pope appeared in pontifical robes of snowy whiteness, fringed with gold, wearing an image of the sun upon his breast, and the glittering tiara upon his brow. He was borne along the aisles on the shoulders of men, and seated in the tribune behind the high altar, surrounded by all the ecclesiastical dignitaries. After high mass was celebrated, closing with exquisite music, his Holiness was carried in state to the balcony in front of the church, for the purpose of pronouncing his benediction upon the assembled multitude. Above his head rose a splendid canopy of crimson velvet, and an orb of plumes, resembling a peacock's tail, was displayed on his right. The moment he made his appearance, all dropt upon their knees, while he spread forth his hands and uttered a brief blessing. As soon as the ceremony was over, a salute of twenty guns was fired from the castle of St. Angelo, and the Austrian band struck up some of the martial airs of the north. In the midst of the uproar, the Pope threw from the balcony printed papers,

which came down like a shower of play-bills, and set the crowd in a general scramble for these precious copies of his benediction. Hucksters were all the while crying punch, and apple-women, cakes and fruit. It was, on the whole, a very odd scene, more resembling a military muster, a theatrical exhibition, or any other show, than a sacred festival of the church.

St. John Lateran is surrounded by other structures, which contribute to its external grandeur. Near its western entrance, stands a beautiful Egyptian obelisk, ten feet in diameter at the base, and one hundred and twenty in height, richly sculptured with hieroglyphics. It was brought from the Temple of the Sun at Thebes, and erected by one of the Popes. The Baptistry belonging to the Cathedral claims peculiar sanctity and celebrity, in as much as the Emperor Constantine received the holy rite at its font. It is not a very large building, octagonal in shape, rich in marbles and precious stones. A profusion of porphyry, verde antique, and of alabaster has been lavished on its altars. The font is an ancient sarcophagus, to which you descend by several steps. One of the the paintings upon the walls represents Constantine, in the character of an iconoclast, in the act of demolishing idols, or in other words, the beautiful specimens of Grecian and Roman sculpture, which were probably converted into lime, as thousands have since been, to be used as mortar for constructing palaces.

The most curious edifice in the vicinity of St. John Lateran is the *Scala Santa*, or Holy Stairs, situated opposite the church, always open and always crowded with devotees. Here are to be seen twenty-five or thirty white marble steps, said to have belonged to the palace of Pontius Pilate at Jerusalem, and to have been hollowed by the foot-steps of the Saviour. They are covered with thick plank, renewed at short intervals, to prevent them from being worn out by the knees and kisses of the devout. No person is allowed to ascend or descend this sacred way upon his feet. There are two lateral flights, by which the profane may go up or the pious walk down, after the fatigues of climbing the consecrated marble. I have visited the *Scala Santa* perhaps a dozen times, and never without seeing a multitude of both sexes, often well dressed ladies and gentlemen, engaged in the arduous pilgrimage of creeping from the bottom to the top. They commence by kneeling and kissing the lower

step, and on each of the succeeding ones they pause to whisper a short prayer. The ascent occupies half or three quarters of an hour. It is at once painful and melancholy, to see delicate females struggling in the performance of this superstitious penance, imposed as a religious duty. In all my visits, I do not recollect to have seen one of the priesthood reducing his corpulency, or soiling his sacerdotal robes, by such an act of humility. At the head of the stairs is a little chapel, denominated the *sanctum sanctorum*, from its peculiar holiness. It contains a precious crucifix, and two of the nails from the cross, brought from Jerusalem. We had an indistinct view of these relics, through a lattice and by the faint glimmer of a taper, kept forever burning in the sacred shrine. The picture of superstition is here more gross and revolting, than I have found it in any other part of Italy, because it is accompanied with bodily pain.

Of all the churches at Rome or in Italy, so far as my observation has extended, none will sustain a comparison in elegance of form, richness of materials, and splendour of ornament, with Santa Maria Maggiore. It is situated upon the summit of the Esquiline Hill, and covers ground once occupied by a temple of Juno. The shrine of the Virgin Mother no doubt far surpasses in sumptuousness that of the Queen of Heaven. At all events, the brilliancy of its decorations is better suited to a theatre, a pavilion, or a ball-room, than to the character of that religion, which in its origin is associated with a manger, and the prevailing spirit of which is lowliness of heart. Yet here the holy babe is annually born, and rocked in a more splendid cradle, than ever lulled the slumbers of an earthly monarch. The form of this church is that of the ancient basilica, allowed to be the most perfect, so far as it respects symmetry and beauty. Nothing can exceed in richness and elegance the view from the front door, towards the high altar and the tribune. Forty beautiful antique pillars of the Ionic order line the nave, and support galleries, which are divided into compartments, filled with paintings. The glories of the ceiling vie with the mosaics of the pavement. Between the nave and the choir, rises a canopy supported by four porphyry pillars, wreathed with gold, and only surpassed in splendour by the profusion of lapis-lazuli, agate, and jasper, which glitter on the alters around. Two magnificent chapels open on either hand, and are filled with piles of monumental marble, of the most ex-

quisite workmanship. Among these are the tombs of four Popes. In one of the chapels is a beautiful tabernacle supported by angels of bronze gilt. The outside of Santa Maria Maggiore does not fully correspond in magnificence with the interior. Its roof is crowned with two domes and a misshapen steeple. On one side stands an Egyptian Obelisk, taken from the tomb of Augustus; and on the other, a column from the temple of Peace, surmounted by a statue of the Madonna.

The church of St. Maria of the Angels possesses an interest entirely different from that of the one just described. It stands on the ruins of Diocletian's Baths, and in fact once formed a part of that imperial and luxurious establishment, which covered several acres. Michael Angelo converted that portion which was denominated the Xystum, or the arena for wrestlers and gladiators in unpleasant weather, into the present church, and made it one of the grandest in Rome. Its form is perfect, being a Greek Cross, from the intersection of which every object in the edifice may be distinctly seen. The nave is nearly two hundred feet in length, and upwards of one hundred in height, supported by antique columns of granite, sixteen feet in circumference. On the splendid mosaic pavement is a delineation of the Ecliptic, exhibiting the signs of the zodiac, the most remarkable stars within the limits of the solar path, and the feasts of the church, all finely executed. The line extends diagonally the length of the church. In the vestibule, which was one of the hot baths of Diocletian, are the tombs of Salvator Rosa and Carlo Maratta, two eminent artists. That of the former is of beautiful white marble, comprising a statue of himself, with two children at the base, and a very neat appropriate inscription.

I made two excursions to St. Paul's without the walls, several miles from the city, taking in my way several intermediate objects, among the most interesting of which are Monte Testaccio, the tomb of Caius Cestius, and the Protestant Cemetery. The Mons Testaceus, as it was called by the old Romans, situated near the left bank of the Tiber, is nearly two hundred feet in height, and five or six hundred feet in circumference. It is entirely artificial, composed of broken porcelain, thrown out as refuse ware by workmen in the potteries. It is now covered with green sward, and on its summit an annual festival is celebrated, resembling the

ancient Saturnalia. Not far from its base, rises to the height of about 120 feet the proud and substantial pyramid, in honour of Caius Cestius, the purveyor for the feasts of the gods, who seems to have possessed nothing beyond official dignity, to entitle him to such a distinction. A lateral door, kept under lock and key, opens into the spacious vault, arched at top, in which the sarcophagus was deposited, in the style of the Egyptian kings. A cicerone conducted us down a flight of steps into the vacant, murky, and gloomy sepulchre, pointing out the half obliterated frescos upon the roof. But it contains little that deserves the attention of the visitant. The name of the wealthy Roman is pompously displayed on one of the faces of the exterior.

The burying-ground for strangers is not less beautiful and interesting than the Protestant Cemetery at Leghorn, described in a former letter. It lies in the form of an exact square, enclosed by a moat ten feet in width and fifteen in depth, laying bare the pavement of the old Ostian Way. The sides of the entrenchment are neatly walled up with substantial masonry, and a draw-bridge, with a gate kept locked, forms the only entrance. Copses of pine, yew, elm, acacia, and other shrubs, together with a coat of rank grass enamelled with the red poppy and a variety of wild flowers, shade the grounds, half concealing the beautiful white marble monuments rising amidst the foliage. Here, as at Leghorn and Naples, rest the remains of several of our countrymen. Among the tombs of strangers, which most interested us, was that of the celebrated Doctor John Bell, of Edinburgh, whose book on Italy has lately been published. The tomb of Percy B. Shelley, the friend of Lord Byron, who was drowned on the coast of Tuscany, is among the most conspicuous in the new cemetery, contiguous to the old one. His epitaph is as eccentric as was the character of his muse. It consists of an odd quotation from the *Tempest* of Shakspeare :

" Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange."

By the side of the road, between the tomb of Caius Cestius and the Church of St. Paul, is a little shrine said to be erected on the spot, where the two Apostles parted just before their execution. A Latin inscription records the mourn-

ful event of the last meeting. The identity of the scene, and even the fact of an interview, rests on a vague tradition. St. Paul's without the walls, once second only to St. Peter's in its dimensions and magnificence, is now a mass of bleak ruins, having been a few years since destroyed by fire. Useless as was this splendid temple, in the deserts of the Campagna, where there are no inhabitants within miles of its doors, it is painful to behold such a wreck of the arts. Massive and beautiful fluted pillars of the Corinthian order, shivered and calcined by the flames, strew a mosaic pavement about 250 feet in length, and half that distance in breadth. The whole area is covered with the stumps, shafts, and fragments of capitals and friezes. No less than one hundred and twenty of these immense columns, many of which were from the tomb of Adrian, rose along the nave and aisles of this proud temple, forming colonnades and vistas of unequalled splendour. A monk from a neighbouring convent, the few inmates of which are pallid with sickness, and starving amidst the waste by which they are surrounded, conducted us through his own cloisters and over the sad remains of the church, prolonging his services as much as possible, with the hope of augmenting his fee. Behind the place where the high altar once stood, now strewn with the molten scoria of its precious gems, he showed the reputed tomb of St. Paul, in the form of a subterranean vault, with a small altar, before which a taper is still kept burning, and flings its dim rays upon the surrounding ruins.

In a second visit to St. Paul's, we extended our ride two miles farther on towards Ostia, to a place where it is said the great Apostle of the Gentiles and many of his proselytes suffered martyrdom. To whatever degree of credibility the legend may be entitled, it has been sufficient in the eyes of the faithful to impart peculiar sanctity to the scene of suffering; and here three other churches have been erected, in the very depths of the Campagna, forming the remotest outposts in the chain of ecclesiastical fortresses encircling Rome. The solitudes in this region are absolutely appalling. There is not to my recollection a single dwelling on the road, in the whole distance of four or five miles from the gates of the city. Glimpses of the Tiber, rolling through such a perfect desert, in silent and sullen grandeur, only serve to deepen the picture of desolation. Deep excavations have been made in the undulating surface, for obtaining tufo.

We saw here and there a shepherd tending his flock of sheep and goats on the green but lonely waste. The most interesting of the group of churches, standing within a few rods of one another, is St. Paul's of the Three Fountains. It is intrinsically a pretty temple, rich in its decorations, among which are two columns of green porphyry, extremely beautiful. But this chapel relies chiefly on its associations, for its attractions both to pilgrims and travellers. In one corner stands a white marble pillar, protected by an iron grate, and a Latin inscription states that it is the identical block, on which St. Paul was beheaded. One of the two monks, who seem to be the sole residents in the vicinity of these three churches, confirmed the authenticity of the tradition, and was very loquacious in citing authorities. But the marble block, (an odd material for the purposes of decapitation,) is not the greatest wonder in this marvellous shrine. Along the walls are three fountains, which, according to the same legendary tales, burst forth all at once in a miraculous manner. The friar scooped up a ladle full of the water and gave us to drink. It was found to be pure and refreshing. Two or three squalid peasants, who were journeying from the mouth of the Tiber to Rome, and who here halted to kneel at the holy altar, also drank at the fountains, as if there was some peculiar virtue in the draught.

LETTER LXXV.

ROME CONTINUED—TOMB OF TASSO—CORSI NI PALACE—MOUNT JANICULUM—FOUNTAIN OF PAUL V.—VILLA DORIA PAMFILI—DORIA PALACE—SCENE UPON THE CORSO—PALAZZO ROSPIGLIOSI—GUIDO'S AURORA—GALLERY.

June, 1826.—A solitary pilgrimage to the tomb of Tasso afforded me great pleasure. It is in the church of St. Onofrio, situated on the brow of the Janiculum, overhanging the ancient gardens of Cæsar, and commanding a charming view of Rome. A small terrace in front is beautifully shaded with elms, and the cloisters of the Convent, in which the great epic poet of modern Italy died in penury, exhibit an air of deep seclusion. My visit was at evening. Finding no one in the vicinity, I entered the church alone to look

for the tomb. A young friar, the only person in the chapel, happened to be kneeling at his vespers on the very slab in the pavement, which covers the dust, and is inscribed with the name of the divine poet. The kind-hearted ecclesiastic, guessing my errand, rose and after pointing to the spot without uttering a word, knelt at a little distance to finish his evening devotions. I followed his example in kneeling, for the less pious purpose of enabling me in the obscurity of twilight to read the inscription, which was found to be as follows:—"Torquati Tassi ossa hic jacent"—here rest the remains of Torquato Tasso. He died in 1644, at the age of 51, after a series of persecutions and misfortunes, such as Italian genius seems to have been destined in all cases to experience, amidst the collision of parties, the intolerance of the church, the tyranny of petty sovereignties, and the jealousies of individuals. On the wall opposite the slab covering his ashes, is a handsome monument to his memory, consisting of a marble tablet, bearing a long Latin epitaph; a beautiful medallion of the poet, with other decorations in good taste, the whole surmounted by a cross.

On the 14th, all our party went to the Corsini Palace, situated beyond the Tiber, at the foot of the Janiculum. The principal object of our visit was to look at the gallery of statues and paintings. Of the former the number is small and uninteresting, in comparison with the museums at the Capitol and Vatican; but the collection of pictures contains some of the choicest specimens we have found in Italy. The walls of several apartments are covered with the productions of the first artists, and there is scarcely a mean work in the gallery. Before all others, I had almost said here or elsewhere, is an *Ecce Homo*, the head of the Saviour, by Guercino. It is a sublime effort of the mighty master, and will produce an emotion in every mind, however unschooled in the arts.

From the Corsini Palace, we pursued our excursion to the summit of Janiculum, whence a splendid panoramic view of Rome and its environs was obtained. Near the top is the noble Fountain of Paul V. one of the finest among the hundred, which purify, refresh, and adorn the imperial city. Not merely a brook, but a river, brought thirty-five miles in an aqueduct, here gushes through five apertures in a wall, and descends in foam into a magnificent marble basin. Between the silver streams are half a dozen splendid Ionic

columns of red granite, surmounted by a rich frieze, all taken from the Forum of Nerva.

Passing out of the Porta di San Pancrazio, which spans the old Aurelian Way, we visited the Villa Doria Pamfili, belonging to a descendant of the Genoese Liberator. It is one of the most extensive in the environs of Rome, being about four miles in circuit. The grounds are filled with groves, walks, lakes, and fountains, much resembling in style, the gardens at Versailles. In some instances, the woods and waters are fine. The most conspicuous tree is the pine, rising to a moderate height, with a flat spreading top. In the embellishment of this park, art has done too much. Every object has been distorted, and few of the negligent graces of nature are left.

The next day we went to the Doria Palace in the Corso. It is a large and magnificent structure, presenting a handsome front to the street. The apartments are generally elegant: one of them is peculiarly splendid, the walls being covered with mirrors, somewhat in the style of the Serra, at Genoa. The gallery of pictures comprises a rare collection. Two of the finest are Cain slaying Abel, and Belisarius, both by Salvator Rosa. The latter is an admirable production, characterized by all the wild and gloomy grandeur of its author's imagination. A landscape view is in perfect harmony with the character of the hero, who is represented with an erect form and undaunted brow, treading amidst ruins. There is sublimity in the angry sky, and forests shattered by the storm. The contrast between such a scene and some of Claude Lorraine's soft, sunny, and quiet landscapes, in the same collection, is peculiarly striking. There is not a wider difference between the poetry of Thompson and Byron. Several of Claude's most finished pieces, are in this gallery. For one of them, not more than four feet square, an English nobleman offered \$20,000. He is wholly inimitable and in comparable in his department, as far transcending other artists in rural scenery, as Raphael does in portraits.

After dinner we strolled for an hour through the Corso, to look at the living, moving, and busy world of fashion. The display in this street, between 6 and 7 o'clock each evening, is a spectacle worth seeing. Eyes which have slept away the day, then begin to sparkle, and the reign of pleasure commences. A spirit of rivalry in show and luxury, something in the style of the old patricians, still prevails among

the Romans. Many of their coaches, horses, and equipages, are splendid. The carriage of Torlonia the banker, alias the Duke of Bracciano, was observed among the foremost of the glittering throng, drawn by palfreys, and bearing the escutcheons of purchased nobility.

We were this evening honoured with a call from Signor Trentanove, the celebrated sculptor, whose reputation is so well known to our countrymen, as the pupil and successor of Canova. He sat with us an hour, and we were delighted with an interview, which subsequently led to a more intimate acquaintance. He is yet quite a young man, handsome in his person, with a fine forehead, and a keen dark eye. Genius and intellect are very legibly written in the lines of his face. In his manners he is modest, affable, and extremely prepossessing, manifesting great cordiality and kindness of heart. On taking leave, he politely tendered his good offices, and offered any facilities in his power, to enable us to examine the works of art, and other objects of interest at Rome. The sequel will prove, that this act of civility was not a mere compliment, but resulted in many kind attentions and valuable services.

On the following day, we all went to the Palazzo Rospi-gliosi, standing on the ruins of Constantine's Baths, in the region of Monte Cavallo. In a pretty garden filled with oranges, citrons, and flowers, is a pavilion of no great beauty, the ceiling of which is adorned with the celebrated *Aurora* of Guido, esteemed one of the finest frescos at Rome. The design is grand, but we were somewhat disappointed in the execution, being unable to discover those masterly touches, which have called forth the admiration of others. A quadrigæ or four-horse chariot, is driven by Phœbus. The heads of the horses are fine; but the figure, face, and attitude of the god of day appeared to us peculiarly awkward, and unworthy of so brilliant a divinity. If Phœton did not drive with more spirit, no wonder he was thrown into the Po. Just above the fiery steeds appears the Morning Star, in the guise of a Cupid bearing a torch. Round the chariot of the Sun dance the Hours, in the shape of nymphs, seven in number. Their forms are gross and heavy, their legs large, and their arms brawny, forming an odd personification of those winged, ærial spirits, who are supposed to tread with light footsteps, and flit by, almost unperceived. They are clad in costumes of different colours, in which the favourite blue of the artist

predominates. The skies and clouds present a tolerable picture of the mingled hues and reflected blushes of morning. In front of the steeds is Aurora herself, the precursor and guide of Phœbus. She is represented in the form of a beautiful female, flying through the heavens and lighting up the orient with her smiles. It is, on the whole, a pretty picture, defective as parts of it appear in detail.

I was much pleased with a basaltic bust of Scipio Africanus, found at Liternum or Patria, the place of his exile, between Gaeta and Cumæ. It is the most striking head I have seen at Rome. The venerable warrior and patriot is represented as perfectly bald, and exhibiting a scar on his right brow. His face is strongly marked with the lines of thought.

LETTER LXXVI.

ROME CONTINUED—NERO'S TOWER—VILLA ALBANI—STUDIO OF TRENTANOVE—BORGHESÉ PALACE—EXCURSION TO MONS SACER—CANONIZATION OF A NEW SAINT—SUNDAY IN ROME—SPADA AND FARNESE PALACES—VILLA BORGHESÉ—FINALE OF THE POPE'S SAINT.

June, 1826.—On the Quirinal Hill, stands the tower on which Nero is said to have sat and fiddled, while Rome was in flames. Vague and improbable as the tradition is, we sought permission to enter, and follow the footsteps of the tyrant to the summit, but were repulsed at the door. The base of the monument is occupied as a nunnery, and of course there is no admission to the cells of the holy sisterhood.

Foiled in this attempt, we made an excursion to the Villa Albani, beyond the Fountain of Termine,* and near the Porta Pia, or Gate of Pius IV. which is one of the most magnificent at Rome. The villa commands an enchanting view of Tivoli and the Alban Mount. Its grounds and gardens are extensive, sloping gently towards the Campagna, and forming one of the most delightful situations in the suburbs of the city. Yet with all these natural advantages, Albani exhibits

* This is one of the finest works of the kind in the city. Its embellishments are peculiarly appropriate, consisting of a statue of Moses bringing water from the rock, and a bas-relief, representing Aaron leading the Israelites to slake their thirst at the fountain.

little taste and few attractions. Its walks are laid out in the most formal manner; its squares and alleys are all right-angled; its trees are despoiled of their native charms; and its fountains resemble the locks of a canal.

Within the enclosure are three edifices, designed merely as lodges, galleries, and places of occasional resort for amusement. The principal edifice is lofty, light, and airy, with a beautiful porch extending the whole length in front, fifteen or twenty feet in depth, supported by a long range of pillars. Its roof is arched, and the pavement is a splendid mosaic, composed of black and white marble. This portico is worth more than all the rest of the building, on which immense sums of money have been squandered. Along the front are semicircular recesses, forming the entrances to the stairways, and ornamented with statues, busts, and hermes. With a few exceptions it is a poor lot of sculpture.

At evening we made an excursion across the Milvian Bridge, and thence down the right bank of the Tiber, along the foot of Monte Mario, to the Porta-Angelica, near the Vatican—a circuit of four or five miles, affording many fine views of the hills, the river, the walls, and the distant towers of the city. For the greater part of the way, the path pursues the windings of the Tiber, the borders of which are rural and flowery. In the summer months this is the fashionable drive with the Romans.

On the following day, we visited the Studio of Trentanove. He was closeted with an English lady, who was sitting for her bust; but he requested us to make ourselves at home in his study, if it could afford any amusement. We found it rich in statues, and exquisite specimens of sculpture. Copies of the *Venus de' Medici* and the *Apollino* are worthy of the original in the Gallery at Florence. I was delighted with a group of two children; one with a bird, and the other with its nest. The former is laughing, and the latter in tears. In attitude and expression, both are true to nature. It is a beautiful production, as well in design as in execution, and would form a fine decoration for a drawing-room. We here found a gallery, composed of the busts of our countrymen, from Washington and Franklin down to some of our personal acquaintances, whose faces were instantly recognized. In his general style, Trentanove adheres to the instructions of his great master, Canova, though not so rigidly as to copy his faults. He is an artist of discriminating mind and

correct taste, with all the advantages which the galleries and schools of Italy can afford. In my opinion the day is not distant, if it has not already arrived, when the productions of his chisel will rival those of his illustrious predecessor. He possesses both the genius and industry, to reach the highest eminence in his profession.

In the afternoon I visited the Palazzo Borghese, the largest and one of the most magnificent palaces in Rome. It is situated on the left bank of the Tiber, above the bridge of St. Angelo. The porticos in the rear overhang and look out upon the river. A lofty and noble front ranges along the street. The apartments are both numerous and spacious. Some of them are extremely rich in decorations. The vaulted ceilings are highly gilt. Sheets of mirrors are half-covered with Cupids and wreaths of flowers. But a choice collection of paintings furnishes the strongest attraction. The walls of ten rooms are entirely covered with some of the rarest pictures of the first artists. It would be difficult to find a gallery, which contains a greater variety, or a more select assortment of paintings. Yet there is no tenant in the palace to enjoy them. Paulina, the sister of Napoleon, has gone to the tomb, and Prince Borghese, her husband, is a wanderer in France and England, leaving his Italian villas and palaces behind.

After dinner we made an excursion to Mons Sacer, whither the plebeian multitude retreated in rebellion, and gave origin to the office of Tribune. It is several miles from Rome, on the right bank of the Anio, in the depth of the Campagna. The only person we saw, after leaving the gates of the city, was an old man clad in goat-skins, with the hairy side out. He looked himself like one of the beasts of his charge, bearing a striking similitude to Pan and the fabled Satyrs. He has a rude hut by the margin of the headlong stream, and appears to live entirely alone. The hill, so renowned in history, is a green swell of moderate elevation, rising like a tumulus on the waste. We here witnessed one of the most splendid sunsets I ever beheld, transcending the boldest and richest tints of the pencil. The west was in a blaze of glory, and imparted to the clouds and to the distant mountains the most gorgeous hues of crimson, purple, and gold.

In the evening we went to the chapel of Capuchins, to witness the initiatory step towards making a new saint and entering him in the calendar. The whole process occupied

three days, or more properly three nights; for all the exercises took place by candle-light, when it is much easier to make a great show than in the glare of sunshine. We found an immense multitude assembled to witness the ceremonies, which in themselves amount to nothing. The church, the squares, and the streets in the vicinity were brilliantly illuminated, and thronged to overflowing with both sexes in their best dresses. It was indeed a splendid spectacle. A rude image of the Saint was suspended over the high altar, with a circle of brass wire to form the rays of a glory about his head. A congregation of monks and priests, in their sacerdotal robes, gathered round the brilliant shrine and joined in high mass, after which some exquisite pieces of music were performed in the finest style.

I have now an image of this saint upon my table, struck off for the occasion, on a small duodecimo leaf, with the prayer to be offered to him on the opposite page. He was canonized under the appellation of Beato Angelo d'Acri, and seems to have been a missionary some two or three hundred years ago. He is represented in the guise of a monk, wearing a long beard, a coarse robe, with a girdle about his loins, a crucifix in his hand, and a death's head by his side. The supplication directed to be addressed to him begins with—"Oh Beato Angelo, che foste così propizio a vostri divoti," and concludes with an earnest prayer for his intercession. I inquired in vain for the peculiar claims of this monk to a place in the calendar. It is a rule with the Popes never to make a Saint of a person, with whose character the world is acquainted, and until the events of his life have become mere matter of tradition.

The act of canonization appeared to be a festival, rather than a solemn religious rite. There was no indication of seriousness in the audience. The street leading from the church to the Fountain of Trevi was kept in a blaze till midnight, and was converted into the Corso of the evening. It was constantly thronged with belles and beaux, promenading between these two points, occasionally pausing at the Fountain, to see the beams of a full moon and the glare of variegated lamps reflected from the silver sheet of waters, foaming over a rocky bed. I rested upon the rim of the marble basin, watching alternately the beauty of the cascade and the gaiety of the crowd. Madame de Stael here lays the scene of one of the most highly wrought passages in

Corinne; and it is not improbable, that some of the Roman multitude this evening whispered sentiments as warm and vows as tender, as were breathed by her impassioned lovers.

On Sunday we went to St. Peter's to attend mass and hear the music. By the side of the road, beyond the ferry of the Ripetta, several men were observed seated upon the grass, playing cards for money. This was a novel scene to be witnessed on the Sabbath, in the capital of his Holiness. In Italy as well as in France, Sunday is the great day of amusement. The theatres are open and the public places crowded. Religious services are performed at morning and evening. The lower classes go to mass at an early hour, and the higher orders, at 11 or 12 o'clock. We found St. Peter's filled with people; but there was nothing peculiar in the ceremonies. In one of the chapels, half a dozen females were observed with a numerous group of pretty girls about them, engaged in a Sunday School. The peculiar doctrines of the Catholic faith are of course inculcated. I have one of the elementary books, put into the hands of children, now before me. It contains the catechism, and is full of what Protestants would call absurdities. The Catholic religion in Italy is essentially different from the same faith, as professed in the United States.

In returning to St. Peter's, a great crowd was observed in one of the public squares, and on approaching, we found a young priest earnestly engaged in preaching to the multitude. He was really eloquent, powerful in his elocution, and graceful in his gestures. His harangue appeared to be of a popular cast, adapted to a street audience. From some he drew tears and from others sighs. We remained till the close of the exercises, when the whole congregation kneeled upon the pavement, and received a parting benediction.

At evening we walked to the Coliseum, to attend another religious meeting. The exercises were just closing at the time of our arrival. Another orator had been holding forth to an assembly, which filled the arena. They were now all kneeling upon the green grass, before the shrines erected round the *podium*, engaged in saying vespers. Presently they rose, and marched out in procession, chanting an evening hymn. A society of monks, in brown dominos girt with a cord, bearing the cross and lighted tapers, led the way. The scene was full of interest, associated as the ceremonies were with such a locality. The splendour of a full moon induced

us to linger about the ruin to a late hour, watching its varying aspects, and musing in its desolate arches. There is a charming walk upon the brow of the Cœlian Hill, bordered with parterres of bright flowers, shaded with young elms, and furnished with embowered seats. It is within a hundred paces of the Coliseum, and commands a perfect view of the exterior.

On the 19th I visited the Palazzo Spada, a monstrous, half-deserted palace, surrounding spacious quadrangular courts, with niches above, occupied by gods and saints. The most interesting work in the palace, and the principal object of my visit, is a colossal statue of Pompey, at the base of which Cæsar fell. There is some doubt as to its identity, and the authenticity of the tradition. It is said to have been found in a vault under a street, in the vicinity of Pompey's Forum. At all events, it is a statue of some merit, representing a warrior in an imposing attitude, with a fine exhibition of muscles. His right arm is outstretched; in his left hand he holds a globe; and a sword hangs at his side. I could perceive no reason why it might not be the conqueror of the East.

From the Spada palace, I went to the Palazzo Farnese, in the same neighbourhood. It is an immense pile, the materials of which were drawn from the Coliseum, that exhaustless quarry whence many of the embellishments of modern Rome have been derived. The barbarous act of plunder is not redeemed by the magnificence of the palace, although its exterior surpasses in loftiness and architectural grandeur any similar edifice in the city. It is three stories high; the first of the Doric, the second of the Ionic, and the third of the Corinthian order. The frieze is particularly admired for its elegance. On the public square in front are two basins of granite, of an oval form, seven feet in diameter, and four or five in depth. They were found in the baths of Caracalla, and are now used as the reservoirs of two copious fountains.

In the court I found the sarcophagus of Cecilia Metella, from her tomb on the Appian Way. It is composition, encrusted with Parian marble, sculptured with the heads of animals. It is capacious enough to hold all the Patrician ashes of ancient Rome. Climbing a noble flight of stairs, I examined the celebrated frescos of Annibal Caracci. This enormous palace, in which a small family might easily be lost,

and the saloons of which are silent and cheerless, is at present occupied by the Neapolitan minister to the Papal Court.

In the afternoon I walked to the Villa Borghese, which is without the walls of the city, spreading northerly from the base of the Pincian Hill. It is three miles in circumference, embracing a park, somewhat in the English style, the woods, walks, fountains, and other embellishments of which, display much taste in rural scenery, furnishing a striking contrast to ordinary Italian gardens. The pine, ilex, and elm, are among the most conspicuous trees. Broad avenues for carriages are laid out in all directions, which are open to the public, and form a charming drive. Just beyond the entrance, two vistas open at right angles, at the extremities of which, are Grecian temples, forming beautiful terminations. Statues, fountains, and pavilions, fill the woods.

I trod most of the umbrageous paths, and at length came to the principal lodge, which is lost among the trees. It is a noble edifice filled with the works of art. Numerous saloons open into a spacious hall, forming the vestibule, the vaulted roof of which is highly embellished. On the wall, facing the front door, is the celebrated equestrian statue, in alto-relievo, of Curtius, leaping into the gulf which opened in the Roman Forum.

In the evening we went to see the Pope give the finishing touch to his new saint. At 8 o'clock he brushed along through the congregated multitude, blessing the people as he passed, who all prostrated themselves upon the pavement. Prayers were said, and hymns of beatification sung. The whole front of the church, and the streets in the vicinity, were brilliantly illuminated. At the conclusion of the ceremonies, a splendid volley of fire-works was let off, on the square in front of the chapel; and the modern saint, like the ancient prophet, might be said to have ascended in a chariot of flame. The nocturnal festival was prolonged to a late hour. Houses hung with banners of crimson, and balconies filled with circles of Roman beauty, certainly presented a brilliant spectacle.

While we were at breakfast next morning, word came that the church of the Capuchins was burnt down, from the illumination of the night previous. Here was a most ominous and unlucky occurrence, as well for his Holiness as his Saintship. Although Beato Angelo could work other miracles, and excite celestial flames, he could not use the bucket and

quench terrestrial fires. His own image and the brazen radii of his glory suffered in the conflagration. This catastrophe was hard of explanation, and staggered the faithful. In other countries, it would be accounted a judgment from heaven, for the mockery of deifying a monk. After finishing our coffee, we walked to the scene of desolation, which last evening was so brilliant and so gay. The front of the chapel was entirely consumed, and other parts sustained much injury. Cinders were strewed among the wreaths, with which the brows of madonnas and saints were entwined. While other articles of furniture were seared, it is remarkable, that the splendid picture of Guido's Archangel, denominated the Catholic Apollo, passed through the flames without detriment, although it was suspended over an altar near the front door. It is a noble production, perhaps the chef d'œuvres of its author. Copies of it have been multiplied without number. The Archangel is represented in the attitude of treading upon the Prince of Darkness.

LETTER LXXVII.

ROME CONTINUED—BARBERINI PALACE—STUDIO OF CANOVA—THORWALDSEN—COLONNA PALACE—MICHAEL ANGELO'S STATUE OF MOSES—STUDIO OF CAMUCCINI—SCIARRA PALACE—ANNIVERSARY OF ST. JOHN—PALAZZO FARNESINA—JEWS AT ROME—VILLA MATTEI—CHURCH OF SAINT STEPHEN—STUDIO OF LANDI AND CAVALIERE.

June, 1826.—The morning of the 20th was occupied in a visit to the Barberini Palace, which possesses few external attractions. In the vestibule is a celebrated fresco by Pietro da Cortona. The collection of statues is indifferent, with the exception of one or two pieces, ascribed to Michael Angelo. In the gallery are many good pictures, among which, are an exact copy of Guido's Archangel, mentioned above, and a duplicate of La Fornarina, by Raphael himself.

The next day Signor Trentanove was so polite as to call and accompany us to the Studio of Canova, which now belongs to a brother of the celebrated artist, and is rented to a third person. We were ushered at once into a numerous collection of models and marbles, which to unpractised eyes,

appeared to possess extraordinary merit. But it is the prevailing opinion in Italy, that Canova made few faultless statues. To others I leave the task of criticism and censure ; be it mine to admire and praise the man, who could call such light, such graceful, and animated beings from the marble. He gave his attention chiefly to the forms of beauty ; and in delicacy, in tenderness of expression, in softness, and repose, he appears to me almost without a rival. Of this remark, his *Sleeping Loves*, his *Cupid*, and *Psyche*, furnish striking illustrations. His *Venuses* are numerous, presented in an endless variety of attitudes. Some of them are exquisitely beautiful. Their forms are light and symmetrical as angels. In the delicacy of hands, feet, and ankles, it appears to me, he has improved upon the ancients ; but as the latter are supposed to be perfect, the former is accused of refining upon nature. May not something be ascribed to the original models, which artists have copied ? The standard of female beauty is surely not the same in all countries. I am satisfied, that one of Titian's living *Venuses* would not be admired by a person of delicate and refined taste.

This Studio contains a copy of the *Venus* in the Pitti palace at Florence, which is fully equal to the original. A group of *Graces* touch the earth with fairy footsteps, as if they had just lighted upon our sphere. But the most inimitable of all the pieces, is a small statue of *Paulina*, the Princess *Borghese*, who might be made very beautiful, and still be true to nature, if her personal charms are not exaggerated. She is represented in the character of a *Venus*, very slightly draped, sleeping upon a couch. The *Paphian* queen herself, did not possess more beauty, lightness of form, grace, and ease, than does this statue.

On the same day, we visited the two Studii of the justly celebrated Thorwaldsen. Signor Trentanove introduced us to the great artist, whom we found in one of his shops, playing with his dog. He is now at the age of about 50 ; in his person, short and thick set ; with a full face, grey hair, well dressed, and a profusion of Italian rings upon his fingers. He is a Dane by birth, self-educated, without a family, and has acquired a princely fortune by his profession. In his manners, he is plain and unassuming. He is the most prominent artist now in Italy, universally known, and as universally admired. In the estimation of the public, he was in advance of Canova, before the death of the latter, and splendid additions have since been made to his reputation. His forte

lies in bas-reliefs; but he excels in all the departments of his profession.

The first statue we examined in his shop, would not justify the foregoing panegyric. It was a Mars, with a contracted, short face, a square nose, and without dignity or grandeur. The next article, the *Triumph of Alexander*, a series of *bas-relievi*, corrected our first impressions, and gave us an exalted idea of the genius and skill of this artist. It is one of the greatest works of the present age; splendid both in design and execution. But his Christ and the twelve Apostles, made for a church, in his native country, may be considered as his *chef d'œuvres*. He is said to be better pleased with the face of the Saviour, than with any other of his works. It is indeed divine. Nothing can exceed it in majesty, dignity, and sweetness. The best judges regard it as a masterly conception, embodied with admirable skill. In most cases, Apostles look all alike; but Thorwaldsen has contrived to give to his group a wonderful variety of expression, suited to their characters.

He has just finished a colossal horse for Poland. So far as we could judge of such a work in its present position, it is unequalled in attitude, spirit, and the justness of its proportions. The head of the steed is fourteen feet from the pedestal, and his body is about twenty feet in length. "His neck is clothed with thunder;" and a prouder or more fiery charger never trod the earth. The statue of Copernicus is another work of great merit. It is larger than life. The astronomer is represented in a sitting contemplative posture, holding in his hand his own planetary system.

In his conception and expression of the beautiful, Thorwaldsen is equally successful as in his productions of a loftier and more masculine character. Of this remark, his *Shepherd* furnishes a striking illustration. It is a faultless statue, personifying all the gentleness, innocence and quiet of a pastoral life. A small Mercury is another playful effort, evincing the versatility of his talent and his admirable skill.

In the afternoon, we went to the Colonna palace, which is among the largest and most splendid at Rome. The Prince, who is proprietor, resides at Naples. He is a descendant of the illustrious family, renowned in the history of Italy, and celebrated among other things, for their friendship to Petrarch. The principal gallery is two hundred feet in length,

supported by beautiful columns, with a lofty arched ceiling. It is filled with the works of art. On opposite sides are two curious cabinets; one of mosaic, made at Florence; and the other of wood, manufactured by a German. Among the most interesting pictures, are portraits of Luther and Calvin, by Titian. Two of the Colonna family were painted by Vandyck. The gallery contains some fine productions of the Flemish School. There are few statues, and none of great excellence. The marble tables are extremely elegant.

Towards evening I rambled to the church of San Pietro in Vincolo, situated on a hill, near the Roman Forum. An old monk, belonging to a neighbouring convent, conducted me to the Moses of Michael Angelo, the principal object of my visit. It has been the fortune of this work to call forth extravagant panegyrics, as well as severe criticisms—one proof among others, that it is not of an ordinary stamp. It is of white marble, exquisitely wrought, whatever may be the defects in the design. The Jewish lawgiver is seated in his robes, expressing great dignity in his attitude, as well as in his face. Two rays, emanating from his brow, certainly give him an awkward appearance, and have led certain connoisseurs to take the statue by the horns. There are several good pictures in this church, which is also rich in marbles.

The next day we visited the Studio of Camuccini, the greatest living painter in Italy, whose two historical pictures in the Palazzo Reale at Naples, and two others in the Royal Palace at Capo di Monte, had raised expectations, not destined to disappointment in an examination of the artist's own gallery. His *Departure of Regulus* is in my opinion a production of the very first order—chaste, classical, and Roman in its character. It is perhaps twenty feet in length, and ten in breadth, comprising twenty-one figures as large as life. The principal personages in the group are Regulus, his wife, two daughters, and the Roman Consul. The scene is laid upon the sea-shore near the mouth of the Tiber; and the ship which is to bear the stern Republican Consul back to Carthage, is seen with her canvass spread. In attitude, costume, and expression, the pencil has been true to nature; and the anguish of the parting moment—the firmness of Regulus and the tenderness of his family—could not be more forcibly depicted. The colouring is somewhat in the French style, and is a little too glaring. This picture has been purchased by a Russian, and is destined to St. Petersburg. It

is much the finest in the Studio, though some others possess great merit.

From the Studio we continued our walk to the Sciarra Palace, situated upon the Corso. A comparatively small but select gallery of paintings occupies four apartments. There is scarcely a mean picture in the collection. *Vanity and Modesty*, by Leonardo da Vinci, is a rare production, and more admired than any piece in the collection. Its dimensions do not exceed three or four feet square; and yet an Englishman offered for it the enormous sum of \$10,000.

On the 24th, we paid another visit to St. John Lateran, to witness the ceremonies on the birthday of the Apostle, to whom the church is dedicated. The Pope, his cardinals, the nobility, and the whole city were assembled to celebrate this great festival. At an early hour, the Corso and the other principal streets were thronged with splendid equipages. The display of Roman beauty was never more brilliant, than on this bright day. Their fine symmetrical forms were arrayed in the richest robes, and their liquid hazel eyes beamed in impassioned softness. The exercises in the church were little more than a repetition of the ceremonies, which took place on Ascension-day, described in a former letter. His Holiness was again borne about the aisles, pale as a ghost, wrapped in his pontifical robes, waving his skeleton hand sparkling with diamonds, bending the tiara upon his brow, and muttering a benediction upon his abased subjects. Hundreds of the plebeian throng were observed bearing in their hands stalks of the seed onion and garlic, which on this festival receive the blessing of the Pope! It is supposed the fruits of the earth will not succeed without his benediction—a strange article of faith in a region, which the stewards of St. Peter have rendered sterile and unproductive.

After the show at St. John Lateran was over, we visited the Palazzo Farnesina beyond the Tiber, to examine some rare frescos, by Raphael and his scholars. They cover the ceiling of a lofty and splendid hall. The principal work is the Feast of the gods, comprising a full assemblage of the heathen divinities, engaged in the convivial rites of the symposium, and each wearing the emblems of his power. An adjoining room contains his celebrated *Galatea*. The chariot is drawn by dolphins, and above it are seen Cupids volant, shooting their arrows, Parthian like, as they fly.

In the afternoon we visited a district of the city between

the Forum and the Tiber, where all the Jews, to the number of eight thousand, are inhumanly shut up at night under lock and key, like so many cattle. They have here a synagogue, small but rich. The history and religion of the Israelites are illustrated in compartments of bas-relief on the upper part of the wall. The aged Jew who officiates in the temple, opened the Holy of Holies for our inspection. It is rich in embroidered silks and other ornaments. We saw many of the persecuted race. They have dark complexions, and the same contour of face, which marks this peculiar people the world over.

On the 26th, we descended the Tiber, through the whole extent of the city, in a row-boat, and landing at the ancient port, went thence to the Villa Mattei, on the Cælian Mount. This charming retreat is situated under the walls of Rome, and commands a fine view of the ruins of Caracalla's baths. A large tract of land in the vicinity belongs to the villa. The grounds are laid out with considerable taste, ornamented with trees, parterres, shady walks, statues, and a lofty Egyptian Obelisk.

In front of the church of Santa Maria della Navicella, we examined a model of a Roman Galley, sculptured in marble, which was presented as a votive offering to the shrine and gave name to the chapel. It is of large dimensions, and placed upon stocks, at considerable elevation from the ground. It possesses some interest both as a work of art, and still more as furnishing an illustration of the classics.

We continued our excursion hence to the church of St. Stephen in Rotondo, the skeleton of an ancient temple built by Vespasian. It is in a circular form, supported by double rows of antique columns. In compartments round the walls, the tortures of the early christians, from the reign of Nero downward, are minutely delineated, with references and explanatory inscriptions. The exhibition is horrid beyond description. Bodies are seen lacerated and mangled in the most shocking manner. Ingenuity seems to have been put to the rack, in devising the most exquisite modes of torture. Fire and sword, boiling caldrons, gridirons, and dens of wild beasts, are here portrayed to the life. While we were examining the church, the sound of revelry and loud laughter was heard in the cloisters of an adjoining convent. It proceeded from a society of monks, who were making themselves merry over their viands and wine. One of

the attendants spread a table for us, in an apartment of the old monastery, and brought us an excellent kind of small fish from the Tiber, with a glass of Orvietto.

Pursuing our ramble over the Cælian Mount, we passed under the ancient arch of Dolabella, and visited the church of St. Gregory, for the purpose of examining the rival frescos of Guido and Domenichino. The chapel contains a statue of St. Gregory by Michael Angelo. It is worthy of his chisel. A curious Latin inscription states, that while the patron saint was entertaining twelve pilgrims at his table, a thirteenth guest appeared among them, who proved to be an angel. Whether he ate and drank with the rest, the legend saith not.

On the 28th, Signor Trentanove called and accompanied us to the Studio of the Cavalier Landi, a living painter of much eminence. His principal work is the Triumph of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots. The scene is laid at Paris. Lord Darnley is a prominent person upon the canvass, but badly executed. The best figure is a Highland Soldier, in his national costume. A call was also made at the Studio of Cavaliere, a young artist of great promise. Among other sights, I this afternoon saw the original of Canova's Venus, at a window across a narrow street. She thrust out her head and rested sometime, as if on purpose to show her pretty face, her snowy neck, and alabaster arms.

LETTER LXXVIII.

ROME CONCLUDED—FESTIVAL OF ST. PETER—ILLUMINATION OF HIS CHURCH—FIREWORKS OF ST. ANGELO—MONTE CAVALLO—TEMPLE OF THE SUN—A SUMMER DAY IN ROME—MAL'ARIA—CEREMONY OF TAKING THE VEIL—THEATRES—ACADEMY OF ST. LUKE—SKULL OF RAPHAEL—CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH OF JULY—AMERICAN CONSUL.

June—July, 1826.—In the evening of the 28th we accompanied Signor Trentanove to the Princess Gabrielli's, to witness the illumination of St. Peter's. A first view was obtained in crossing the bridge of St. Angelo. The whole front and dome of the church were brilliantly lighted up, the lamps being disposed in fanciful shapes, and investing the

proud pile in a golden hue. Pursuing our ride through the principal streets, already thronged with the congregated city, we climbed the steep ascent of Mount Janiculum, on the brow of which the Villa Gabrielli is situated, commanding a full view of Rome spreading beneath. The spacious grounds are tastefully laid out, intersected by walks and avenues, shaded with a profusion of trees, and embellished with the works of art. It is one of the finest situations in the environs of Rome. The palace is large, stately, and elegant. We were ushered into the drawing-room and presented to the Prince and Princess. She is a tall genteel woman, the daughter of Lucien Bonaparte. She is extremely polished in her manners, affable, and agreeable. It is said the King of Spain wished to marry her; but she refused the offer. Some one told her, that the contemplated marriage was a measure of state policy, and that her refusal would give offence to Napoleon, her uncle. To which she replied, that "she did not fear whom she did not love"—an answer worthy of a Roman lady, in the days of the Republic. The Prince is a silent man, who kept his seat most of the evening, and said little to any one, leaving the entertainment of the party to his better half. We were charmed with the simplicity and ease which prevail in this family, and with the literary taste which the Princess has inherited from her father. The tables in the several apartments were covered with books, as well as with journals, in Italian, French, and English. Many of the Roman nobility were present, among whom were a Marquis, a Count and his charming Countess, who is young, handsome, and extremely agreeable. I was as much delighted with her conversation and frankness of manners, as with her personal accomplishments. Several other titled ladies were of the party; as also a Cardinal and several ecclesiastical dignitaries in full dress.

At 9 o'clock the attention of every one was attracted to St. Peter's, which was lighted up with larger and more brilliant lamps. The blaze was communicated with the rapidity of a flash of lightning, and in an instant the whole exterior of the immense fabric was enveloped in a sheet of the most dazzling effulgence. It was indeed a brilliant and beautiful spectacle. There is great risk in making the preparations for these illuminations, as it is necessary to descend by ropes to every part of the walls and dome. Hundreds have been killed, and the service is reckoned so dangerous, that the

workmen all make their wills and partake of the sacrament, before they enter upon their labours. The expense of the exhibition is also heavy. A sufficient sum is wasted in oil and gunpowder, on each return of St. Peter's birthday, to endow a college or found a hospital. Something, however, is saved in the way of attracting foreigners to Rome, to witness these splendid illuminations.

At 10 o'clock, the fire-works at the castle of St. Angelo commenced with the discharge of cannon, and with the eruption of torrents of flame in every possible shape, scarcely less copious than the streams of lava from a volcano. The scene was indescribably grand and imposing. A succession of volleys continued for about an hour. The blaze was so intense, that the whole city was illuminated with the glare. Domes, palaces, and ruins, the Tiber and its bridges, reflecting the flood of light, bursting forth like electric flashes, presented one of the sublimest spectacles I have ever witnessed.

Illuminated buildings were seen in distant parts of the city. The front of the French Academy, on the Pincian Hill, was splendidly lighted up; and even the Villa Gabrielli exhibited its hundred mimic lamps, as a satellite to St. Peter's. Amidst so much brilliancy, in the saloons of the palace as well as abroad in the city, we passed a most agreeable and delightful evening, which was protracted to a late hour, and the pleasures of which will long be cherished with the fondest recollections.

The next day the celebration of the great anniversary was resumed. At 9 o'clock we went to St. Peter's, to hear mass and witness the ceremonies. An immense multitude had already assembled, men, women, and children, patricians and plebeians, monks, priests, and cardinals, in costumes as various as the decorations of the church. The peasantry from the neighbouring villages had all flocked in, and were distinguishable by their peculiarities of dress. Those from Nettuno were in scarlet robes, trimmed with yellow lace. The silver skewers, neat bodices, and pretty faces of the Alban Mount were again recognized. So crowded were the aisles, that we found it difficult to reach the high altar, the scene of the religious exercises.

Soldiers were stationed in every nook and corner, to keep the peace and make way for the dignitaries. A military band occupied the nave, and the notes of martial music rang

through the chapels and domes. One would have thought, that Peter was a centurion instead of a saint. His bronze statue was on this festival fantastically decked out, with the most gorgeous and tawdry ornaments. He was clad in an under gown of dove-coloured Canton crape, over which hung a pontifical scarlet robe, embossed with gold, and descending gracefully from his shoulders. The triple crown, studded with gems, glittered on his sable brow. His fingers blazed with diamond rings; and on his breast he wore a golden sun, an eagle, and the papal arms. The Fisherman of Gallilee probably never saw so much finery in the whole course of his life, as his puny image this day exhibited. Certain it is, that the religion of his Master discountenances such mockery, which is better suited to the shrine of Isis, Diana of Ephesus, or Juggernaut, than to a Christian temple. The toe of the holy idol was left bare, and so great was the press of both sexes to rub their foreheads against it, and to give it a kiss, that a file of soldiers formed a circle round the pedestal, and kept back the crowd at the point of the bayonet. I saw a female attempt to force the lips of her child to the sacred member :

“ The babe clung crying to his nurse’s breast,
Scar’d at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.”

But the bugle sounds and the Pontiff approaches, vying with St. Peter in the splendour of his costume; borne along the aisles in his gorgeous palanquin, under a crimson canopy, and fanned by the tails of peacocks. A bustle spreads through the crowd, as they cower to the pavement. The Pope ascends a temporary stage, erected behind the high altar, where he is seated amidst the circle of cardinals. Mass is celebrated, and the bugle again rings, as the host is elevated. Clouds of incense choke the air, and hang in wreaths about the heads of Apostles and the mosaics of the dome. Choirs of Italian voices warble pæans in honour of the beatified saint, instead of anthems of praise to the Most High. Such is a faithful, but imperfect sketch of the exercises on the great festival of Rome, and in the most splendid religious temple in Christendom.

In the evening Signor Trentanove again did us the favour to call and accompany us to another palace of the Princess Gabrielli in the city, to witness a second edition of the illumination of St. Peter’s, and the fire-works of St. Angelo.

But as a distant view had already been obtained, we were desirous of approaching nearer the church and castle, and accordingly went to the piazza in front of the former, which was thronged with carriages, horses, and pedestrians. The use of a chair, upon the open pavement, during the evening was obtained for half a paul. We found the glorious temple lighted up in the same style as on the preceding evening; and at 9 o'clock, at the sound of the bell, the electric flash was again communicated, by means of a combustible train, to the ten thousand lamps held in reserve. As we were within a hundred yards of the church, the brilliancy was much more intense, but less fanciful, and appeared less like enchantment, than when seen from the top of Janiculum.

After the illumination had been sufficiently examined, we were borne along in the crowd towards the Castle of St. Angelo, the other great object of attraction for the evening. I found an eligible position on the right bank of the Tiber, at the bend below the bridge, in full view of the tremendous battery. At ten o'clock the signal was given, and the volleys again burst forth, if possible with more grandeur than at the first exhibition. By way of introduction, a circle of fire ran rapidly round the whole citadel, which appeared like an enchanted castle, illuminated by myriads of lights of the richest hues. Then came the mimic thunders and lightnings, second only to those of nature herself. The cannon of the fortress were discharged at the same moment with the most splendid pieces of the fire-works. Showers of dazzling light were thrown to immense heights, and beautifully reflected from the clouds of white smoke below. The bronze angel, hovering in the air amidst the storm, wreathed with vapour, and reddened by the glare, looked like a spirit "hot from hell," thrown up by an eruption of the volcano. I have elsewhere said, that the Tiber seems almost to possess some of the attributes of a sentient moral being; and on this night he appeared to roll onward in silent and sullen majesty, as if contemning the unclassical spectacle, which brightened his waves. All the piazzas, bridges, balconies, and house-tops in the vicinity of St. Angelo were filled with people, who alternately became visible and were lost to the eye, in the successive flashes and intermissions. Such were some of the more prominent circumstances of an exhibition, which was infinitely the grandest and most splendid of the kind I have ever witnessed or ever expect to witness.

The next day we visited the Pontifical Palace at Monte Cavallo. It is an enormous pile of buildings standing round a quadrangular court. We traversed almost acres of apartments, finished in the French style, and expressly fitted up by the Pope, for the accommodation of the Emperor of Austria. Both the architecture and furniture are elegant; but the collection of statues and paintings is meagre. The state-bed for the Emperor is of green, and that for the Empress, of white silk.

From the balcony in the rear of the palace, overhanging a spacious and magnificent garden, there is a charming view of Rome and its suburbs. On the square in front, one of the most copious fountains in the city plays into a granitic basin of enormous dimensions, at the sides of which stand colossal statues of Castor and Pollux, accompanied by their two horses, from which the twin gods seem to have dismounted to let their steeds drink. Behind the group rises an Egyptian Obelisk of red granite, brought from the mausoleum of Augustus, and reared by Pius VI. These ornaments are all upon a grand scale, and produce a fine effect. The statues are labelled with the names of Phidias and Praxiteles; and as the story runs, they were brought from Athens, by the way of Alexandria, as an ornament for the baths of Constantine, in the ruins of which they were found.

Our excursion was extended hence to the garden of the Colonna Palace, which is in execrable taste, filled with dry fountains, (a phenomenon at Rome,) and mean statues. We climbed terrace after terrace, to the top of the Quirinal Hill, crowned by a solitary, venerable pine, near which rest the ruins of the Temple of the Sun. A few fragments alone remain. They are of enormous size, furnishing evidence of what must have been the proportions of the ancient structure. One of the blocks is seventeen feet in length, ten in breadth, and six in height. Parts of the entablature and frieze, of white marble, enriched with exquisite specimens of sculpture, are yet visible, and are said to have been once supported by massive columns seventy feet in height. Such an edifice, seated upon the summit of the Quirinal, must have equalled or surpassed the Vatican of the present day.

The next day, we made an effort to visit some other objects of attraction; but it began to be extremely difficult to gain admission. The weather was intensely hot; and from

10 or 11 o'clock in the morning, till 5 or 6 in the afternoon, the streets of Rome were almost as solitary as those of Pompeii. No one was seen abroad, except on the most urgent business. After dinner, even the shops were shut, while their proprietors were taking a siesta. We called perhaps at a hundred places, during our visit, and after knocking half an hour, received for answer of the servant at the door—" *si dormi*"—they are asleep. Such a reply was often provoking, after travelling a mile or two, with the alternative of missing the object, or repeating the visit.

In regard to the unhealthiness of Rome in the summer months, I have reason to believe there has been a great deal of exaggeration, and that groundless alarm has been excited. Our friends in France advised us, by no means to remain in the pestilential city after the last of May or the first of June. Yet we did remain more than a month beyond this time, and rode all over the Campagna, without meeting that Spirit of the Waste, the Mal'aria. At certain seasons, bilious fevers and other diseases incident to warm climates doubtless prevail, the ravages of which among the lower classes are augmented by poverty, filth, and the want of medical attendance. But by using proper precautions, even strangers might in my opinion remain at Rome during the sickly months, with as much safety as in any other large city.

On the morning of the 2d of July, we visited the church and convent of San Silvestro in Capite, to see a noble lady *take the veil*. According to the bills of the day, one of which is now before me, she was no less a personage than the "nobil donzella Adelaide de' Conti Amadei," who henceforth is to be known under the simple name of Sister Maria Rosa. We found the chapel very much crowded, especially with females, some of whom were affected even to tears by the ceremonies. The fair devotee was seen through the grates of the convent window, above the high altar, at which a cardinal and his sacerdotal train were performing the service. A full orchestra of vocal and instrumental music assisted in the solemn exercises, and chanted a hymn of praise, while the ceremony of assuming the veil was going on at the window. Two bride-maids, arrayed in the richest dresses, with white plumes dancing in their fashionable hats, and also a little girl for a servant, were in attendance on the novice. She was divested of her worldly robes, clothed in the garments of the order, and a crown placed upon her head.

The sacred rite is considered as a marriage covenant, by which the candidate is wedded to the Saviour as her divine spouse ; and hence the propriety of the bride-maids. There was something extremely melancholy as well as interesting in this act of self-devotion, in giving up the world with all its cares and pleasures, and in retiring to perpetual solitude. Maria Rosa, qualified by her accomplishments for a brighter and happier sphere, has left a mother and sister behind, who were the witnesses of what may be termed her burial more properly than her nuptials. A priest gave me a large hand-bill, containing an ode, (oddly enough styled "anacreontica,") and two sonnets, which were sung on this occasion, "in applauso della nobil donzella." The inflated verses are surcharged with the fragrance of the *Rose*, in allusion to the assumed name of the devotee.

In the evening we went to the Mausoleum of Augustus, expecting to witness the peculiar fete of a bull-baiting, a spectacle which none of our party had ever attended. But the show turned out to be merely a paltry display of fireworks, by the smoke of which, (prevented from escaping by an awning at top,) the audience were nearly suffocated. It was so dense, that a light could not be seen at the distance of ten feet. A retreat was effected as soon as possible.

I have said nothing of the theatres at Rome ; for the truth is, they attract little attention, especially at the season of our visit. Religious ceremonies here seem to occupy the place of dramatic representations in other cities. We attended but one night. The theatre is large and convenient, with four tiers of boxes, finished and furnished in the usual Italian style. Handsome frescos adorn the ceiling. The audience appeared to be highly respectable, comprising much beauty, taste, and fashion. A greater degree of attention and order prevailed, than at the theatres in other Italian cities. An opera and a comedy were performed. The dramatic corps seemed to possess a good deal of talent. Three of them were favourites, whom the applauses of the audience called upon the stage, to show themselves and make their bows.

Next day we visited the church of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, for the purpose of examining a celebrated statue of the Saviour, by Michael Angelo, which is accounted one of his greatest works. One foot wears a brazen sock to protect the marble from the kisses of the multitude.

Our excursion was continued thence to the *Academia di San Luca*, connected with a church of the same name, near the Roman Forum. The Academy contains the skull of the great Raphael himself. A craniologist might doubtless be able to discover the particular seat of that genius, which has delighted the world. But I am not sufficiently versed in phrenology to trace bumps, and designate the throne of intellect. The skull is large, and the occiput as well as the frontal bone is unusually protuberant. There seems to have been room enough for a mind, which was exhaustless in fertility, and unrivalled in the brilliancy of its conceptions. The relic bears the inscription, which I have copied from his tomb in the Pantheon. This Studio of young artists contains many excellent casts, some good statues, and numerous small pictures, with all the appurtenances for prosecuting professional pursuits. The papal government deserves great credit, for the facilities it affords to students in the arts from all countries.

On the 4th of July, my friend and myself celebrated the anniversary of American Independence, on the Palatine Hill, at once the cradle and the grave of Roman Liberty. Arrangements were made for a formal dinner, at which the little circle of our countrymen in the city, amounting to eight or ten, were all to be present. But the American Consul dissuaded us from the plan, upon the ground that it might give offence, and occasion an interference of the government. Believing that his Holiness would not descend to watch the movements of a mere brace of Republicans, we ordered a lunch to be taken to the Palatine at 1 o'clock, and proceeded thither ourselves by a kind of stealth, as the early christians went to their prayers. Tully was made orator of the day; Addison's *Cato* furnished a commentary on republican liberty; and Horace contributed several odes, suited to the celebration. At the conclusion of the exercises, our simple repast was served up in the shade of a copse of ilex, on the fragment of a column from the temple of Apollo. Turning our faces homeward, we drank the health of our friends and the prosperity of our country, in wine which grew upon the Palatine Mount, amidst the ruins of ancient fanes and the palaces of the Cæsars.

In the midst of our festivities, the Custode of the Farnese Gardens came up, to see what was going forward in his dominions. He entered freely into conversation, and told us

the story of his life, which is somewhat tinged with romance. He is a Roman by birth, and was seven years in the city college, where he studied divinity, but soon left the church for the sake of a pretty Venetian girl, with whom he fell in love, and to whom he is now wedded. Approaching in his shirt-sleeves, he took up Horace and read several passages with much emphasis and elegance. He also repeated a considerable part of one of the orations of Cicero. In a word, we found him an accomplished scholar, familiar with the classics, and speaking the French language as well as his own with fluency.

On our way homeward, and in traversing the city to make a parting call upon our friends, we took a last look, and bade farewell forever to the Forum, to the Coliseum, to Triumphant Arches, and other objects, which had become familiar acquaintances. It was absolutely painful to bid adieu to scenes, which we had so often visited, and which had afforded us so much delight. Rome grows daily upon the affections of the traveller, and new attachments are constantly multiplying, amidst its ancient monuments and its works of art.

At 5 o'clock we went to dine with the American Consul, who is a Roman by birth and education, a lawyer of great respectability, and a modest, unassuming, kind-hearted man. We received at his hands every mark of civility and attention, during our residence in the city. His table on this occasion was surrounded by a circle of our countrymen, and bountifully loaded with dainties, as well as with the choicest wines of Italy. He proposed the health of the President of the United States; and in our last glass of Falernian, we drank perpetual friendship between the countries of Cincinnati and Washington.

LETTER LXXIX.

DEPARTURE FROM ROME—FALLS OF THE VELINO—RETURN TO FLORENCE—CLIMATE—MANNERS OF THE PEOPLE—PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS—CHARACTER OF THE GOVERNMENT.

July, 1826.—On the morning of the 5th, we left Rome for Florence, by the way of Terni. In making our exit through

the Porta del Popolo for the last time, and in crossing the Campagna di Roma, many a farewell look was cast behind. There is even amidst the ruins of the imperial city, and notwithstanding some slight deductions to be made from the pleasures of the traveller, an interest not to be found in any other place. Its associations are endless, and the mind is never tired of examining the infinite variety of objects it presents. My last day in Rome was as happy as the first, except from the thought that I should see it no more. On the heights of Baccano, we turned and gazed upon the dome of St. Peter's burnished with the morning sun, upon the outstretched city, and the blue summits of the Alban Mount, till the last glimpse vanished between the intervening hills.

The day was intensely hot; the inhabitants of the villages along the road had all retired to their houses; and the solitary landscape drooped under a fervid sky. At evening we reached Terni, and immediately set out for the Falls of the Velino, embosomed among the hills, at the distance of five miles. The road leads up the vale of the Nera, between Monte St. Angelo, on the right, and Monte di Valle, on the left. It is a romantic, retired, and peaceful glen, bordered by high ridges of rocks, and slopes covered with olives. The banks of the headlong stream are shaded with trees of a rich foliage, clasped by the ivy and vine.

Climbing a zig-zag path, winding on terraces under the cliffs, hundreds of feet above the Nera, we reached the cataract about sunset, and had a charming view from three or four different stations, whence the whole descent of the waters, in several perpendicular pitches, is visible. The Velino is the artificial outlet or emissary of a lake, but of considerable size, rapid, and turbulent, hurrying beneath an arch of verdure, before it leaps a precipice of three hundred feet. It makes little pause, till its course down the rocks is completed, and its agitated current mingles with the more quiet Nera. These falls are, on the whole, the finest we have seen in Europe, except perhaps those of the Clyde. There must necessarily be a good deal of bustle, in an aggregate descent of six or seven hundred feet. The quantity of water is respectable, though scarcely sufficient to present an image of grandeur; and it is impossible to get rid of the idea, that the Velino is an artificial channel, scooped out by the Romans, and not opened by the hand of nature herself. Tourists have talked of clouds, rainbows, and thunders. We were too late to

see an iris upon the spray ; and the sound of the cataract did not meet us until within a few rods of the precipice. It is needless to add, that these falls, on which an Italian has written a book, dedicated " alla nobile Signora Contessa Silvia Antaldi Graziani," will bear no comparison with Niagara. Byron has exaggerated the scene beyond all bounds, and spoiled the pleasure of contemplating the reality, to those who have read his description. He was pardonable, because this cascade was the grandest object of the kind he had probably ever witnessed. His picture is a much better likeness of the Niagara than of the Velino. We remained here till dark. It was a bright evening, and the twilight was exquisitely soft. The scenery is rich and beautiful, consisting of calcareous hills, rising in pointed crags and overhanging a woody vale, which Cicero in one of his visits compared to that of Tempe.

We took breakfast the next morning by candle-light, and commenced our journey over Monte Somma at 4 o'clock. The vale of the Clitumnus was now waving with yellow harvests, and its waters were as bright as ever. In retracing a route which had once been traversed, I read the *Georgics* of Virgil, with practical illustrations before me. The peasantry were busy in reaping their fields. Females use the sickle with as much dexterity as the men. They thrash their grain on open areas, such as are described by the rural poet of the Augustan age. Indeed most of his imagery may be traced in Italian scenery and the modes of cultivation.

Near Perugia we waved a farewell to the Tiber, and bade him bear our respects to Rome. Our ride along the shores of Thrasymenus at sunset was enchanting. Night overtook us at the little village of Camucia, and compelled us to take lodgings at a small tavern, instead of reaching Arezzo. The people treated us kindly, and gave us a supper of fish from the lake. Early next morning, we pursued our journey towards Florence, which was reached on the same evening, after a chapter of accidents, none of which were of a very serious nature. The coach-wheel had run off half a dozen times since leaving Rome, and one of the horses had twice fallen, requiring the aid of the peasantry to help him up. One of the disasters befel us in the midst of a severe thunder-storm, to the pelting of which we were exposed during a walk of several miles.

At Florence we remained some weeks, as well to avoid the oppressive heat of summer, as for the sake of seeing

something more of Tuscany, than a short visit had permitted. Through the kind offices of the American Consul, who did every thing to render our stay in his native city both useful and agreeable, private lodgings were obtained at moderate prices, in a healthy and eligible situation. My window almost overhung the Arno, commanding a full view of its splendid quays and bridges, of the town, and the distant hills. The society of a pleasant family, and a circle of estimable friends, contributed largely to the pleasures, which a temporary residence in the Tuscan capital afforded.

A day or two after our arrival, there was a great parade at the Cascine. An aeronaut had given public notice, that at 5 o'clock in the afternoon he would ascend in a balloon from the bank of the Arno. The whole city assembled to witness the spectacle. All the bridges, heights, and house-tops were thronged with Florentine beauty. The Grand Duke was the patron of the show, and promised the adventurer a premium of \$500, if he should descend on any part of his grounds. His Highness with his family and suite appeared among the multitude on this occasion. A sumptuous pavilion hung with crimson, had been purposely fitted up for his accommodation. The nobility were all out with their splendid equipages, reviving an image of the Corso at Rome. We witnessed a fine exhibition of style, both high and low. The gentry sat in their carriages, and the pedestrians stood upon their feet till dark, waiting with breathless anxiety, and expecting every moment to see the aerial navigator mount to the skies. He at length came forward with an apology, stating that his balloon could not be inflated. In a few days the notice was repeated, and the congregated city experienced another disappointment. The Grand Duke was so enraged at a second failure, after sitting the whole afternoon in his pavilion, that he directed two of the chemists to be imprisoned, and a new set to be introduced to the blow-pipes and crucibles. Although operations were continued daily, the show had not taken place when I left town.

We found the general aspect of Florence much less agreeable in mid-summer, than it was at our first visit in April. Excellent as its pavements are, and numerous and stately as are its palaces, it cannot be called a neat or cleanly city. The confined and disagreeable air, drives the people from their houses to the public squares and the bridges of the Arno, in the evening, where they remain till midnight. Seats extend

on both sides of the Ponte Santa Trinita from end to end, which at night are occupied by ladies; who sit motionless for hours, to catch a breeze from the river. When the moon is up and bright, so many white robes, and such a gallery of Florentine faces, form a novel and brilliant spectacle.

Another place of refuge from the heat of the city and the confinement of dwelling-houses, is the public square in front of the Cathedral. Here is a celebrated coffee-house, called by way of emphasis the Bottegone, where half of Florence, from the nobility downward, may be seen collected every evening, to eat ice-creams. Not only are all the saloons filled, but crowds are seated in chairs on the pavement at the door; while others sit in their coaches, sending in their servants for refreshments. At a neighbouring coffee-house they call for orgeat. The proprietor informed me, that he has often sold twenty barrels in a day.

From the Cathedral a street leads to the square of the Grand Duke, which at particular hours is so thronged, that a passage can scarcely be effected. On Sunday, from 12 till 2 o'clock, the Florentine ladies of the higher classes make it an invariable rule to resort thither, and appear on 'Change in full dresses, with as much regularity as merchants. They walk back and forth for the distance of a hundred rods, to gaze, and be gazed at. The custom is as ridiculous as it is novel; and after meeting the same faces, in a few turns, the stranger begins to feel ashamed of such folly, and bolts the course.

I have described some of the pursuits and amusements, of which the Grand Duke declared himself the patron, and which occupied his attention day after day. Another pageant will still more forcibly illustrate the character of the sovereign and the nature of his cares. It was proclaimed, that on the afternoon of the 30th there would be a great horse-race of a peculiar character. We followed the multitude to see the show. The scene was laid in Florence, on the right bank of the Arno. A course had been prepared at a great expense, by strewing with sand or *macadamizing* a line of streets, leading from the Cascine to the Roman gate. For the whole of this distance, terraces, balconies, windows, and side-walks were thronged with people, while the middle of the street, till the race commenced, presented an unbroken chain of carriages, filled with the court of Tuscany, foreign ministers, public functionaries of all descriptions, the nobility and gentry

in their richest dresses, with chasseurs and footmen without number. The fronts of the houses were hung with banners of crimson and gold. In many places along the way, temporary galleries, like the benches of an amphitheatre, were erected, and tickets of admission regularly sold, as at the doors of a play-house. These seats were all full at an early hour.

The Grand Duke and his family appeared among the multitude, in a chariot drawn by six proud steeds, richly caparisoned with glittering harnesses and gorgeous ornaments, vying with the liveries of his retinue. A pavilion had been purposely prepared for him at the corner of two of the streets, in a conspicuous situation, near the starting-post. Here he was seen in the midst of his courtiers, canopied by crimson and purple. Crowds pressed as near as they could, to catch a glimpse of the face, and bask in the smile of the august sovereign. Round the pavilion a regiment of soldiers was stationed, accompanied by a fine military band, who played some of the national airs, which used to animate the old republicans on to battle.

At length the signal was given, and the four race-horses were brought upon the course, without riders, saddle or bridle. They were girt with belts, bearing the numbers one, two, three, and four. Spurs were attached to their sides in such a way, that the faster the poor animals ran, the more their bleeding flanks were lacerated. So ingenious is man in devices of cruelty! The mechanic who invented this species of torture, probably received a premium as liberal, as was offered to the aeronaut, for risking his neck to amuse others. But the bugle sounds, and clear the course! is the cry. Napoleon's exhortation might with propriety have been proclaimed—"save himself who can!" The horses were let loose in the midst of such a multitude, and left the goal like shot, goaded on by the patent spurs. A passage was cleared for them by a retreat of the crowd, sometimes but a few paces in advance. Fortunately no one was run over on this occasion; but at a similar celebration, on St. John's Day, in June last, six persons were killed. His Highness has lost more subjects in these sports, than he ever lost in battle, though he holds the rank of General in the Austrian service. At the end of the course the steeds are caught, like pigeons, in a sheet of canvass. The Grand Duke receives intelligence by express, which horse has won; and he

communicates the important tidings by message, in the form of hand-bills, thrown in a shower from his pavilion like the Pope's benedictions, among the gaping multitude below. Such is the finale of this grand spectacle.

LETTER LXXX.

FLORENCE CONTINUED—PRODUCTIVE INDUSTRY OF TUSCANY—
PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS—RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS—A LIVING
SAINT—THEATRES—OPERA—THE GOLDONI—ACADEMY OF
FINE ARTS—READING-ROOM—ITALIAN NEWSPAPERS.

July, 1826.—I made inquiry into the state of productive industry in Tuscany, and obtained information more in detail, than can here be given without converting a brief sketch into a dissertation on statistics and political economy. The two most prominent branches of manufactures are silks and straw hats. It is estimated, that about 100,000 persons are employed in these two kinds of fabrics. Both are on the decline, from causes already assigned, from the competitions of other nations, and from recent changes in the commercial world. The exportation of silks to Cyprus, Damascus, and other parts of the Levant, formerly so extensive and profitable to Tuscany, has been almost entirely suspended by the war between the Turks and the Greeks, and the monopolizing traffic of the French. Less quantities are also sent to Germany. The English have never allowed the importation of any thing beyond the raw material, to supply their own manufactories. At present, therefore, the trade is confined chiefly to the United States, Portugal, and a few places in the north of Europe.

The public institutions of Florence are numerous; but they do not at present appear to possess much activity, or to be very productive of benefits to the country. I was informed, that in many instances they are badly managed, being committed to the charge of men, who are either not qualified for the places they hold, or who prefer their own ease and interest to the public good. Ecclesiastics have a controlling influence in every department of society. The education of boys is entrusted to priests and monks; and females are buried in nunneries, till they are of age.

Religious processions take place almost daily. We attended several. The first was the Feast of the Madonna del Carmine. All the city rallied as usual. But the greatest show took place on another day, I forget in honour of what Madonna or Saint, so numerous are they in Florence. The scene was laid in the great avenue leading from the Cascine, or in other words on the race-course; and the same set of decorations answered for both festivals. If possible, the priests drew together a greater concourse of people, than the Barbary steeds. Amphitheatric seats were again put in requisition. The procession did not move till dark; for the blaze of tapers and the glare of banners, as well as the solemn chant, produce a much finer effect at night. Crosses and crucifixes without number rose in a long line. At length came the grandest part of the spectacle. An image of the Madonna of the day, made of wax, as large as life, dressed in the richest Florentine silks, crowned with a diadem, loaded with a profusion of the most gorgeous ornaments, and seated under a golden canopy, was borne on the shoulders of four men, in as much state, as the Pope rode round the aisles of St. Peter's. As much reverence was also shown to the Virgin as to his Holiness; for the people all knelt and said an Ave Maria, as the pageant passed.

In walking along the Lung'Arno one evening with an Italian friend, we saw a living Saint, or at least he sustains that character in the eyes of the Florentines. He is a monk, who dwells in a convent, near the gate leading to Leghorn. He was going towards his cell, and we pursued him, keeping a few paces in the rear, to elude observation. His march was arrested once in every two or three rods, by persons who darted out from the side-walks, and knelt in the street, to receive his benediction. He blessed them all. A sort of bustle took place in the act of genuflection, and words were muttered in a half-whisper, which we could not understand. He often goes abroad on such excursions.

I have described the sacred spectacles of Florence; and let us now for a moment turn to the profane. The latter appeared to me as little calculated to exalt the national character as the former. There are several theatres in the city, two of which only were open at the time of our visit. The Pergola or Opera house is by far the most prominent. It is a large, splendid, and beautiful building, enriched with frescos and other decorations in good taste. The boxes, hung

with crimson curtains, may with propriety be denominated saloons, much better finished and furnished than the best apartments in most Italian palaces. In fact they may be considered as the evening pavilions of the nobility and higher classes of society, who here hold their soirées, instead of receiving their friends at home. By drawing the curtain, coffee, ice-creams, and other refreshments can be served up in as good style, and with as much retirement, as in a private dwelling.

On the first night of our attendance at the Pergola, the play was a melo-drama in two acts, entitled "*Amazilda and Zamoro*." It is a new piece, which was brought out at this theatre the present year, "under the special patronage of Leopold II. Grand Duke of Tuscany." We saw only the first act, and that was quite enough. It is a Persian tale, and the scene is laid in Astracan and its environs. The story afforded an opportunity of introducing all the splendour of oriental costumes and parades, which is a great object with those who seek to gratify the eye, rather than the ear, the mind, or the heart. To show that no sort of interest is excited by either the plot or the characters in an Italian play, it is only necessary to state that the action of the drama is interrupted by the intervention of the ballet, or what with us is the after-piece. Now, who would endure such a pause and such a diversion of the mind, in a French or English tragedy or comedy? Yet the Italians hear the first act of an opera, take their coffee and ice-creams, witness an interlude of an hour or two, and then enter upon the second part of a play, with the dramatis personæ of both pieces mingled together in their minds. The truth is, that although they are in the highest degree a musical, theatre-going, spectacle-loving people, they have very little taste or relish for the regular drama.

The ballet at the Pergola was denominated "*Genserico in Roma, ballo istorico, tragico, pantomimo, in cinque atti*." Its very name is sufficient to prove the absurdity of its character. A historical, tragical, and pantomimical dance! What a solecism in taste—what a monster in the dramatic art! To make the matter worse, the scene is laid in the Roman Capitol and the Roman Senate, the seat of gravity, dignity, and wisdom, associated in the mind with all that is lofty, imperial, and grand. The spectator sees the Conscrip Fathers, Military Tribunes, Prætors, Lictors, Roman

matrons, people, and soldiers enter successively, unite in the dumb show, and cut pigeon-wings and pirouettes. Had Signor Antonio Monticini, the author of the piece, been present, I should have inquired of him, which was Cato, Sempronius, Scipio, Pompey, Tully, and Cæsar, in his senatorial group, who handed down their partners with so much grace, and tripped it so nimbly "on the light fantastic toe." Compare the dramatic proprieties of this play with those of Addison's Cato, Julius Cæsar, and Coriolanus, or with the dignity of French tragedy, and you have precisely the difference between the Italian and English stage, as the latter was modelled by Shakspeare and Garrick, or as that of France has since been by Voltaire and Talma. It is true, that Italy has produced a liberal share of histrionic talent; but the dramas of Alfieri, Goldoni, and others are seldom brought upon the boards, while such spectacles as the above are substituted in their places.

At a second visit to the Pergola, we heard the celebrated David sing at a great concert. He is perhaps the first vocalist in Italy; a man of genius, possessing extraordinary natural powers, which he is fast ruining by intemperance. His performances are inimitably and indescribably fine. The boxes on this evening were illuminated by all the beauty, gaiety, and fashion of Florence. Galleries of Grecian faces, polished brows, and dark languishing eyes, softened by the influence of melting music, presented altogether a brilliant scene.

We went several times to the Goldoni, which is constructed precisely in the manner of the old Roman amphitheatres. The spectators sit under the open air, looking alternately at the stars upon the stage, and the still brighter ones which sparkle in an Italian firmament above their heads. On one evening of my attendance, the moon peeped in at the aperture, and the effulgence of her orb attracted quite as much of my attention, as the progress of the play, or a pretty group of warbling actresses, who sang like nightingales to the listening skies. The pieces here performed are of much the same character, as I have already described. It is the most popular theatre in the city, and is open twice a day; once at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and again in the evening.

Not far from the theatre is the Goldoni Garden, which is open on the evenings of all festivals, for promenades and fetes champetres. It is a cool and delightful retreat. The

grounds are spacious, laid out with walks, and shaded with trees, amidst the foliage of which are suspended coloured lamps. In the centre rises an orchestra, occupied by a numerous band of musicians, and about it is an extensive floor, a step from the ground, which is the arena for dancing. At intervals of five or ten minutes, the music strikes up, and whoever chooses to enter the lists, selects his partner, and waltzes half a dozen times round the circle, while the multitude seated upon the benches about the garden look on and applaud. The walks open into numerous saloons, where refreshments of all kinds are to be had. People of the first rank attend; though the dancers are commonly of the lower orders, and sometimes evince rudeness instead of grace.

Such are some of the resources for public amusement in the Tuscan capital. But there are others of a graver, more elevated, and rational character. The extensive and rich collections of the arts are always open to the gratification of the traveller. We paid an interesting visit to the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, which is a noble institution, worthy of the days of the Medici, though the great men who gave splendour to that age are now wanting, to elicit genius and talent by their patronage. This Academy was founded by Leopold I., who by way of distinction in modern times, may be called the Great. Its various departments comprise schools for design, architecture, statuary, and painting. This institution, as well as the gallery, is furnished with all the appurtenances and conveniences for young artists, who may prosecute their studies free of expense. The productions of such as excel in their profession line the walls.

Soon after our return to Florence, the American Consul introduced us to a large reading-room near the Ponte Santa Trinita. Opposite the door stands a stately granitic column, reared by Cosimo I. in honour of the conquest of Siena. It is surmounted by a statue of Justice, which is emblematic neither of the ruin of the Sienese, nor of the district over which the goddess presides; for according to the jests of the Floréntines, she looks down upon some of the greatest knaves in the city. The proprietor of the reading-room, however, is not of the number, but an intelligent clever man. His apartments contain a large circulating library, and are furnished with the Journals of Italy, France, England, and the north of Europe. Italian newspapers are the most barren, dull, and insipid productions that can be imagined.

They are precisely what the French government is now labouring to make the journals of that country, by the restoration of the censorship. Their dimensions are upon the scale of seven by nine, and their contents comprise little else, than notices of ecclesiastical movements, feasts, celebrations, and the multifarious functions of the Pope. One paper only is published in each of the great cities, and that in most instances issues but once or twice a week. In a word, the press is entirely prostrate in Italy, and has been degraded into the most servile instrument of church and state. Some attempts have been made to revive its freedom; but they have soon been crushed by the despotism of the governments.

LETTER LXXXI.

EXCURSION TO THE BATHS OF LUCCA—PISTOIA—PESCIA—VALE OF THE SERCHIO—ARRIVAL AT THE BATHS—SCORPIONS—SKETCH OF SCENERY—HOT SPRINGS—BUONVISI—COUNT DEMIDOFF—THEATRE—BALLS—CASINO—CORSO—PONTE SER-RAGLIO.

August, 1826.—At 6 o'clock on the evening of the 4th, we set out on an excursion to the Baths of Lucca, in company with the American Consul. Passing down the right bank of the Arno, through the Cascine, we were soon in the midst of one of the most fertile and luxuriant regions I ever beheld. The vale is literally and emphatically buried in verdure, forming a mass so thick and tangled, as to appear wholly impervious. Mulberries and other trees, matted with vines, formed the principal growth; and to these were added a thousand accessories, consisting of every species of vegetation. The late copious showers and warm suns had given vigour and a vivid tinge to the foliage. Nothing can surpass the richness of this district; and the beauty, neatness, and industry of the peasantry are in harmony with the charms of the country. We saw numerous groups of them, sitting before the doors of their houses, in the villages along the road, or in some cases, in the open fields, busy at their work of braiding straw. They lead a most laborious life, subsisting on light fare, and toiling hard. The traveller cannot but feel a degree of indignation, that so large a portion

of their little earnings should be absorbed by the extravagance of the government, or go to support a voracious priesthood.

A bright sunset spread its glow over the chain of hills upon our right, and the softness of twilight was delicious. At dusk we passed one of the seven or eight country residences, belonging to the Grand Duke of Tuscany. The exterior is stately. It is said to contain some good pictures. In its halls, one of the Medici was poisoned at the instigation of a Cardinal. Several canals cross the vale of the Arno in this vicinity. At 10 o'clock we reached Pistoia, and walked about to look at the ancient city. It is famous for the defeat of Cataline's army, by the forces of the Republic. Its walls and gates are lofty and substantial. One of the streets is spacious. The greatest show I saw was a profusion of fine water-melons, with red paper lanterns so contrived, as to give their core a ruddier hue. A scorpion was killed in my presence, upon the pavement—the first I had ever seen, though by no means the last, as the sequel will show. It is a black odious looking animal, several inches in length, with feelers like a lobster.

After resting two hours, and refreshing ourselves with an omelet and a glass of red wine, we proceeded slowly upon our journey, and reached Pescia at dawn of day. Early as it was, the peasantry were pouring into the village, carrying their vegetables and fruits to market. The females have beautiful faces, lighted up with apparent cheerfulness. They bear their baskets upon their heads; and no sculptor ever fashioned from the marble, caryatides half so graceful, as might be found in this group of market-girls.

The neutral ground, on the borders of Tuscany and Lucca, is the arena for duels—a kind of sport of which the Italians are not fond. They prefer to use the dirk. We rode for some miles along the borders of a canal, which hurries down from the mountains with a copious, strong current, and soon found ourselves upon the banks of the Serchio, an old acquaintance. It is here a large and beautiful stream. The road winds along its brink, and enters a mountainous region, forming a miniature picture of the Alps. We were soon lost among the lofty and green ridges of the Apennines, pursuing the capricious windings of the Serchio for ten miles. The hills are clothed with chestnut, and often crowned with convents and cottages, in situations the most wild and ro-

mantic imaginable. Small white villages are sprinkled along the bottom of the glen, which is not more than half a mile in width. Occasionally a spire rises from its quiet bosom. Several ancient and ruinous bridges extend across the river. One of them is said to be the work of the devil.

The Austrian, Prussian, and Swedish ministers passed us in splendid style, on their way to the Baths, the modern Baïæ, or the Saratoga of Italy. Crossing the Ponte Serraglio, the Rialto of Lucca, we entered the busy, bustling, and gay little village about noon. A meridian sun pouring down its blaze upon a southern exposure, so hemmed in by the surrounding hills, as to exclude every breath of air, induced me to believe, that this watering-place is not the most eligible summer retreat. I am not yet fully satisfied, that my first impression was erroneous, though the village certainly improves wonderfully on acquaintance.

As crowds of visitants had already arrived, we deemed ourselves extremely fortunate in obtaining, a suite of chambers, in a large house, standing in a retired situation, at the base of a romantic hill, the rocks of which rose to Alpine heights above our windows. But how fallacious are often our hopes in the smaller, as well as in the more important concerns of life! Scarcely were we comfortably settled, before domestic afflictions began to thicken upon us. At Pistoia my companions laughed at my apprehensions of meeting scorpions. Soon after our arrival, the Consul, in letting down his window-curtain, was nigh putting his hand upon one of the monsters, coiled up in its folds. A cry was raised, and an old woman came in and despatched it with her broom-stick. Next morning I found another of the venomous reptiles, secreted under my boots, within a few feet of my bed.* In the course of the day, three or four more were killed in various parts of the house. I sat up all one night as a sentinel, to watch the movements of the enemy, while my friends slept. A council of war was held, and it was unanimously agreed, that a retreat was expedient. We accordingly repacked our trunks, and took lodgings with

* A captain in the British Navy, whom I met at the Baths, informed me that he found one of these animals crawling up the bed-clothes towards an infant child, who was asleep. They appear to be more numerous here, than in other parts of Italy: though thirteen were killed in my boarding-house at Florence the last year.

Signora Pieri, a smart Luccese house-wife, who gave us new apartments, which were at least free from scorpions.

Thus eligibly settled for a week, we set about examining localities, and the resources for instruction and amusement. The situation of the Baths of Lucca is in the highest degree picturesque and romantic. An insulated hill, perhaps 1500 feet in height, rises in the centre of an immense amphitheatre of the Apennines, of still greater elevation, but clothed to their very tops with successive belts of vines, olives, and chestnuts, in the midst of which is here and there seen a dwelling or convent hanging upon the rocks. To the north of the central mount, which is three or four miles in circumference, flows the Serchio, and on the south, the Lima, one of its principal branches. Both streams wind through deep glens, sometimes rural, but more frequently wild, and unite just below the Ponte Serraglio.

Three separate villages rise round the sides of the rocky and woody cone; one in the vale of the Serchio, another on the bank of the Lima, and a third near the point of junction. The houses of the respective hamlets often straggle more than half way up the green barrier, which divides them. A footpath, ascending by terraces, passes over the very summit, and opens a direct communication between the groups of visitants. The currents of the two rivers are rapid, and their waters musical. At evening, when the houses are all lighted up, and illuminated windows are seen at aerial heights among the trees, the view is fanciful and brilliant beyond description.

The hot springs gush in copious streams from the brow of the hill on both sides, where spacious baths have been erected, crowned with triple towers,* finished in good style, and furnished with the usual accommodations and conveniences. They are under the superintendence of three commissioners, appointed annually by the Duke from among his nobility, who may *ex officio* be styled "Knights of the Bath." The prices are fixed at moderate rates, and the regulations appear to be judicious and liberal. We bathed daily. The waters are transparent, exhilarating, and delicious; though I thought

* A vane on one of these towers bears the word "Libertas"—Liberty—a motto not often found in modern Italy. There is also a long Latin inscription in the vestibule of one of the baths, ascribing to the waters the same miraculous properties, which Hobbes imputes to those of Buxton, in Derbyshire.

they subsequently produced languor, and had not a salutary effect upon the constitution. The natural temperature of the fountains is generally about 90 degrees; but some of them are so hot as to form vapour baths, which are fitted up for that purpose. Strange as it may seem, we saw a water-snake swimming in one of these reservoirs. There is one kind of bathing called by the Italians *docce*, which is used in local affections. A stream of hot water is forced with great violence through a pipe, upon the seat of the complaint. It is said to prove efficacious.

On the day after our arrival, we were introduced to a wealthy merchant of Leghorn, to whom a friend at Marseilles had given us letters. He owns a palace here, another at Pisa, and several at the seat of his business, where he alternately resides, as the season may render it the most agreeable. We were fortunate in finding him among the Apennines, as his profuse hospitality contributed essentially to the pleasures of our excursion. He gave us the freedom of his box at Demidoff's theatre, and insisted on our dining with him, with the occasional addition of a breakfast, every day during our visit. His table was always crowned with dainties—with trout from the neighbouring brooks, vegetables and fruits from his own gardens, fresh butter made every morning on his own farm, a dozen kinds of the choicest wines, cooled by a fountain playing in the dining-hall, after the manner of the Triclinium of the old Romans.

His palace at the Baths is appropriately called the *Buonvisi* or Bellevue. It stands on the declivity, half way up the green eminence between the Lima and Serchio, affording a wide and enchanting view into the vale of the former, and of the mountains rising above. In the rear, cliffs tufted with trees and half buried in vines, climb stage above stage, in ranges of terraces for hundreds of feet. A garden spreads below, watered by a bright fountain, which plays into a white marble basin, and is shaded by laurel.

The head-quarters of gaiety and fashion are the palace and theatre of Count Demidoff, situated upon the banks of the Lima, several hundred feet below the Buonvisi. This Russian nobleman is as remarkable for his splendour, as for his boundless wealth. He is the proprietor of the mines of Siberia, and his income exceeds a million of dollars a year, which with all his extravagance he cannot contrive means to exhaust. His expenses at the Baths are said to be a thousand

dollars a day, and to exceed this amount, during his residence at Leghorn in September, and at Florence in winter. He keeps twenty-six splendid coaches, with four and six horses to each, and his retinue comprises a regiment. The inmates of his palace, exclusive of servants, are forty-six in number. In his train, he has constantly a full corps of French players, who follow him about from place to place, for the amusement of himself and friends. By the prettiest of the actresses, he has a natural son, who is now a sprightly lad, and who may be seen every evening galloping his pony across the Ponte Serraglio, at the side of his mother, and followed by the dwarf of Demidoff, who has charge of his diamonds. The latter is a mere lump of flesh, and makes a most grotesque figure, when mounted on horseback, and coursing like the wind.

We first saw the Count in passing his palace. He was seated in a shady portico asleep, while a negro stood by fanning him, and keeping off the flies. The picture forcibly brought to my mind a passage in Cowper:

"I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd."

But when one reasons philosophically on the subject, there may be no cruelty in such an ignoble service. It may be even an act of kindness. The slave is doubtless well fed and well paid; and it is not so hard to wield a palm-leaf or the tail of a bird, as either the hoe or spade.

We subsequently saw the Count, not only whirled along the Corso in one of his score of gilded coaches, but seated on a sumptuous couch, and presiding over the court of pleasure, at one of his great balls, to which the Consul's acquaintance with the family procured us tickets. The cards of invitation are issued in the French language, in the name of Madame Dournoff, a sister of Demidoff, and are made general for every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, during the season. We attended on the evening of the 10th. The ball was held in the theatre, which is a handsome building, with three tiers of boxes, lighted by brilliant chandeliers. It was this evening decorated with flowers. Spacious as it is, half of the company could not be accommodated on the arena for dancing; and every part of the room was crowded. The Count

is somewhat advanced, and quite infirm. He was comfortably seated, with his legs stretched upon a stool. He has no wife. Madame Dournoff is a pretty woman, and accomplished in her manners. The belle of the evening seemed to be a niece of the Bishop of Ossory, who is travelling with her through Italy. Of the mixed assembly here gathered together from all quarters of the world, was a lady from the Crimea. She is a Tartar, and has the high cheek bones, tawny complexion, and other peculiarities of the Chinese face. A Grecian girl was also present. She has a fair complexion, and is polished in her manners. One would hardly suspect her of being a native of the East. A Greek gentleman had features more strongly marked. He was not in the costume of his country, and I at first took him for a West-Indian. The Bishop of Cyprus may be added to the group of oriental characters.

Among the persons of rank, was the Duke of Lucca. (Infanta of Spain and nephew of Ferdinand VII.) the gayest of the gay, clapping his hands and stamping, in some of the old-fashioned dances, and whirling in the giddy circle of the waltz, with the wife of the Austrian ambassador. The scandal of the place accuses him of a notorious intrigue with her, which nearly broke the heart of his young and amiable wife. During the life of his mother Maria Louisa, he was kept under rigid discipline; but since her death he is said to dip deep in dissipation. He often sings for the amusement of social parties. As for the Austrian minister, he is more than even with his peccant spouse. His amours are innumerable. The public functionaries at the Tuscan court were at the ball, glittering with stars and orders of nobility, except the English ambassador, who was in a plain citizen's dress. He is a fine looking man, frank and unassuming in his deportment. He has some claims to literary reputation, being the author of a memoir on the Campaigns of the Peninsula, in which he served in the staff of Wellington. On this occasion he forgot both his sword and pen, and joined in the waltz with Signora Turino, an elegant Milanese lady.

At 1 o'clock in the morning, the curtain of the theatre rose, and disclosed the supper table, covered with splendid plate, and laden with bounties. The coup d'oeil was brilliant. It is said the Count is obliged to use gilt wares, instead of massive gold and silver, on account of the frequent thefts that have been committed by some of his guests, who have

whipped spoons and forks into their pockets, to defray the expenses of dress for the next ball. Once or twice in the season, a general gala is given to all the peasantry in the neighbourhood, when the Duke of Lucca appears, and drinks champagne with his subjects. In fact, all possible ways are devised of spending money. We attended the theatre several evenings. Between the acts, refreshments consisting of ice-creams, orgeat, and other drinks, are sent round to all the boxes.

We left the gay throng at table, and the festivities were probably continued for the greater part of the night, as is usual with the Italians, who do all their sleeping during the heat of the day. Such are the high sports of this fashionable and voluptuous retreat. Dissipation, love, and pleasure seem to be the sole objects of pursuit. All have their intrigues, from the nobility to their milliners. Day after day is lost in the giddy round, which continues for several months, and the generality of visitants leave in worse health than they came.

On another evening we visited the Casino, at the Bagni Caldi, on the Serchio side. In crossing the hill by the foot-path already mentioned, several sedans were observed, borne by peasants, who were toiling up the steep, with some fop, in his silk stockings and pumps, for a burden. The picture is extremely painful and repulsive. For old persons, or invalids such servitude may be necessary; but I would sooner do penance like monks, by walking with peas in my shoes, than be thus borne. The degradation of Demidoff's slave is nothing to this. It however, has the sanction of the Pope, whose authority is good all over Italy.

The Casino is the rendezvous of all fashionable people, even of such as do not obtain admittance to the balls and spectacles of the Count. We found two large saloons filled with ladies and gentlemen in full dresses. One apartment is appropriated to dancing and the other to gambling. In the former, quadrilles, together with German and Russian waltzes, are the favourite amusements: The gallery of faces was much the same as at Demidoff's. I was surprised to see the British minister dancing in such a motley assemblage, embracing jockeys and blacklegs.* The Russian

* Half a dozen of these characters were pointed out to me. Some of them are notorious. Two of them were banished for their crimes; and one has been in England, where he used to gamble with the King, and the

waltz is a rude and ungraceful dance, better suited to a gymnasium than a ball-room. In the gaming room, tables were spread in the style of the Palais Royal. French customs, French dresses, and the French language prevail at the Baths of Lucca. Both sexes were engaged in play, and the saucy rateaux are wielded with as much dexterity as at Frascati's. Some of the visitants, who have missed an opportunity of pocketing plate at Demidoff's, here make up the deficit in their funds. We remained till 1 o'clock in the morning, when the reign of pleasure had apparently but just commenced.

Every day during our visit, we went regularly at 5 o'clock in the afternoon to the Ponte Serraglio, to witness the movements of the fashionable world. It is one of the most novel and peculiar scenes I have found in any country. In the depth of these mountains and solitudes, where one would look only for wild beasts and banditti—in a cluster of mean houses, scarcely rising to the dignity of a hamlet—at a bridge not surpassing that over Goose Creek at Washington, the spectator finds all the bustle, splendour, and gaiety of Hyde Park in London, the Boulevards of Paris, or the Corso at Rome. Here dukes, nobles, and foreign ministers, in court dresses glittering with stars and the badges of rank, roll by in their coaches and six, followed by mounted chas-seurs and retinues in livery. Here too no inconsiderable share of the beauty of Italy, with accessions from other countries, may be seen, dashing along the dusty course in carriages, exhibiting feats of horsemanship upon the saddle, or reposing beneath the awning in front of a humble coffee-house, the Bottegone of the Baths, where hogsheads of ice-cream and orgeat are daily vended.

We used to take our seats a little apart from the multitude, in company with friends who knew almost every person upon the fashionable exchange, and who gave a sketch of the character of each as he passed. In some cases we saw bankrupt nobles, with nothing left but their titles, labouring to keep up style and the appearance of wealth; while in others, newly acquired wealth courted familiarity, and sought to mingle with nobility. Antiquated belles were looking out for fresh admirers, and gamesters for new subjects to fleece.

Duke of York. A spy of the Austrian government, who is here in an official capacity, to watch the movements of the assemblage, was also designated.

One was happy in a successful intrigue ; and another felicitated himself that he wore a gold chain in place of a halter, and was travelling the Corso, instead of the road to the gallows.

On the afternoon of the 9th, we had a charming walk of two or three miles, down the left bank of the Lima, which is solitary, shady, and agreeable, after mingling in the bustle of the opposite shore. The government has opened an excellent road, bordered by trees ; but it is seldom traversed by visitants, who prefer show, noise, and dust to a pure air and rural quiet.

Having witnessed every variety of scene, from high to low life, which the baths of Lucca afford, we went to the theatre for the last time, took leave of our circle of friends, and made preparations to leave on the 12th. Our style of travelling on the return was very different from that of Count Demidoff. The press of company had put in requisition all the vetturini and decent coaches. We were therefore compelled to charter a one horse car, mounted with a sort of circular tub, in which we all sat facing one another, with a harness made of ropes, and a saddle resembling a Gallipagos tortoise. But the amusement of the thing counterbalanced the inconvenience ; and we had no titles of nobility to be impaired by a neglect of style. The vehicle bore us safe to the place of destination—and that was enough.

LETTER LXXXII.

DEPARTURE FROM FLORENCE—TRESPIANO—PASSAGE OF THE APENNINES—SCENERY—PIETRA MALA—ARRIVAL AT BOLOGNA—SKETCH OF THE CITY—FOUNTAIN OF JOHN DI BOLOGNA—CHURCH OF ST. PETRONIUS—PALAZZO PUBBLICO—CATHEDRAL—GALLERY—SHRINE OF ST. DOMINICK—MONTE NOLA—UNIVERSITY—CAMPO SANTO—CHIESA DEL SERVI—THEATRE.

September, 1826.—Early on the morning of the 6th, we left Florence for Bologna. The Piazza del Duomo was covered with wares, preparatory to the feast of the Madonna, and a great Fare on the 8th. Passing under the noble arch of the Porta San Gallo, we soon began to ascend the acclivities

of the mountains, whence a last and lingering look was thrown back into the Valdarna, encircled with so many charms of nature, embellished by so many monuments of the arts, and endeared to us by so many pleasing associations. The vale was still dressed in all its summer pride; and our parting view was one of the finest that had been obtained during a long visit. Waving another farewell to the circle of our friends, we were soon lost among the ridges of the Apennines.

Three miles from Florence, we passed the great cemetery of the city, denominated Trespiano. The enclosure contains eight or ten acres, laid out in a perfect square, girt with a substantial wall, and covered with a beautiful coat of verdure. A stone pyramid, surmounted by a cross, rises in the centre. There are few sepulchral monuments. A grove of cypress, on the opposite side of the road, gives to the scenery a character suited to a depository of the dead.

The hills for some distance are of moderate elevation and clothed with olives. Hedges like those in England, filled with blackberries, line the road. The vales are fertile and rural, abounding in vineyards, now purple with the ripening vintage. Onward we continued to climb ridge after ridge, till one of the highest, between Taliaferro and Maschere, afforded a wide and glorious view, extending to the plains of Pisa and Leghorn.

Just at dusk we reached the solitary inn of Covigliaio, standing upon the summit of the Apennines, which are here two thousand feet above the level of the sea. Frightful stories are told of this tavern by tourists. We found it filled with travellers, who were at table, drinking wine, and exhibiting a scene of noisy mirth. The hostess gave us a good supper and comfortable lodgings. On looking from the windows next morning, it was discovered that we were in a region of much wildness and grandeur. The mountains rose around us in rude and naked masses, often shooting up into fantastic needles, partially shrouded in mist. Ruins that have slidden down, strew the slopes at their bases. The formation is secondary, and the rocks are friable. A pale sunrise gilded their sombre peaks.

We left at an early hour. A shepherd was observed unpenning his fold, with his dog at his side. The general aspect of the country is savage, barren, and desolate. At Pietra Mala, the vetturino paused for an examination of our pass-

ports ; and I ran half a mile to look at the traces of a volcano, where blue lambent flames have at certain periods been seen issuing from the surface. The craters, or more properly circular level beds of volcanic substances, are three in number, of small dimensions, and exhibiting at present neither flame nor heat. I collected several specimens of the stones, which appear to be partially calcined, are of a reddish hue, and have a strong vitriolic smell.

As my visit had been prolonged beyond what suited the convenience of the vetturino, he had gone on leaving me to overtake him in climbing the hills. Feeling for my watch, to note the time of my absence, I found *that* was missing as well as the coach, and that it had been left under my pillow, at the little tavern three and a half miles back. As travellers have told so many frightful tales of this inn, and as our doors were without fastenings, a degree of precaution was used, which had seldom or never before been resorted to, and which in this instance led to a vexatious accident.

Here was a fine dilemma. By going forward, I stood a chance to lose my watch ; by returning for it, I should be left upon the top of the Apennines. At length a peasant was despatched on horseback to the tavern, with directions to follow, till he overtook me ; while I set out in pursuit of the vetturino. Fortunately it was a gusty day, and on reaching a gorge in the mountains, where a dozen coaches had been capsized by the wind, he stopped short, and refused to pass till the squall was over. I met in my walk upon the storm-beaten hills, a solitary Greek on foot, in his national costume, which was tattered and presented but too striking an image of his unfortunate country. He laid his hand upon his breast, and saluted me in passing. Two peasants, who looked quite too much like banditti, issued from a by-path, and asked me some indifferent questions about the road.

After a walk of four miles, I overtook the carriage at the Dogana, on the confines of the Papal State, where the keys of St. Peter and the triple crown were again seen over the door. The morning furnished a chapter of accidents. My companion in stepping from the coach had wrenched his ankle, and was unable to walk. All the brandy and camphor of the Locanda della Stella, as well as the kind services of the hostess, were put in requisition. In the mean time, I began to give up the peasant and my watch for lost, when at last the old mountaineer, in his heavy shoes, blue stockings,

and white cap, came trotting up with the unusual appendage of a watch in his pocket. He was liberally rewarded for his fidelity. I thanked him, and told him he was an honest man, to which he replied—"si, signore, sono onesto, ma molto povero"—yes, I am honest, but very poor. He shared with us an omelet and a glass of red wine, and then kissing our hands, returned to his sheep-fold or his rude hut upon the mountains, with an approving conscience. I have uniformly found the lower classes in Italy, honest, civil, and kind-hearted. Trunks, books, clothing, and other articles have daily been exposed without detriment; and only one instance of incivility is remembered. At a custom-house near Leghorn, a lad beset us for a fee. On being repulsed, he exclaimed, "Iddio retarda vostro viaggio"—God impede your journey!

From this point, we continued to descend the mountains, which often rise in bleak and barren ridges of sand. A high wind, which appeared to roll over in torrents from vale to vale, often involved us in tempests of dust. Some of the loftier swells presented a wide view into the vale of the Po, and the plains stretching to the Adriatic. As the atmosphere was not clear, the sea was invisible. At 4 o'clock we reached the foot of the hills, and came to the banks of the Reno, the bed of a mountain torrent, with a broad sandy channel, and a scanty rill of water. The vales here again become fertile, and the loaded vineyards appeared in all their glory.

Passing the magnificent seat of Cardinal Ferrara and the splendid suburbs of Bologna, we entered its gates, under the favourable light of a clear sunset, and saw no reason to dissent from Napoleon's partiality, who used to call it, "*mia cara città di Bologna*." The streets are broad, neatly paved, and clean; uniformly lined with arcades over the side-walks, and with ranges of stately buildings, which have a light and cheerful appearance, in comparison with the sombre castles of Florence. There is also a show of considerable magnificence in the churches and other public edifices. Excellent accommodations were obtained at the Pellegrino. While at supper, our arrival was welcomed by a serenade from the "*Ciechi*," a band of blind musicians, who salute all new comers, with the expectation of a fee. In one or two instances, odes of congratulation were brought to us, which had probably been previously addressed to fifty other travellers, the name only being changed.

The next day I rambled over the city alone, as my friend

was too lame to go out. At the Place of the Giant, I examined the celebrated Fountain, embellished by the chisel of John di Bologna; it appeared to me unworthy of the eulogies, which have been lavished upon it by others. The group consists of a colossal statue of Neptune, surrounded by four Sea-nymphs, and as many Cupids playing with dolphins. The bronze Mercury, in the Florentine Gallery, by the same artist, is worth a hundred such monuments.

The Square of the Giant, so named from the statue of Neptune, is surrounded by the Palazzo Pubblico, the Palazzo Vecchio, and the church of St. Petronius—all of brick, ornamented with pillars and tracery, venerable in aspect, but void of architectural grandeur. My first visit was to the church. The interior exhibits the usual degree of Italian splendour. The pavement exhibits the celebrated meridian of Cellini, two hundred feet in length, and designating the progress of the sun through the zodiac. On one side, the ascending, and on the other, the descending signs are delineated. The sun is admitted through a hole in the roof, eighty feet from the floor, and falls upon the point corresponding with the day and month. At each end of the line, handsome monuments are erected against the wall, bearing inscriptions explanatory of the work, and complimentary to the genius of the artist. Near by stands a clock with two faces, pointing out with its double hands the true and the solar time. Petronius, to whom the church is dedicated, seems to have been a clever saint, who did much for Bologna, and deserved the honours which are paid to his memory.

The Palazzo Vecchio is a very old building, with a fantastic tower rising in the centre. It seems once to have been a castle or fortress; but is now remarkable for little else than its antiquity. The Palazzo Pubblico is dedicated to St. Petronius, the patron of the city. At the door, I inquired of a gentleman the way to the belfry. He conducted me up a flight of Bramante's stairs, and through halls appropriated to the Governor, Police, and other officers. One of the rooms contains a good statue of Hercules in bronze. Ascending to the top of the Palace, we had a fine view of the city and its environs. Bologna is situated at the foot of the Apennines, which stretch in long lines from north to south, beyond the reach of vision. On all other sides, a level plain, rich and verdant, extends as far as the eye can reach. Glimpses of the Friuli mountains, beyond Verona,

are discernible. The hills skirting the western suburbs are covered with convents, and other buildings. On the very top of an eminence stands the church of St. Luca, with a chain of arcades, three miles in length, connecting it with the city. It is a shrine of great sanctity, to which pilgrimages are frequently performed. The expenses of the structure and its embellishments, were defrayed by the voluntary contributions of the people.

Bologna is two miles in length and one in breadth, containing 75,000 inhabitants. The buildings are nearly all of brick, with red tiled roofs. Numerous steeples and towers give an air of magnificence to the city. The arcades form the most peculiar feature, and are not less conducive to elegance than comfort, being often supported by stately marble columns. Sometimes awnings are hung from arch to arch, so as entirely to exclude the sun, and produce a covered way. The people are active, bustling, and gay; differing in dress and manners from their neighbours; and presenting new shades of colour in the mixed moral mosaic, which the various petty states of Italy compose.

My volunteer cicerone accompanied me to the Cathedral, which is an immense pile. Its architecture has been severely censured. The interior is lofty and splendid. One of the frescos was painted by Guido, and another is the last work of Lodovico Caracci. We went thence to the church of St. Bartholomew. A priest was administering the sacrament to a group of females kneeling at the altar. He took the wafer between his fingers and put it into their mouths, uttering a benediction upon each. We retreated, without breaking in upon the solemn rite. In front of the church rise the two towers of Asinelli and Gasenda. The former is three hundred and twenty-seven feet in height, built of brick and topped with a cupola. It is the most conspicuous object in the city. The other tower leans like that of Pisa. It is alluded to by Dante. The Pope held a council in one of its chambers.

My new acquaintance took me to the Gallery, which is an extensive establishment, embracing schools for drawing, architecture, statuary, and painting, like those in the Royal Academy at Florence. In the rear spreads a large Botanic Garden, which forms an agreeable appendage. The Gallery itself is small, but one of the most select in Italy, comprising the choicest pictures of the Bolognese School. Lodovico,

Annibale, and Augustino Caracci, Guido, Domenichino, Albano, and Fontana, were all natives of this city, and form a constellation of genius, which few other schools can boast. Their countrymen cherish their works with a spirit of nationality, which is highly creditable to their taste and patriotism.

In returning from the Gallery, we passed under a triumphal arch, erected in honour of the birth-day of the Madonna. It was hung with crimson tapestry, and furnished with silver candlesticks, preparatory to an illumination in the evening. We went to the church of St. Dominick, to see the shrine of its patron, who was celebrated not less for his military achievements than for his sanctity. His tomb is a proud pile of marble. The sarcophagus is supposed to contain his dust; but the scepticism of the French has thrown some doubts over this subject. In front of the shrine is a small statue of a cherub, kneeling and holding a candlestick. It is one of Michael Angelo's very best pieces, and worth all the other sculpture about the shrine, rich as it is. A convent for Dominicans is attached to the church. It has at present only eleven inmates, whose grated cells look like prisons. They were converted into barracks by the French. About this pile of buildings, are several insulated Gothic shrines, with sarcophagi cradled in the open air.

Here the intelligent and kind-hearted gentleman, who gratuitously devoted nearly the whole day to an entire stranger, took leave of me. He said he belonged to the Police. I continued my rambles over the city. Upon the walls, in some of the public squares, sonnets were posted up, with the authors' names attached to them, congratulating persons on their recent nuptials. One of them was of a very different character, containing fulsome panegyrics on a noble nun, who had just taken the veil. A play-bill sometimes divided these productions of the Italian muse. My attention was attracted to an immense crowd collected in one of the streets, near the walls of the city. On approaching, I found a popular preacher mounted upon a stage, beneath the arcades of a church, walking to and fro, and raving like a madman. In the mean time, a dozen men were passing among the prostrate multitude, shaking the money in their hats and making collections.

At evening I walked to Monte Nola, the Public Garden. It is both a promenade and drive, laid out and planted with

trees by order of Napoleon. The Corso is circular, not more than half or three-quarters of a mile in circumference, around which the coaches chase one another, somewhat in the style of the ancient chariot races. The walks are extensive, beautifully shaded, and commanding a fine view of the mountains on one side, and the vale of the Po, on the other. Great numbers of both sexes were out on the Festa of the Madonna. The women are handsome—tall, graceful, and genteel, wearing white veils and turbans, without hats, even in public. They have cheerful faces, and are remarkably gay and animated in their manners.

Two fountains refresh the Garden, about which seats are extended in the shade. On the bank of the Reno, which murmurs by, there is a modern gymnasium, ornamented with twenty Corinthian pillars. It is appropriated to wrestling, playing ball, and other athletic exercises, in which the youth were engaged. Few carriages appeared on the parade, and the attempts at style were meagre, in comparison with Rome, Naples, or Florence. Many of the higher classes were in the country, to which the Bolognese are much more partial than the other Italians.

Early next morning we resumed an examination of the town, revisiting the Piazza del Gigante, the Gallery, and most of the localities, which have already been described, together with many that were new to me. An intelligent gentleman accompanied us through the various departments of the University. It is an extensive pile of buildings, furnished with appurtenances and accommodations, which are suited to what has been one of the greatest schools in the world. The philosophical and chemical apparatus is very complete. Our polite and obliging guide, who appeared to be an officer in the institution, spoke of Franklin, Hare, and Priestly in terms of high respect. A superb monument has been erected to the memory of Galvani, a native of this city, and the discoverer of the new science to which he has given name.

The cabinets of geology, mineralogy, and natural history are all well filled, and the articles in an excellent state of preservation. An extensive anatomical museum, which is one of the oldest in Europe, and little inferior to that of Florence, contains an infinite variety of preparations, partly of real subjects, and partly in wax. We were extremely anxious to see that philological prodigy, Professor Mezzofanti,

who is said to understand forty-two languages. Our cicerone reduced the number to thirty, two more than Sir William Jones was acquainted with; and there is reason to believe, that even after this deduction, the depth of his erudition has been somewhat exaggerated, though it is doubtless wonderful. Mezzofanti is now at the age of forty-two. He was out of town at the time of our visit, and deprived us of the pleasure of looking at the University Library, of which he has charge.

The most eminent man in the medical school, and the first physician in Italy, is Dr. Tommasini, professor of clinical medicine. A friend at Florence had given us letters to him; but he had unfortunately gone to Naples, a distance of four or five hundred miles, on a professional visit to a patient of distinction, who died before his arrival. He is a native of Modena, and now at the age of about forty. We saw the portraits of two female professors in the hall. They have good faces, and were eminent in their departments, though in my opinion out of their proper spheres. Of this the Bolognese appear to be sensible; for the chairs of these fair lecturers on the most indelicate of all subjects, are now vacant, and will probably never again be filled by the same sex.* There are forty professorships in the University, and the number of students is seven or eight hundred.

The afternoon was occupied in an excursion to the Certosa or Campo Santo, at the distance of a mile and a half from the town, in the western suburbs. It is approached by a fine avenue, bordered by fields, gardens, and trees, and its situation is extremely rural. It was formerly a large convent, with a chapel attached to it. The grounds, courts and cloisters have been converted into cemeteries, crowded with graves and sepulchral monuments, many of which are stately piles of marble in the first style of elegance.

A striking peculiarity was observed in the disposition of the graves. The dead are assorted according to their ages. There is one compartment for children; another for female adults; a third for male adults; and a fourth for persons beyond

* The French still keep up the custom, and some of the first lectures, in the department alluded to, are given by females, with experiments on all kinds of subjects, real and artificial, dead and alive. I accompanied a medical friend to one of them, and heard an elderly woman of great volubility, deliver her instructions to a class of students. Such exercises may no doubt be useful, but they are not very attractive.

a certain age. Prices of sepulture vary as in *Pere la Chaise*. The grounds are a mile and a half in circuit, substantially enclosed, and prettily shaded with pyramids of cypress. Several grave diggers were at work in opening tombs and vaults, whose voices alone broke the profound quiet, which reigns through the cemetery. The church is still kept up, in which the last sad offices are performed. About the walls are suspended many spoils and trophies, taken from the Turks at Constantinople, Tunis, and Algiers. Among the rest are chains, in which captives are bound. They are about four feet in length, with a fetlock at one end, and a ring at the other. In the cells of the church is an extensive assortment of rude but rare Madonnas, exhibiting the miraculous forms in which the Virgin appeared at different and remote places, in France, Spain, Italy and the East.

At evening we visited the *Chiesa del Servi*, which is the popular church at Bologna, and the scene of half the intrigues in the city. Preparations were making for the last and great day of the Feast of the Madonna, to take place on the morrow. It is a long low edifice, with the high altar nearly in the centre. The air was suffocating from the smoke of censers and tapers, as well as from the garlic of the crowd, which thronged the aisles. Our attention was arrested by a group, bending at a shrine of peculiar sanctity, on one side of the church. The faces of the Virgin and her child were of a black glossy colour, besmeared with grease. To prevent any farther deformities of the frightful images, they had been encased in glass, so as to be seen but not caressed. Three lamps were burning in front. The central one was open, into which the devotees dipped their fingers, and daubed their foreheads with the holy unction. Sometimes little flowers or sprigs were substituted, immersed in oil, rubbed as near the face of the idols as possible, and then kissed with fervour by the prostrate votaries. Armed soldiers were stationed before the altars to keep the peace in the general rush to the shrines. At 8 o'clock, an officer of the guard, wearing his sword, cocked hat, and cane, bustled through the aisles, driving the multitude from their prayers and from the church, while they were in the very act of kneeling. This scene was one of the most singular, as well as the most strongly marked by abject superstition and unresisted tyranny, that I witnessed in the whole course of my tour through Italy, not excepting the idolatrous worship in *St. Peter's*.

After the show was over at the church, we went to a more dignified spectacle at the Teatro del Corso. The theatre is spacious and neat ; and the boxes exhibited a splendid circle of beauty, whose white head-dresses gave to their complexions the delicacy of nuns. We saw the dramatic corps belonging to Maria Louisa, Archduchess of Parma, and late Empress of France, who were here on a visit for a few days, from the neighbouring city. They are highly respectable, and the entertainment of the evening was far from being dull. The music was excellent, worthy of the native city of Rossini.

LETTER LXXXIII.

DEPARTURE FROM BOLOGNA—RIDE TO FERRARA—ENVIRONS—
 SKETCH OF THE CITY—LIBRARY—TOMB OF ARIOSTO—MA-
 NUSCRIPTS—HOSPITAL OF SAINT ANNA—PRISON OF TASSO—
 DUCAL PALACE—HOUSE OF ARIOSTO—CHAPEL OF BENEDIC-
 TINES—CERTOSA—SANTA MARIA IN VADO—CATHEDRAL—
 DEPARTURE FROM FERRARA—PASSAGE OF THE PO—SCENERY
 OF ITS BANKS—AUSTRIAN CUSTOM-HOUSES—ROVIGO—THE
 ADIGE—MONSELICE—ARRIVAL AT PADUA.

September, 1826.—At 6 o'clock on the morning of the 10th, we left Bologna for Ferrara. A ride of thirty miles presented very little variety of scenery, and few objects worthy of attention. The route extends over a flat country, covered with poplars and vines. It is bordered by much stagnant water, in the form of pits for rotting hemp. They are mantled with corruption, and emit a horrible stench. The inhabitants have sallow bilious countenances, and the region is extremely insalubrious. Hemp is one of the staple commodities. The peasantry were engaged in dressing it. Large quantities of it are taken across the mountains to Leghorn, and thence exported. It bears a higher price in market, than the same article from any other part of Italy. A canal connects Bologna with Ferrara. We saw a few boats navigating its sluggish channel, which does not appear to be much used for transportation. On the very banks of it, many teams were met, laden with heavy articles.

The suburbs of Ferrara at once reminded us of the Cam-

pagna di Roma. Immense solitudes extend to the very walls of the city. The ground is unfenced, untilled, and almost unpastured. A few cattle and sheep were seen sprinkled over the dreary waste. The faubourg, without the gate, presents a still stronger picture of desolation. Its houses are tenantless and ruinous; some with the roofs tumbled in, and others with shattered windows. Here and there a sickly, squalid inhabitant was crawling along the street, with a voice almost too feeble and sepulchral to beg. The city is girt with walls and moats. Above the dilapidated portals, the Pope's arms are conspicuously displayed, and a regiment of guards, sufficient to reclaim the desert which spreads under the ramparts, is stationed at the entrance, to extort fees from travellers. Half an hour was occupied in the examination of our passports and luggage. Cardinal Arizzio, from Naples, is the vicerent of his Holiness, and no part of St. Peter's patrimony is more shamefully neglected, poverty-stricken, and wretched.

We took lodgings at the Three Crowns, a large shell of a building. The arms of the Ex-Empress Maria Louisa, of the King of Prussia, of the Prince Michael of Russia, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany, were suspended in the court, with an inscription stating precisely the day when each of these royal personages ate his macaroni and omelet at the Tre Corone.

After taking such refreshments as the house afforded, we commenced a ramble over the town, which is of formidable extent, and may be styled what a foreign minister denominated one of our own—"a city of respectable distances." The streets are wide, straight, and originally handsome, but now gone to decay, solitary, and in many instances grass-grown. Frequently you might walk half a mile without meeting an inhabitant. The ruins of the interior, as well as the solitudes beyond the walls, recall an image of Rome, and are in accordance with the feelings awakened by the Prison of Tasso and the tomb of Ariosto.

Our first visit was to the Library. Collections of antiquities occupy the courts below. A custode received us at the door. He is an intelligent old man, who has held his office for twenty-seven years. He is precise and oratorical in his diction, has his story well conned by rote, and can repeat the contents of half the books he shows. The library is one of the richest and rarest in Italy, filling four or five different

halls, and comprising 80,000 volumes, together with a great number of valuable manuscripts. In the first room, the portraits of all the Cardinals, good, bad, and indifferent, who were born at Ferrara, amounting to eighteen, are paraded round the walls.

At the end of the principal hall stands the splendid tomb of Ariosto, erected by order of General Miolis, after the conquest by the French. The dust of the poet was transferred from the church of Benedictines, and deposited with great funeral pomp. It was a tribute of false respect to disturb the ashes, and inurn them in a fresh cold sarcophagus, however proud it may be. The monument is in the shape of the front of a Grecian temple, supported by four pillars of the composite order. A mixture of colours detracts from the taste of the pile, the basis of which is of red Verona marble, and the upper part of clouded African and black antique. A wreathed bust of the poet is placed aloft, against a black field. Beneath is an inscription, recording the date and circumstances of the removal, and styling Areosto (as the name is here written) the most celebrated of the Italian poets, placing him before Dante or Tasso. Lower down are the classical lines, originally inscribed on his tomb; and on the pedestal is yet another inscription, which is at least one too many. The bust is supported by a figure of Love on one side, and of Comedy on the other.

The most interesting compartment of the library, is that which contains the manuscripts of Ariosto, comprising the original of his *Orlando Furioso*, and of his satirical attack upon the Pope. Alfieri's name, with the date of his visit to Ferrara, in 1786, is written on the margin, and carefully protected from injury, by being covered with silk paper. In the same collection are the original letters of Tasso, written during his imprisonment, copies of which are given in the *Illustrations of Hobhouse*. The old custode stated, that Lord Byron passed fifteen days in this library, and gave him a louis d'or a day, for the privilege of making such extracts, from the books and manuscripts as he chose. Here are deposited the fantastic old armed chair and the inkstand of Ariosto; as also a medal bearing his head on one side, and a man in the act of clipping the tongue of a serpent, upon the reverse.

Our next visit was to the Hospital of St. Anna, an extensive edifice fronting upon the Corso. The court is shaded

with holly and other shrubbery. On the right of the entrance is a narrow passage, leading to the prison of Tasso, labelled with the words, "Ingresso alla Prigione di Torquato Tasso." It is a low arched vault, dark and damp, with a small grated window in front, once looking into a garden, but now obstructed by other buildings. The cell has no floor. There was a place for a fire in one corner, and the poet's bed occupied the other. An inscription over the door states, that here Tasso was confined seven weeks. Mr. Hobhouse makes the time still longer. The walls bear the name of Byron, inscribed by himself. Such is the dungeon, into which the great epic poet of modern Italy was thrown by his royal patrons, under a pretence of madness!

We continued our excursion thence to the Ducal Palace, once the residence of the House of Este. It is a monstrous pile, three stories high, crowned with four red towers, rising in the centre of the city; surrounded by broad moats, filled with stagnant water, and approached by a draw-bridge. The court is lined with arcades. A cicerone led us through room after room, tolerably furnished, but containing few pictures or statues. In one of the apartments, Cardinal Arizzio and a party of priests were at table, revelling over their wine, and indulging in loud laughter, heedless of the associations of the house, and of their professional duties. A state-bed has been fitted up for the Grand Duchess of Parma, when she cannot find accommodations at the Three Crowns.

The old part of the palace is hallowed by the spirits of Tasso and Ariosto. By the former, a mirror, still in its place, was so adjusted to the wall of an antique saloon, that the image of his fair Eleanora, the cause of all his misfortunes, was reflected, and could be seen by him whenever she appeared at her window, on the opposite side of the court. Here the divine bard lived, "loved and sung;" blest with the visitations of the muse and the smiles of beauty; enjoying literary ease and the pleasures of a court, till the jealousy and persecution of a capricious patron mingled the cup of felicity with bitterness. What a transition, from the sumptuous halls of the Ducal Palace, to the gloomy dungeon in the hospital of St. Anna! Such a change alone would be enough to madden a refined intellect, had it previously exhibited no indications of insanity. So fickle is the fortune of him, "who hangs on Princes' favours!"

Climbing to the terrace overhanging the court, and form-

ing the battlements of the castle, we had a perfect view of the whole city and its environs, presenting a picture of loneliness which made the heart sad. Beneath us extended the Corso, leading to the Roman Gate, repaired and improved by Napoleon; but no glittering carriages thundered along the pavement, and its sidewalks were as desolate as the streets of Pompeii. Yet Ferrara amidst its ruins possesses a sort of dignity which renders it extremely interesting to the traveller.

From the Ducal Palace, we went to the house of Ariosto, standing on the eastern side of the town, which at present is almost deserted. The building is of brick, two stories high, and without much ornament. Over the upper row of windows in front, is a Latin inscription, and beneath the cornice of the basement, is another, which allude to the residence of the poet, his character, and pursuits. We entered beneath the arched portals, inscribed with the name, and ornamented with a bust; of the author of *Orlando Furioso*, which was here written. A sprightly Ferrarese woman, who is the occupant, invited us up stairs, to look at the study of its former illustrious proprietor and inmate. The ceiling remains precisely in the condition it was left by him three centuries ago. It is composed of red cedar, richly painted. The walls and other parts of the chamber, except the door, half of which has been carried off in fragments by travellers, have been repaired; and a monument commemorates the celebrity of the dwelling.

Not far hence is the church of Benedictines, which we visited to see the tomb, in which the poet was originally buried, and which his dust has consecrated. He slept beneath the pavement, till the French caused a premature resurrection. They have left a tablet inscribed with an ostentatious record of an event which reflects so little credit upon their taste, whatever might have been their motives. The Benedictine chapel is a splendid edifice, worthy of the proudest sepulchre. At the hour of our visit, a large school of female children filled the aisles, reading and chanting, under the direction of instructresses.

Our rambles were extended to the Certosa or cemetery, in the outskirts of the city, which, in its general construction and aspect, bears a strong resemblance to the Campo Santo at Bologna. A large and gloomy church forms the entrance to the mansions of the dead. At the door stood a black bier,

shrouded with a pall, and bearing the title of the confraternity, engaged in burials, to whom it belonged. A few persons were kneeling like statues upon the pavement, and a group of old women were collected about a crucifix, kissing the feet of the Saviour. The scene was peculiarly impressive, and prepared the mind for its meditations among the tombs. The field of the dead has a more numerous population, than the abodes of the living. There are many beautiful monuments, but very few sepulchres, which can interest a stranger. The cemetery was commenced, like that of Bologna, under the auspices of the French, at the beginning of the present century.

A call was made at the church of Santa Maria in Vado, which is a proud structure, rich in marbles and pictures. Some of the latter have been to Paris, and are now restored to their former localities. But my attention was arrested by a scene more attractive than the works of art. Here was another large school of female children, neatly clad, and engaged in the exercises of the day, under the guidance of several ladies. Each of the pupils ascended in turn a little rostrum and read aloud, while the others attentively listened. The Italian language, in the soft voices of young girls, is as sweet as the music of a cherub. By and by a priest commenced walking up and down among the benches, giving instructions in a familiar manner. In the church of St. Andrew, we found a group of boys undergoing the same discipline. This chapel contains a good picture by Titian.

The fatiguing pleasures of the day closed with a visit to the Cathedral, which is the most prominent building in the city, but has few claims to a particular notice. It is a Gothic pile, irregular in its form and its style of architecture. The spacious and lofty choir is said to be the work of Michael Angelo; though it exhibits few traces of his taste and genius. We ascended by a tedious flight of steps to the belfry, perhaps two hundred feet from the ground, and had at sunset an enchanting view of the distant Alps and Apennines, with the broad plain stretching to their bases. Bologna was distinctly seen; and at several points, the eye caught gleams of the Po, reflecting the evening sun, and winding down through its low and verdant borders.

Having examined all the objects of any interest at Ferrara, at 10 o'clock the next morning, we left for Padua. The vetturino took us through the market-place, in front of the

Cathedral, which was filled with more people, than I had supposed the whole region contained; although the city alone once had a population of 100,000, within the present walls, making a circuit of seven miles. Its ruinous suburbs furnish evidence of having belonged to a flourishing metropolis.

In an hour after leaving the gate, we were upon the banks of the Po, the monarch of Italian floods, dignified by associations with the gods, and the splendid fictions of poetry. Although its character may be unworthy of such high honours, it is certainly a noble river, broad and majestic in comparison with other cisalpine streams. It sweeps down with a bold rapid current, which at this point is perhaps half a mile in breadth. The scenery upon its borders is very far from being picturesque or romantic. Artificial embankments, ten or fifteen feet in height, constructed at an immense expense, to guard the adjacent country against deluges from the Alps, line both shores. They have now assumed the aspect of natural mounds, covered with poplars and other species of foliage. The surface of the water, like that of the Mississippi, is higher than the adjoining fields. An unbroken uniformity prevails within the narrow horizon of the spectator, whose eye finds no relief in the turbid complexion of the current, or the sand banks which skirt the channel.

We crossed in a curious kind of boat, called the *ponte volante*, or flying bridge, which consists of two sharp scows, lashed together and covered with plank. It is swung across by a cable, half a mile in length, kept above water by a string of buoys, ten in number, the uppermost being moored in the middle of the river. The whole machinery has an odd appearance when in motion, describing the quadrant of a circle in passing from shore to shore.

On the opposite bank we entered Lombardy, and soon began to experience the vexations of Austrian custom-houses, though they gave us less trouble than was anticipated. It is not so difficult to approach from the dominions of the Pope, who is supposed to take care of all rogues and freemen, as from the less orthodox frontiers of France and Switzerland. An officer at the solitary Dogana gave our trunks and other baggage a thorough examination, taking out the contents, looking at the title-pages of all our books, and inspecting our manuscripts. Childe Harold and Lady Morgan's Italy

were among the number ; and as both are interdicted works, I expected they would be seized. But the inspector either did not understand English, or had forgotten the act of proscription, and let them pass. He detained us for an hour, affording ample time to look at the likeness of Ranieri, the Viceroy of the Austro-Italian dominions, which was stuck up among the regulations and advertisements of the custom-house.

The route onward for five miles leads along the ridge, on the left bank of the Po, presenting a full view of the river. Its strand is lined with mills, moored in the stream, and turned by the current. They are thatched like cottages, and are inhabited by families. One or two pretty villages were passed ; but the landscape possesses no variety and the classical fame of the Eridanus, with the sisters of Phaeton still weeping upon the bank, is scarcely able to keep alive the interest of the traveller, as he passes over the scorching sands of the road, inducing him to believe, that the heedless charioteer has again driven too near the earth.

After deserting the river, the country improves in appearance. The farm-houses scattered along the way are neat, and the lands tolerably well cultivated ; but the peasantry are coarse in dress and manners, the females wearing an odd kind of straw hat without a crown, and clumsy shoes. Even the streets and arcades of Rovigo did not show to us any of the pretty women which some tourists have found.

Four or five miles from Rovigo, we crossed the Adige in a *ponte volante*, similar to that on the Po. The breadth of the former river is less than half of that of the latter, and the current is not so rapid. Its banks are guarded by the same kind of artificial mounds, with the same uniformity of scenery. At sunset we reached Monselice, a curious conical hill, terminating the vista formed by the long lines of poplars upon the road. A large village encircles the base, and the walls extend to the top of the eminence, where are the ruins of a fortress. On the left at the distance of a few miles, the long chain of the Euganean Hills skirts the western horizon. The view on a bright evening was extremely beautiful.

The remainder of our ride of twelve miles to Padua was by moonlight, affording occasional glimpses of villas and country-seats bordering the road. We reached the gates of the city at 9 o'clock. A broad and desolate belt lies between

the walls of Padua and the houses, furnishing evidence of our approach to another Ferrara. The moon was by this time mounting towards the zenith, in a pure cerulean sky, and poured a flood of radiance upon the city of Antenor and Livy, the antique towers of which never appeared under a more favourable light; and to render our arrival still more romantic, a serenade of the softest music was kept up in front of the hotel till midnight.

LETTER LXXXIV.

EXCURSION TO ARQUA—TOMB AND LAST RESIDENCE OF PETRARCH—SKETCH OF PADUA—CHURCH OF ST. ANTHONY—SANTA JUSTIZIA—HOSPITAL FOR INVALIDS—OBSERVATORY—BIRTH-PLACE AND TOMB OF LIVY—UNIVERSITY—TOMB OF ANTENOR—RIDE DOWN THE BRENTA—ARRIVAL AT VENICE—FIRST VIEW OF THE CITY.

September, 1826.—The 12th was occupied in an excursion to Arqua, embosomed among the Euganean Hills, ten or twelve miles in a south-western direction from Padua. Having visited the birth-place and residence of Petrarch, we were anxious to pay our respects to his tomb. Several pretty villas were passed on our way thither. At Bataglia the main road was deserted, and a path pursued which leads through a village, much frequented for its warm baths. Thence onward, the vetturino lost his way, and took us through fields and vineyards, with no other track than the loaded wine-carts of the peasant had left. Our coach frequently brushed along the hedges, and from its windows we plucked rich clusters of grapes, now in full maturity. They are generally purple, and the colour contrasts beautifully with the deep green of the foliage. The vine is here, as in other parts of Italy, trained upon trees of moderate height; and the laden festoons, hanging gracefully from branch to branch, formed a picture, which the touches of no pencil can reach. There is almost as much difference between a French and an Italian vineyard, as between a garden and a hop-field. Yet much to the regret of every person of taste, utility is on the side of the former. The peasantry were busy with the

vintage, and wagons heaped with the produce of their grounds were met on our way.

Entering a vale opening from the Euganean Hills to the Adriatic, we came to the borders of a solitary lake, slumbering at the outlet of the gorge, and surrounded by woody slopes. On its quiet shores, three tourists passed us, who had been on a pilgrimage to Arqua, a mile or two beyond. The village is small, and so situated as to look out through the pass upon the broad plain, which spreads below to the Gulf of Venice. An intelligent lad, with a fine face, and a glossy head of hair, descending from beneath his black cap to his shoulders, in graceful and natural curls, offered his services as a cicerone, and led us up the steep to the tomb of the poet. The monument stands upon a small open area, in front of the church of Santa Maria, and is composed of coarse red marble, so rough hewn that the inscriptions are scarcely legible. A large sarcophagus, finished in the style of the 13th and 14th centuries, is elevated ten or twelve feet from the ground, supported by four plain Doric pillars. In one corner of it is a hole, through which a Florentine is said to have stolen an arm of his illustrious countryman. A bronze bust of the poet stands in front. One eye was picked out and pilfered by an unknown traveller, who remained at the village for the night. Numerous other mutilations have been committed by visitants. There are no trees in the old church-yard, except one little cypress, which stands weeping near the tomb. The laurels mentioned in a note to Childe Harold, are all withered. Several inscriptions, difficult to decipher, are found upon the pedestal and the front of the church.

There is a striking resemblance between the scenery of Arqua and that of Vaucluse; and I cannot but think that Petrarch was influenced by this circumstance, in selecting the place for his retirement and death. Calcareous hills of moderate elevation, naked at their summits, rise on all sides. From their bases descend slopes, clothed with olives, mulberries, figs, pomegranates, and vines. To add to the similarity, a brook waters the vale, and a copious fountain gushes out of the hill, within a few yards of the tomb. In the house of the priest attached to the church, we found an album filled with sonnets and with the names of visitants. The former are almost as voluminous as those of the poet himself.

Petrarch's last residence was upon the brow of Monte Grande, commanding a full view of the vale, of the village of Arqua, and of Monte Sero, a picturesque hill crowned by the ruins of a fortress, at the distance of a mile or two in front. An hour or more was passed in examining the house, which is of brick, two stories high, with a handsome porch at the entrance, shaded by vines and fig-trees. The walls as well as the ceilings of the rooms are ornamented with frescos, depicting scenes which were designed by the poet himself. A coarse old woman, who is the present resident, explained the whole series. They are chiefly illustrative of the loves of Petrarch and Laura. In one she is represented bathing, in another reading, and in a third reposing in the shade of a tree, while her votary, always at a respectful distance, is in the act of admiring her charms. The scene at the bath reminds one of a passage in the *Seasons*.

Among the furniture of the house are a case of drawers, and the old armed chair, in which the poet breathed his last, on the 13th of July, 1374, at the age of 70. The walls of the apartments are inscribed with the names of visitants. In a balcony looking into the vale, is a fresco representing an old man in the attitude of disarming Cupid, which is probably intended to be emblematic of Petrarch's philosophical retirement; though it ill accords with the reminiscences of Laura, portrayed in other parts of the house. Below the terrace spreads a small but pretty garden, filled with vines of the muscadel grape, which we found delicious. Strings of figs, undergoing the process of drying in the sun, were suspended in festoons on the front of the building. They are strung like apples in our country, with a leaf of the tree between every two, to keep them from uniting. The fig, before it is dried, is a luscious and nutritious fruit. We found it ripe and in all its perfection, during our tour through the north of Italy.

We returned by a different route, passing a large palace, which belongs to the Duke of Modena. It is five stories high; but neither the edifice nor the grounds exhibit much taste. Many ladies and gentlemen were met in carriages, on their way to the baths of St. Helena.

Early on the following morning, we commenced the rounds of Padua, in the usual manner of sight-seeing, under the guidance of a stupid cicerone, who scarcely knew the locali-

ties of his native city. He took us to the church of St. Anthony, a stupendous Gothic edifice, rising from one of the principal squares, crowned by five domes and several lofty steeples. It is stately and venerable in its aspect. The area in front is embellished with an equestrian statue of a Venetian General. We found the interior full of people, kneeling at the shrine of St. Anthony, who is the patron of the city.

In the choir of the church is another shrine dedicated to the saint, which may be considered the "sanctum sanctorum," as it is consecrated by the most precious relics. A young ecclesiastic put on his robes, said his prayers, lighted half a dozen large candles, and then opened the three cabinets, which contain the plate of the church, as well as the fragments of St. Anthony's body. Vessels of massive gold embossed with gems, vases and chalices, studded with emerald and diamond, flashed upon our dazzled sight.

Pointing with a long wand to a relic in one of the transparent crystal vases, the priest said, "that is the chin of St. Anthony." It was high above us, and we could but indistinctly see the lower jaw and teeth of some head, perhaps a saint's, but more probably a sinner's. The tongue was in another vase; but the reflection and refraction of the crystal prevented us from discovering any thing beyond a red substance, of the shape and colour of the unruly member, with the root fixed in a socket and the tip pointing upward. It is always an object, in the exhibition of relics, to guard against a close inspection.

The church of Santa Justizia is scarcely inferior in size and splendour to that of St. Anthony, while in the style of its architecture it is far superior. It was designed by Palladio. It has a noble front, and the interior is lofty and magnificent. The cloisters of an adjoining convent have been very laudably converted into a hospital for invalid soldiers, dedicated by Francis I. to the "*Læso Militi*," inscribed upon the front. We saw hundreds of the inmates, as well as other troops who had never been wounded, parading the streets in a uniform of coarse tow cloth, which hung like cotton-bagging about their limbs, and formed an odd contrast to gilt swords, cocked hats, and tawdry epaulettes. But the most showy of the throng was a young Othello, of a coal black complexion, in a gaudy laced coat, girt with a broad red sash, wearing one yellow glove, and dangling the

other in his hand, as he paraded the streets in all the pomp and circumstance of a military dandy, looking out for some modern Desdemona among the fair Paduese. In the dress and appearance of the people of this city, there is a strange compound of pride and poverty. One man was observed in a shabby coat, with a ponderous watch-seal hanging from each of his pockets.

A spacious and splendid promenade, called the Prato della Valle, spreads in front of the church of Santa Justizia. It is surrounded by a canal, planted with beautiful groves, and filled with hundreds of statues of distinguished men of Padua and Venice. Any one has the privilege of canonizing his friend, by adding a bust to the congregation, with a label upon the pedestal.

We visited the Observatory, near the western walls, and ascended to the top, which is 125 feet from the ground. The cupola is ornamented with frescos, exhibiting rude likenesses of eminent astronomers, among whom are Sir Isaac Newton and Gallileo. On the ceiling are delineated the signs of the zodiac. This tower affords a perfect view of the town, which is seven miles in circuit, situated upon a plain, and watered by the Brenta. In many places the houses have dropped away, leaving large tracts of vacant grounds, shaded with luxuriant foliage. The population, which could once send an army of 20,000 to the field, is now reduced to 50,000 in all; and the city bears the marks of decrepitude, poverty, and decay. We had an enchanting prospect of Monselice, the Euganean Hills, the Rhætian Alps, and Tyrol, together with the boundless sea of verdure which stretches along the shores of the Adriatic. The waters of the Gulf were not discernible; but through the excellent telescope belonging to the Observatory, a fair view was obtained of the dome of St. Mark's at Venice.

A call was made at the Cathedral, which is far from being an interesting church. It contains a pretty medallion of Petrarch, in alto-rilievo of white marble, placed against a slab of black antique, fixed in the wall. The monument was erected in 1818, at the expense of one of the canons, who was a great admirer of the poet. If I mistake not, Petrarch was an officer in this church.

The cicerone led us thence to the reputed house of Titus Livius, the Roman historian. My faith was so weak, while gazing at the front of a modern building, ornamented with

angels, and exhibiting no traces of antiquity, that I felt little interest and derived little pleasure from the visit. The words "*vestustate restaurata*"—dilapidated and restored—are inscribed upon a tablet over the door. All the ancient memorials have been taken to the great Gothic Hall, denominated the Salone, whither we followed them. The Hall is a monstrous shell, 300 feet in length, 100 in width, and as many in height to the arched roof, rudely constructed of wood, supported by iron rods running across from side to side, joined by others standing in a vertical position. It is in all respects a novelty. The walls are daubed with rude frescos, and lined with sepulchral monuments, among which is one to the memory of Livy. It occupies a conspicuous situation at the upper end of the hall, and is ornamented with the Roman emblem of the wolf and twin boys. The slab appears to have been taken from the family tomb of the historian, who died at Padua, at the age of 67, on the same day with Ovid.

Near this Gothic Hall is the University of Padua once the most celebrated in the world; but alas how fallen! Its walls are still venerable; and the double arcades surrounding the court are thickly hung with escutcheons, not of military renown, but of achievements in scholarship—with records of doctorates, professorships, and other literary honours, bestowed as a reward for profound erudition and distinguished merit. There are some thousands of these tablets. It was now vacation. The rooms were all closed; the officers and students were all absent; and the courts were silent as the grave. Our guide stated, that there are at present forty professors and fifteen hundred students. The number of the latter is said to have once amounted to eighteen thousand!

The last object of attention, though it can hardly be said, of attraction or interest, was what in order of time should have been first—the Tomb of Antenor. *Risum teneatis?*—The cicerone informed us with a grave countenance, that the bones of the Trojan traitor, refugee, and adventurer were actually enclosed in the sarcophagus, elevated on pillars like that of Petrarch at Arqua, and evidently of the same age. It stands at the corner of two streets, in the most ancient part of the city. There is an inscription on the front, in the old Saxon character, which we found it difficult to decipher; but enough was learned to satisfy us, that the tomb was really

intended for Antenor. It is probably a cenotaph, erected in the middle ages, in honor of the founder of the city.

At 1 o'clock in the afternoon, we left Padua in a vettura for Venice. The ride down the left bank of the Brenta was charming, with the river on one side, and a succession of splendid villas on the other. Several of the palaces were built by Palladio and other distinguished architects, for Venetian noblemen, whose wealth and families have now disappeared, while their sumptuous mansions, whither they used to retire in the hot months, are inhabited by Austrians and other foreigners. The largest and most elegant belongs to the Archduke Ranieri, Viceroy of Italy. Its proportions are grand, and its grounds are in good taste, being laid out in the style of park scenery in England. The right bank of the Brenta is finely wooded, sprinkled with farm-houses and cottages. The stream itself is sluggish, and sufficiently large to be navigable with boats to Padua. Its shores in many places are so wild and luxuriant, that the branches of the trees bathe themselves in the flood. There appeared to be much bustle, activity, and gaiety in the villages along the road.

At 5 o'clock we reached Fusina, the point of embarkation for Venice. Our passports were retained, to be forwarded the next day. The custom-house officer was satisfied with a small fee, and did not open our trunks. A fleet of gondolas were moored in the Brenta, waiting for passengers, and a host of competitors more clamorous than coachmen or the runners for French hotels, beset us and proffered their services.

The gondola is about thirty feet in length, four and a half feet wide in the centre, built sharp fore and aft, very much in the form of an Indian canoe. It is constructed of substantial timbers, though light and buoyant, sitting beautifully upon the water, and calculated for extraordinary speed. The prow consists of a serrated sheet of iron, terminating in a beak or volutes at top, kept bright and having rather a martial aspect. To this appearance the glossy black colour in no small degree contributes, suggesting the idea of a piratical bark. In the middle of the boat is a pavilion, of the size and somewhat in the shape of the top of a carriage, with a window on each side, which may be opened or shut at pleasure, handsome curtains in front, and seats furnished with fine cushions. A person is effectually protected from inclement weather, and may be as retired and comfortable, as

in a private chamber. The gondolier stands erect, and never shifts his oar. It is incredible with what dexterity and speed he drives his boat, which glides along the water in a noiseless manner, and without any apparent effort. In crossing the Lagune two oarsmen are generally employed; but on the canals only one is required.

Comfortably seated, with our faces towards Venice, we descended the Brenta for a mile or two. The banks are here rural, quiet, and luxuriant in foliage. Shrubs and wild-flowers are reflected from the glassy wave; and among the rest the hawthorn was in several instances observed to dip its red berries in the stream. On emerging from the mouth of the river, we came in full view of Venice, sitting upon the sea, lifting her hundred domes, towers, and palaces above the waves, and gilded by the declining sun. The magnificence of the picture and the feelings and associations it awakened, are wholly indescribable. All that chivalry has achieved—all that history has recorded, or poetry imagined, of this renowned and romantic city, came fresh over the mind. After the ecstasy of the moment had subsided, and the features in the coup d'oeil had been fixed, we plied the gondoliers with a thousand inquiries about localities, and the names of the more prominent objects. St. Mark's is another St. Peter's, and its dome is the first to attract the eye of the traveller. The sound of its bells tolling for vespers, and stealing across the waters, met us at a distance, and attuned the feelings to a pleasing melancholy.

We could not have crossed the Lagune, which is five miles in breadth and occupies about an hour and a half in the passage, at a more favourable season, or a more agreeable part of the day. The evening was bright and the bay tranquil, showing scarcely a ripple upon its surface. At first the sun set in all its glory upon the gilded battlements of the city, which were long reddened by the rich hues of the west. Then came an Italian twilight, in all its variety of tints, its softness and repose. At length the full moon again lighted up the skies, and poured her splendour upon the quiet waves of the Adriatic. The scene was constantly shifting, producing the most diversified combinations of light and shade.

Soon after leaving the mouth of the Brenta, we sportively asked the gondoliers to sing us some of the verses of Tasso. To our surprise, one of them so far complied, as to chant a passage from that poet. The other oarsman, taking the hint,

bawled himself hoarse and us deaf with his harsh notes, which he continued during the whole voyage. He seemed to sing from the mere love of music, and not to gratify his audience. His companion responded, when he was acquainted with the song, and when not, the other prompted. The unceasing strain at length became tedious, especially when objects of greater interest attracted attention.

In approaching the shore and entering the canals, the scene again changed and presented a new aspect. The city was by this time lighted up, and the long line of illuminated windows, appeared like beacons floating upon the water. In a word, it was difficult to realize a picture so entirely novel and unique, and we seemed to have been transported to a fairy land, where all was enchantment. Other gondolas shot by us with the fleetness and silence of spirits. Our own glided alternately through the deep shadow of buildings, five or six stories high, and gleams of moonlight breaking through between the successive ranges of palaces, which hang their flights of white marble steps to the very surface of the water. After threading a labyrinth of minor channels, we at length entered the Grand Canal, which is about three hundred feet in width, and winds through the city, in the shape of the letter S. Its borders are lined with proud structures, which the breadth of the channel in front enables the spectator to examine at a proper distance, and under the most favourable circumstances. Subsequent observation satisfied us, that Venice was made for the night, and that it appears much the best by moonlight, when the mud and sea-weed of its canals, the filth of its narrow lanes, the dilapidations of its buildings are concealed from the eye, and when alone any considerable portion of its inhabitants are awake and visible.

Reaching the centre of the city, we stepped from the boat into the very porch of the White Lion, which is one of the best hotels that had been found in Italy, and afforded us excellent accommodations for eight or ten days. Its front windows command an extensive view of the Grand Canal, of the fleets of gondolas that darken its surface, of the palaces upon its shores, and of the Rialto, which spans its channel at the distance of perhaps fifty rods above. A first glimpse of this far-famed bridge, immortalized by the allusions of Shakespeare, was obtained on the evening of our arrival. The outlines could not be distinctly traced; but while we were gazing from the porch of the Bianca Leone, a person crossed with a

light, which described an arch against the horizon, corresponding with that of the Rialto. A solitary lamp was burning upon its top. At 9 or 10 o'clock a concert of voices proceeded from this rendezvous of the lower classes, and at length others responded on the shore below. Sometimes the parties joined in the same tune and kept exact time, though they were far apart. The effect was charming. There was a plaintive, pleasing melancholy in the music, which seemed to breathe an elegy over departed greatness and grandeur.

We began to think that all which has been recorded or sung of this romantic city, is strictly true, and that the half had not been told us. Had the gondola taken us back to terra firma on the same night, our excursion would have left an impression of a visit to an enchanted land, presenting scenes entirely out of the sphere of ordinary life, and unlike any thing else to be found on earth. A tourist would do well to select a bright moonlight evening, cross the Lagoon at sunset, navigate the canals, pause a moment at the Rialto, visit St. Mark's, climb the Campanile, saunter amidst the circles of Venetian beauty beneath the arcades, take a turn or two in the Public Garden, row to the Lido, and return to the shore at the dawn of day, before the inhabitants have gone to sleep. Rich as the city is in the works of art and the monuments of former grandeur, an examination in detail will by no means support the first impression, and the visitant finds his enthusiastic admiration declining daily, till his dreams of romance have all vanished, and the mistress of the hundred Isles is left without any feelings of deep regret. Venice is like a woman with a pretty face, but destitute of intellect or heart. She may please the eye, without being able to win and chain the affections.

LETTER LXXXV.

VENICE CONTINUED—RIALTO—SANTA TERESA—SQUARE OF ST. MARK'S—CHURCH—BRONZE HORSES—CAMPAÑILE—VIEW OF THE CITY AND ISLANDS—DUCAL PALACE—ANCIENT HALLS—BRIDGE OF SIGHS—DUNGEONS—MINT—PUBLIC GARDEN—GREEKS AT VENICE.

September, 1826.—On the morning after our arrival, we chartered a gondola with one oar, at the rate of five francs a day, and commenced a voyage of discovery, directing our course along the Grand Canal to the Rialto, which was examined with a minuteness proportioned to its fame. It is built of white stone, resembling marble. The chord of its arch is only eighty feet. Its sides are embellished with statues in alto-rilievo, with some other decorations and inscriptions. But the view from the water is neither grand nor beautiful. Poetry and association have done every thing for this bridge. It is at most a fantastic object. Its construction is peculiar. As it has long been one of the principal marts of the city, it is fitted up with appurtenances adapted to such purposes. The central passage is lined on both sides with jewellers' shops and boutiques for other merchandise. On the highest part of the bridge are transverse arches, enclosing a small square, which is occupied as a sort of Exchange. Behind the shops are two other passages, one on each side, guarded outwardly by handsome balustrades. The ascent from the ends to the centre of the walks is so steep, as to render steps necessary. It is of course never crossed by carriages, as there are none in the city. I do not recollect to have seen a horse, except the brazen steeds in front of St. Mark's, during my visit.

Saluting the Madonna, who guards the flight of steps leading from the bridge to the water, we re-embarked, passed under the ponderous arch, and continued our voyage through the Grand Canal. The next landing was effected upon the steps of the church of Santa Teresa Senza Calce, which once belonged to the Carmelites. Its front is majestic, rising from the water on double ranges of columns, crowded with

statues and other ornaments. The interior is rich, too rich, in splendid materials. A young priest seemed to take a pride in informing us, that the church cost 336,000 ducats.

Continuing our excursion, we emerged from the Canal into an arm of the Lagune, half a mile in breadth, separating the island of St. Maggiore from the rest of the city, and forming the principal harbour for boats and small craft. The view of St. Mark's and the neighbouring edifices, embracing a large number of churches and palaces; the lofty tower rising in the centre; the shipping in the port; and the Public Garden beyond, can hardly be surpassed in magnificence. Debarking at the quay, which is as spacious and beautiful as those of the Arno, we found the winged Lion and a statue of Theodoric, poised far above our heads upon two stupendous columns of granite. An esplanade, denominated the Piazzetta, opens from the water to the great Square, in front of St. Mark's, which is the Palais Royal of Venice—the scene of the Carnival and other great fetes, the place of resort for eating, drinking, gaiety, and pleasure. It lies in the form of a parallelogram, perhaps a thousand feet in length, and three or four hundred in breadth, surrounded on three sides by continuous ranges of palaces, three stories high, uniform both in material and architecture, at least so far as not to break the unity of the view, or to offend the eye. The whole area is neatly paved, and lined with deep arcades, into which shops and coffee-houses without number open, presenting at night a most brilliant spectacle. In architectural grandeur, this square far surpasses the Palais Royal. Several days were occupied in examining the edifices which surround it, and of which I shall attempt a hasty notice.

The Church of St. Mark, standing at one end of the Piazza, is the most prominent object. I have called it the St. Peter's of Venice. Such it is in a religious point of view, and the richness of its materials; though it will bear no comparison in size and architecture. It is an irregular, rude, Gothic pile, in which oriental marbles and the splendid spoils of the east have been heaped together, without much regard to taste or elegance. Its exterior is grotesque, and strikes only by its novelty, being a mixture of all orders and of all kinds of materials. Its front is indented with five deep alcoves, filled with rows of pillars, differing as much in style as in colour—some Moorish, others Gothic, and the rest

Grecian. It is said there are three hundred in all. In their wars with the Turks and other nations, the Venetians brought home the fragments of demolished temples, and added them to this proud structure, which in turn was doomed to conquest and pillage. Our guide informed us, that the silver heads of saints were picked out of the doors, and many of the valuable ornaments pilfered by the French soldiers, instead of being left for the Austrians.

A gallery extends across the whole front of the church, above which rise five stately domes, in the midst of innumerable pinnacles. We ascended to the terrace, under the guidance of a priest, and examined the celebrated bronze-gilt horses of Lysippus, which have been great travellers, and jaded almost into backs. They were plundered from Corinth by Mummius Achaicus and carried to Rome; thence returned to Constantinople; on the conquest of that city by the Venetians, they were taken as trophies, and placed over the front of St. Mark's; Napoleon led them captive over the Alps, to grace his triumphal arches at Paris; and the members of the Holy Alliance conducted them back to the Adriatic. They are sadly maimed, bruised, and galled by so many long journeys. The gilding has in many places been scratched off for the sake of the gold. One of the collars was broken and lost in the removal, and a new one put on by the French. They have been patched up and repaired since their return. In size, they are somewhat larger than life, extremely well proportioned, and spirited in their attitudes. Their present location is horrible. They are moderately elevated upon pedestals, and nothing but their heads can be seen from the Square below. Why did not the Emperor of Austria, who acted in the capacity of groom at the restoration, direct them to be placed in the centre of the area, or any where else than among the pinnacles of a church, between which and war-horses there is a strange incongruity?

The inside of St. Mark's is as unique as the exterior. Dark and gloomy as it is, I was pleased with it on account of its nationality. It was commenced during the early ages of the Republic, in the 7th or 8th century, and enriched with the trophies of victory. The spoils of the east are here accumulated. Our cicerone stated, that the church contains one hundred and forty different kinds of marbles and precious stones. They are thrown together in a rude manner, but dis-

play unbounded wealth, as well as an enthusiastic patriotism. All the inscriptions relate rather to the glories of the Venetian arms, than to the doctrines and precepts of the Prince of Peace. The tomb of old Dandolo is conspicuous, and the walls are hung with the escutcheons of other warriors. Here are pillars from the temple of Solomon, and doors from the church of St. Sophia at Constantinople. Every altar, every column, every stone is historical, associated with the achievements of the Republic. Even St. Mark, the Patron of the city, is clothed with the badges of power, rather than with the symbols of religion.

We inquired of a priest, where the dust of the saint reposes. He replied, "under the church," without being particular as to the precise spot. It is said to have been brought from Alexandria, and here deposited. The relics have all disappeared, in the successive revolutions which Venice has undergone. A candle was lighted, to show us the perfect transparency of two oriental columns of alabaster. The pavement is undulating like the sea, on which it rests. It is in some places so uneven, that one can scarcely walk upon it with convenience. It is mosaic, composed of precious stones infinitely varied. We trampled upon agate and jasper. The shrines are gorgeous, and always thronged with votaries. Many of the ornaments are lost to the eye, owing to the dim light. The walls and the ceilings of the domes are covered with mosaics, frescos, and gildings, which are but imperfectly seen, and might perhaps as well be entirely concealed.

In front of St. Mark's stand three red masts, which in our country would be called liberty-poles. They were erected to commemorate the capture of Cyprus, Candia, and the Morea, whence they were brought as trophies. They are fixed at bottom in sockets of bronze, and on the top of each is perched a brazen lion, wearing a crown, which in this instance needs his wings to keep his balance at such a height, and on such a slender support. Two other lions, in red marble, repose with more dignity, by a fountain, or rather a cistern, on the left of the church; and a third, on a neighbouring building, holds the book of the Evangelist in his paws. Above his head is a clock, on the face of which the sun is represented passing through the signs of the zodiac. In short, the image of the king of beasts, in the form shadowed forth by the prophet Ezekiel, meets the traveller at every

turn in the city ; though pains have been taken to substitute the double-headed eagle of Austria and the bust of the Emperor.

The Campanile or belfry of St. Mark's is an enormous brick tower, standing in the piazza, insulated from the church. It is perhaps forty feet square, and three hundred in height, composed of a succession of arches in the interior to give it strength. Three sides of the basement are lined with paltry retail shops, and in the fourth or front, is a sort of temple, highly embellished with bas-relief and a variety of sculpture. This curious apartment is now exclusively appropriated to the drawing of lotteries. We climbed the long flight of steps in the interior, dimly lighted by small windows, at distant stages.

The cupola is formed by a colonnade, supporting a pyramid, on the top of which is poised a colossal bronze angel. Here old Gallileo, in his exile, used to watch the heavens, and make his astronomical observations ; and hence we had a charming view of the same blue skies, with the hundred romantic islands, which they canopy. To adopt a simile which such an observatory suggests, Venice may be compared to a primary planet, surrounded by numerous satellites. The city itself, from this height, appears a compact mass of buildings, showing none of its canals, bridges, or narrow streets. It lies in an oval form, and is seven miles in circumference, girt by the waves, out of which rise other small islands, covered with fortresses, churches, convents, hospitals, and other buildings. To the south, the Lido di Palis-trina divides the Lagunes from the Adriatic. It is an artificial peninsula, ten or twelve miles in length and of moderate breadth, constructed in the age of the republic, to protect the city and harbour from the violence of the winds and waves. It is now green and studded with white buildings.

Descending from the tower, we visited the Ducal Palace, which extends from St. Mark's to the quay, bounding one side of the Piazzetta. It is a stupendous edifice of very singular construction. The basement is composed of arches ; the second story is of light open fretwork, in the Saracenic or Arabesque style ; and the third story consists of heavy plain brick, loaded with a prodigious weight of Gothic pinnacles. Every principle of architecture, as well as of taste, is violated in this curious structure. The order of stories is reversed, and the ponderous battlements seem sufficient

to crush the delicate fabric below. But with all its defects, this old palace is peculiarly interesting. Its exterior bears the marks of neglect, dilapidation, and decay. Myriads of doves were observed hovering and seeking their homes among its shattered pinnacles. Its form is quadrangular, leaving a spacious court in the centre, which is surrounded by double ranges of arcades or corridors—one in the basement, and the other round the second story. The ground on which it is built, like that of St. Mark's, has settled to such a degree, that the frieze is crooked, and the whole fabric seems ready to follow the destiny of the government, which once occupied its halls.

Austrian placemen have established their offices in the chambers of Doges and Senators, and the tyranny of the Council of Ten is maintained by the new masters of Venice, who have ruined its prosperity and reduced its inhabitants to beggary. The Grand Council Room has been converted into a library, with groups of statues elevated upon pedestals and scattered about the hall, among which the Emperor of Austria is the most conspicuous. The walls and ceiling are ornamented with pictures and frescos of the Venetian school—Titian, Paul Veronese, and Tintoretto. The same national spirit is visible in the embellishments of the old palace, as in the church of St. Mark. All the battles and victories of the Republic are delineated; and some of them have half a dozen editions from different pencils. The Venetian artists seem to have been much more patriotic than those of Genoa.

Of the other innumerable apartments which we traversed, the most interesting is the ancient Senate-house of the Three Hundred, where the “most potent, grave, and reverend signiors” used to deliberate, and settle the affairs of state. Wooden benches, painted red, are arranged round the room; and in a central position, a rostrum is erected against the wall, which each used to ascend to make his harangue.

Near the Senate Chamber is the hall, in which the Council of Ten were wont to assemble. It is now occupied by an Austrian tribunal of Thirty; so that the number of tyrants has probably been multiplied threefold, in the revolutions which Venice has experienced. In an adjoining room, inquisitions were made. It communicates by a dark narrow passage with a third apartment, whence the accused came to whisper a defence for himself, or an implication of others in

the ear of the inquisitors, stationed in little boxes, resembling the confessories in Catholic churches. Such was the scene of some of the blackest crimes and of the most appalling tyranny, to be found in the pages of history. As the revolution has terminated, it is difficult to say, whether the subversion of the Venetian government was a curse or a blessing. It is certain that the city was never so poor and degraded as it is at present.

The Bridge of Sighs is an arched and covered gallery, extending across a canal, between the Ducal Palace and a Prison, on the opposite bank. It is perhaps thirty feet in length, and twenty above the water. Two heavy grated windows furnish the only light. The passage leading from the Palace to the Bridge is narrow, crooked, and dark. A solitary lamp glimmers on the wall, night and day, to light the footsteps of the visitant through the gloomy labyrinth. It seems still to be the avenue to the Bridge of Sighs; for while we were groping our way through its mazes, the clanking of chains was heard in the cells, and two criminals came out of the prison in their shirt-sleeves, with manacles upon their hands, and faces like dæmons. A guide lighted his taper and conducted us into the Cimmerian regions, beneath the pavement of the Ducal Palace, forming the dungeons in which state convicts were confined and secretly executed.

The cells are eighteen in number, ten or twelve feet in length, and six or seven in breadth, arched at top, with a small aperture in front. They are built in double tiers, one above another. The lower range is on a level with the water in the canal, and the dip of the oar was heard through the partition wall. In the stones on the sides of the passage are little niches, made to receive bars extended across, on which convicts were hanged or strangled to death; and others, in which executioners set their lamps, the smoke of which has blackened the wall. The pavement is perforated with three holes, communicating with the canal, to draw off the blood shed in quartering other criminals; and on the left is a door, through which the bodies were thrown into boats, to be taken away for interment. The inscriptions quoted in a note to the 4th Canto of *Childe Harold*, were pointed out to us; and Byron or Hobhouse, as the case may be, has given a very accurate account of the horrors of these dungeons.

Opposite the Ducal Palace is the Mint, which we visited

and saw a host of workmen forging silver bars, and coining ducats. The process is slow and capable of many improvements ; but in a country where labour is so cheap, it is no object to facilitate and expedite mechanical operations. We went through the long range of palaces bordering upon the Square of St. Mark, the head-quarters of the Emperor of Austria, when he is at Venice. The saloons are neatly finished, but the furniture was strewed over the floors, and the collection of the works of art is contemptible. In the course of a long walk, seldom interrupted by any object of curiosity, we found the room in which Napoleon lived, during his residence in this city. It looks out upon a pretty garden in the rear. There is a hole in the window sash, which he cut with his penknife, and inserted a peg, whence he suspended a small shaving-glass.

An excursion to the Public Garden furnished a more prominent memorial of the same great man, under whose direction this beautiful promenade was laid out, planted, and embellished. Artificial mounts, shaded by a young growth of trees, and overlooking the neighbouring waters, have been erected in several places ; and a neat coffee-house supplies visitants with refreshments. A handsome flight of steps in front forms a landing for gondolas, and a wide avenue connects it with the Square of St. Mark. The fashionable hour for the promenade is from 5 to 6 o'clock in the afternoon. In taking a turn or two through the alleys, we saw two aged Greeks walking together. Both are exiles. One of them was a patriarch of the church. He looked like another Belisarius, with his hoary locks and long beard. His companion was also an ecclesiastic, and appeared to be very fond of botany, as he paused to examine every plant and flower in the garden. They were conversing in the language of their country.

The Greek exiles are numerous at Venice. In passing the arcades at St. Mark's, we frequently saw groups of them smoking, sipping coffee, playing chess and cards. They seem to lead an indolent life, perhaps because they can find nothing to do. They have a large handsome chapel in the city. It differs very little in construction, furniture, or ornaments from the ordinary churches of Italy, except that all the young females are secreted behind a screen in the gallery, after the manner of the Jewish synagogues. The mode of worship is nearly the same as that of the Roman Catholics.

LETTER LXXXVI.

VENICE CONCLUDED—OLD ARSENAL—NAVY YARD—BUCENTAUR
—EXCURSION TO THE LIDO—ARMENIAN SCHOOL—CHURCHES
—TOMB OF TITIAN—PALACES AND PICTURES—ACADEMY OF
FINE ARTS—MAUSOLEUM OF CANOVA—AMUSEMENTS—THE-
ATRE.

September, 1826.—Next to St. Mark's and its attendant buildings, the most interesting object at Venice is the old Arsenal, at the eastern extremity of the city. At its entrance are four colossal lions in Parian marble. They were brought from Athens and the Piræus by the Venetians as trophies, in the age of the Republic. One of them is a beautiful specimen of sculpture, said to have been made to commemorate the battle of Marathon. The other three appeared to be ill proportioned, long, gaunt, and spiritless.

The portals of the Arsenal are lofty, and enriched with a hundred trophies, taken in the wars of the Venetians with the Turks and the Barbary Powers. But the double-headed eagle of Austria now perches upon the spoils, brought home in the triumphant navies of the old republicans, and the bust of the Emperor is the presiding genius of a place, consecrated by the fame of Dandolo and his associates in arms. The guide first took us into the Armory, or more properly the Museum of the Arsenal, occupying two large halls filled with a great variety of the implements of war, partly invented by the Venetians, and partly captured from their enemies.

Among a thousand other things, are guns and cannon of a curious construction, used by the Doges in celebrating their victories, as well as in meeting the foe—mortars for throwing stones a foot in diameter, employed with effect against the Genoese, by which one of the Dorias was killed near Venice—scimitars, pikes, small arms of all kinds, and banners won from vanquished nations. The standards have crests of horse-hair, with halberds at the top of the flag-staff, which give them a martial appearance. Some of the muskets were fired by matches, the machinery for lighting which is here to be seen. Helmets and ancient armour of

every description are suspended from the Gothic pillars, which support the ceiling.

We visited every department of the Arsenal, which is two miles and a half in circuit. It is one of the finest Navy-Yards I have ever seen, not excepting Toulon itself. The water is of sufficient depth to float the largest ships; and the docks are surrounded with substantial quays, covered by acres of roofed buildings, supported by stone and brick arches.

In the depository of models, occupying an extensive hall, but not so well filled as that of Toulon, the most interesting article is an exact copy of the old Bucentaur, so famous in the annals of Venice, as the state-boat which used to convey the Doge and Senate to the nuptials of the Adriatic with its mistress, as well as to other splendid fetes. It had two decks, one for the gondoliers and the other for passengers. It is pierced for fifty oars; but only twenty-one upon a side were used. In its best estate, it was probably inferior to the Royal Yacht of England, or Cleopatra's Barge of our own country. On the deck is a staff, for hoisting a banner, and the bow carries the lions of St. Mark. The model is completely equipped, and exhibits a perfect idea of the original, which was laid up in ordinary, after the conquest of the French in 1796. We visited the dock in which the Bucentaur used to lie. Fragments of her are still preserved, suspended from the walls of a ship-house by cords. One side of the boat is nearly entire. It is painted red, and embossed with gilt emblems in bold relief. In the same dock is the state barge built for Napoleon, and now transferred to his imperial successor: also a boat belonging to the Grand Dutchess of Parma, the late Empress of France.

From the Navy-Yard, we crossed the Lagune, a distance of a mile or more, to the Lido di Palestrina, the outlines of which have already been described. The inside is lined with a perpendicular wall of brick and stone. We walked across the peninsula, which is less than half a mile in width. Much of it appears to be the natural surface, composed of moderate swells, coated with grass and wild bushes. The summit of the ridge presents a glorious view of the Adriatic on one side, and of Venice on the other, with the Rhætian Alps beyond. In crossing the neck, we accidentally stumbled upon an old cemetery of the Jews, whose very dust is kept distinct from the rest of mankind. The rude slabs are en-

graven with epitaphs in the Hebraic character, and half buried in the green sward. We had a ramble on the beach of the Adriatic, and amused ourselves with collecting shells. The waves here come in delightfully, and produce a murmur along the shore ; but the water is not so beautiful as on the opposite side of Italy. This beach, which is perfectly hard, was the solitary Corso of Lord Byron, during his residence of two years in Italy. He ferried his horses over in a gondola, and came here daily for exercise.

The extremity of the Lido is strongly defended by a fortress, with a double moat, extending quite across the neck. Beyond it stands the church of St. Nicholas, to which we in vain sought admission, as the sexton was not to be found, and the doors, contrary to the usage in Italy, were closed, probably to keep out the Austrian soldiers stationed in the vicinity. The disappointment occasioned some regret, as in this chapel mass was said, at the annual ceremony of marrying Venice to the Adriatic. The wedding party, consisting of the Doge and the dignitaries of church and state, used to embark in the Bucentaur from the Ducal Palace, proceed to the Lido, and there throw bridal rings into the sea, taking care to attach strings to them, when they were of any value. Prayers were then offered up at the shrine of St. Nicholas, and the remainder of the day was devoted to festivity. One of the prettiest pictures I saw at Venice, represents a fisherman in the act of bringing a reclaimed bridal ring to the Doge and his council, convened in their court dresses.

In returning from the Lido, we touched at the Island of St. Lazaro, to visit the establishment of the Armenians. One of the fraternity met us upon the steps of the little quay, where there is a harbour in miniature, with gondolas lying at anchor ; the only fleet of this peaceful band of philanthropists. The librarian, who came to welcome us to the Island, was dressed in a monastic habit, wearing a long, thick, glossy beard, expressing great mildness in his features, and much kindness and courtesy in his manners. He conducted us to the chapel, which is remarkable for its neatness and elegance. It contains several handsome sepulchral monuments. One of them is designed for a person not yet dead. Thence we ascended to the Library, which is small, but very select, and rich in manuscripts. Among the greatest curiosities, are a copy of the Scriptures with

splendid illuminations, and a Prayer-book in thirty languages. The librarian read Greek and Armenian to us. He is deep in the dialects. His own tongue much resembles the Hebrew in sound.

We visited the printing-office, where three men were at the press, striking off an edition of Telemachus, in the Armenian language. Milton's works and a part of Lord Byron have here been translated and published. Most of the books are sold at Constantinople; others at Trieste and Smyrna. A shop is connected with the establishment, where visitants may purchase rare works. This society was founded by Mechtar, a man of profound learning and active philanthropy. The school which still has a high reputation, is confined chiefly to young Armenians; but others may avail themselves of its advantages. All the buildings, gardens, and grounds exhibit much neatness and taste, and the inmates appear to lead a quiet, happy life.

The Lunatic Asylum stands upon a neighbouring island. It appeared to be full of inmates in their maddest moods. As our gondola glided under the walls, the most hideous and appalling shrieks issued from the windows, as if some one was undergoing the keenest torture. Others were singing, or convulsed with the maniac laugh. Such a scene presented few temptations, to attract us to the shore.

On our way back to town, we called at the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, standing at the Porta Franca, on a separate island. The interior as well as the front facing the water, combines simplicity with grandeur. The tombs of distinguished men, trophies, and inscriptions, impart an interest to most of the Venetian churches, beyond what is to be found in architectural beauty, and no common splendour in the embellishments. We visited a score of them at least, and none, without finding something to admire. In the church of Franciscans, we found the tomb of Titian. He was buried beneath the pavement, near one of the altars. The inscription is as follows:

Qui giace il gran Titiano di Vicelli,
Emulatore de' Zeusi e degli Apelli.

Here lies the great Titian, the rival of Zeuxis and Apelles.

In the same church are the tombs of the Foscari, and many other piles of monumental marble. One of them is orna-

mented with the statues of two slaves, which Canova, a native of this city, copied as his first work, besides falling in love during the process.

The Palaces of Venice, rich as some of them are both in architecture and the contents of their galleries, shall be despatched in few words. Of the countless number, the Palazzo Babarigo, once the residence of Titian, and still the depository of some of his finest pictures, is by far the most interesting. His *Magdalene* produced a very strong impression upon my mind, and gave me a most exalted idea of his powers as an artist. It appeared to me a more just conception and a more forcible expression of the character of the penitent, than I had found in any other picture of the same description. Her eyes are raised to heaven, swollen and red with weeping: her hand is pressed upon her bosom: her golden tresses descend in negligent tangles to her breast: remorse and sorrow, absorbing all other thoughts, are depicted in the carelessness of her drapery, as well as in the pathos of her face: a book is open before her, and the image of death is at her side. As in a deep tragedy you forget the author, the actor, and the fiction, and seem to mingle with real persons; so here, the skill of Titian is not the object of admiration, but the feelings become interested in the pathetic grief of the penitent.

We went to the Pisani Palace, to see one of the most celebrated pictures of Paul Veronese—*Alexander and the Family of Darius*. It is a highly finished production, but not interesting, at least it was not to us. The Palazzo Manfresi contains the most extensive gallery at Venice. Our cicerone with a nationality of feeling, which appears to be universal, pronounced it "the finest collection in all Italy!" He probably had never been at Florence or Rome. The Grimani Palace contains a group of family portraits by Titian, in his most finished style. The cabinet of antiquities is rich and various. We here saw a table, which cost 30,000 ducats. It is inlaid with lapis-lazuli, and other precious gems.

We visited the Academy of Fine Arts, principally for the purpose of examining the *Assumption*, the *chef d'œuvres* of Titian. It is worthy of all the praises, which connoisseurs have lavished. The Academy contains a model for the tomb of Titian, by Canova, which he did not live to see completed; and by its side is now placed the model of his own

monument, the expense of which is estimated at five thousand Louis-d'ors. Two thirds of that sum have already been raised by subscription, and the books are open for the remainder. The proud mausoleum is to consist of a pyramid, with suitable embellishments, and the porphyry urn, which contains the heart of the immortal sculptor, bearing the following inscriptions :

"Cor magni Canovæ."

"Quod mutui amoris monumentum, idem gloriæ incitamentum siet."

The custode, who conducted us through the halls, was three years in the service of Lord Byron, of whom he related many little anecdotes, which will not bear repetition. He stated that the frail Countess was now on a visit to Venice. She resides at Rome, and is said to possess few personal charms. Byron lived two years at Venice, occupying one of the most stately palaces upon the Grand Canal, near the Post-Office. He here wrote his series of dramatic poems.

The recurrence of a festa soon after our arrival, enabled us to witness the fashionable round of amusements, in a city proverbial for its gaiety. On such occasions, all the beauty, taste, and splendour yet left, may be seen at two o'clock beneath the Arcades of St. Mark's. The women generally are less beautiful than those of Florence or Rome. In dress they resemble the Bolognese, frequently wearing the veil, though nothing loth to be seen. Vivacity and a love of pleasure are depicted in their faces, as well as in their manners. Half of the men are foreigners—Austrians, Greeks, Turks, and Jews, all joining in the promenade, in their national costumes.

In the afternoon we attended a great Concert at the Foundling Hospital, for the benefit of the inmates. All the performers were young females, who had been educated in the school attached to this institution. Many of them had beautiful faces, and appeared like a group of angels thronging the orchestra, which was an open gallery elevated at a great height from the floor. They discoursed sweet music, which descended in silver tones upon the ear. Six of them played the violin, by way of accompaniment ; but such an instrument does not become females, and the image detracted much from the seraphic choir.

We returned to St. Mark's by water in the evening. The

canals were covered with gondolas, filled with parties of pleasure, who were abroad to enjoy the mildness of the air and the splendours of the moon. Music and mirth gave animation to the scene. In one boat there was a concert of a dozen voices, accompanied by a violin. The airs were brisk, but wanting in melody.

At the square of St. Mark's, we found an immense crowd, and witnessed a great deal of buffoonery, probably much in the style of the Carnival. The first object that attracted attention, was a mountebank standing in the midst of a throng, in the dress of a priest, with a black cap upon his head, a profusion of rings upon his fingers, and a farthing candle in his hand. He recited a long prospectus of what he was about to write on scientific and literary subjects, in the character of a Caleb Quotem, and deliver for the edification of the public. A young poet, in a more serious vein, walked back and forth in front of a coffee-house, and spouted half a dozen of his latest sonnets, to amuse a circle of both sexes, who were all the while eating ice-creams. An old ballad-singer, accompanied by a young girl on the guitar, attracted another audience. The Austrian band played national airs, the Greeks played cards, and others played the fiddle. It was the oddest compound of amusements, as well as of population, that I have ever witnessed.

We went several evenings to the theatre of St. Benedict, the only one open at the time of our visit. Instead of coaches, you see a fleet of gondolas pressing to the doors. Each of the boats carries a lamp, and the gondolier, by day as well as by night, gives warning as he turns a corner, by singing out, to the right ! or to the left ! as the case may be. St. Benedict furnishes few attractions, except boxes filled with pretty women. But the orchestra and dramatic corps united, can afford more amusement, than the fiddlers and ballad-mongers of St. Mark's. Austrian troops, under arms, are stationed in the pit to keep the audience in order. Most of the plays are translations from the French and German, even in the native city of Goldoni.

The pleasures of the last three or four days of our visit to Venice, were greatly augmented, by the arrival of the American Chargé from Naples, on his way to the North of Europe. The incidents of our delightful excursions to Pæstum, Capo di Monte, and Caserta were freshly remembered ; and new scenes for recollection were found, in our rambles

over the romantic islands of the Adriatic. But Venice has its Bridge of Sighs, as well as its sources of enjoyment ; and it was painful to part for years, perhaps forever, with one who had become so endeared to us, by his social virtues, and his acts of kindness and friendship. We took our departure on the same day, but in different directions, one party being bound to Trieste and the other to Verona.

LETTER LXXXVII.

RETURN TO PADUA—RIDE TO VICENZA—SKETCH OF THE TOWN—ARRIVAL AT VERONA—OPERA—EXCURSION TO LAGO DI GARDA—PESCHIERA—THE MINCIO—VIEW OF THE LAKE—SERMIONE—RELIGIOUS FESTIVAL—DESCRIPTION OF THE PENINSULA—CATULLUS—BANDITTI—SKETCH OF VERONA—HOLY ALLIANCE—SARCOPHAGUS OF JULIET—TOMBS OF THE SCALIGERS—CHURCHES—GREAT MEN.

September, 1826.—On the 22d we returned to Padua, and the next morning at four o'clock set out for Verona. We had the most novel, if not the most splendid sunrise, I have ever witnessed. The orient was in a blaze, and for some minutes the trees appeared, as if their foliage had been dipped in liquid gold of a pale yellow. There seemed to be an absolute materiality, and almost a tangibility in the light, resembling a substantial coat of gilding.

The road from Padua is level and uniform, bordered all the way with poplars, mulberries, and vineyards. We reached Vicenza at 8 o'clock. Two hours were busily occupied in looking at the native city and the architecture of Palladio, in which little was found to call forth our admiration. The city is three miles in circuit, and has a population of 30,000. A visit was paid to the modest mansion of the old architect. It is of the Ionic order, which seems to indicate his professional preference. His own statue guards the entrance, holding a tablet inscribed with the models of his art. On the opposite side is a full length figure, representing his favourite science, bearing the square and other appropriate emblems. The Olympic Theatre was built by Palladio, upon classic models, resembling those found at Pompeii. A triumphal arch leads to the Campus Martius, a

beautiful green, irrigated by the head waters of the Brenta. The view of a castle and of the church of Magdalen, seated on the neighbouring hills, was worth all the rest to be found at Vicenza. Stones containing the water of crystallization were offered for sale ; but the price was too extravagant.

At 11 o'clock we resumed our journey towards Verona. The country is rich, but wanting in variety of scenery. We crossed the Ponte Bello, the scene of one of Napoleon's great battles, in which some of his principal officers fell.

Just at evening we reached the banks of the Adige, which is here a large stream, winding through green and luxuriant borders. The show of carriages upon the Corso, extending beyond the gate, indicated our approach to Verona, the ramparts and domes of which presented a twilight view, by no means deficient in magnificence. Passing through that part of the town, which is called Veronetta, and crossing the bridge of the Adige, which unites it with the other section upon the right bank, we obtained good accommodations at the hotel of the Two Towers.

The evening was passed at the Opera. Among the performers was a Miss Barca, a Veronese girl, whose melody of voice infinitely surpassed any thing of the kind I have witnessed in Italy. Her person is not good, nor her face pretty, nor her action graceful ; but her vocal powers are unrivalled. She warbles without effort, in all the sweetness and plaintive tenderness of the nightingale. The tones appear to drop spontaneously from her lips, breathing the very soul of music, and possessing an innate pathos, beyond the reach of art.

The day after our arrival was occupied in an excursion to Lago di Garda, or the ancient Lake of Benacus, the foot of which is eighteen miles from Verona, on the great road leading to Milan. The environs of the city are rural, and afford a noble view of the mountains towards the north. At noon we reached Peschiera, situated on the Mincio, at the outlet of the lake. It is a walled and strongly fortified town. The moats, passing under the lofty ramparts, are filled with the crystal waters of the river, flowing with a rapid current, and contributing to the cleanliness and health of the fortress. Sentinels were stationed upon the green mounds, rising like tumuli along the bank, and the town was thronged with soldiers, who are sent hither to prevent smuggling upon the frontiers of Switzerland. The range of barracks is several

hundred feet in length, two stories high, painted, and the windows shaded by green blinds.

Passing the arched portals, we crossed the bridge of St. Mark, which is perhaps three hundred yards in length, thrown over the Mincio but a few rods from the lake, of which it presents a noble view, as also of the river, which whirls and hurries on with a broad, deep, and majestic current. The complexion of the water is a brilliant sea-green. It is a glorious stream, worthy of all Virgil's eulogies. A small boat, with two lads for oarsmen, was immediately chartered to take us to the peninsula of Sermione, seven miles from Peschiera. The outlet of the lake is so rapid and strong, that we found it difficult to stem the tide. An extensive and magnificent prospect opens on the spectator, as he emerges from amidst fortresses, which rise like an immense castle from the waves.

The Lago di Garda is thirty-seven miles in length from north to south, and fifteen in breadth in the widest part. One of the oarsmen stated, that it is a hundred *men* deep—"uno cento uomi profondo." The water is so perfectly pure, that we could see the white stony bottom, at the depth of thirty or forty feet. It is embosomed by mountains, rising on all sides, of moderate elevation towards the outlet, but gradually becoming more lofty and rude, till they terminate towards the north in naked calcareous ridges of the Alps. Their summits are often cloud-capt, gloomy, and grand. The shores are deeply indented, and the bold rocky promontories, exhibiting here and there a solitary village, are extremely picturesque. Monte Baldo on the eastern side, and the peninsula of Sermione, on the western, projecting so far towards the centre of the lake, as to reduce it to less than half its ordinary width, form the most conspicuous features. To the latter point we directed our course, reading Virgil and Catullus, and looking at the mountains, as our boat bounded over the waves, which sometimes exhibit the grandeur of the ocean swell.

The report of cannon came from the distant hills, which at first puzzled us, to conjecture the cause, amidst these rural and peaceful scenes. It called up the image of those border wars, by which the pellucid waters have so often been crimsoned with blood. The mystery was soon solved. It was the last day of the Jubilee; and guns were fired as signals for the commencement of the sacred rights, as well as to give eclat to the celebration. By and by the village bell

sent its peals across the water ; and afterwards a religious procession, under the banners of the cross, and headed by priests in their white robes and red sashes, was seen slowly emerging from the gate of Sernione, and moving along the shore of the lake. The multitude proceeded to a green hillock, at a short distance from the little village, and there knelt upon the turf, to say the Ave Maria, and to join in other services. A confused sound of voices, in which the chant of "ora pro nobis" was alone distinguishable, met our ears, as we came to anchor in the miniature port, under the frowning battlements and nodding towers of an old Gothic Castle, the basement of which is now occupied by a bed of green rushes. In the successive struggles upon the frontier, it has witnessed less pacific scenes, than to-day were exhibited under its walls. The harbour where the Roman poet used to draw up his pleasure-boat, was now filled with the barges of fishermen, who had come from the neighbouring shores, to unite in the festival ; and mooring our bark among the fleet, we hastened to witness the ceremonies. Prayers were chanted aloud, to which the whole congregation responded, beneath the open sky, which was more refulgent than even the gilded canopies of Italy. The little mount, which was the ruin of an old redoubt, presented a glorious view of the lake and its shores, of the distant mountains, and of the hamlet of Sernione, composed of fishermen's huts, sheltered under the promontory. The number of inhabitants does not exceed five or six hundred, who subsist on the products of the lake.

In entering the gate, we crossed an old bridge, which for aught I know may be the remains of that, on which the fair country girl of Catullus used to dance at evening. The houses and streets were emptied of their tenants, all gone to the festa. A local guide was found to conduct us over the Peninsula, and show us whatever it contains. It is perhaps a mile in length, and half a mile in width, actually separated from the shore by a canal. Its highest point is something more than a hundred feet above the water, terminating in perpendicular cliffs of limestone. The surface is covered with olives, interspersed with mulberries, and here and there a pyramid of cedar. On the very verge of the rocks are the ruins of an extensive fortress, said to be a Roman work, but more probably of after ages. Upon the summit also stands the antique Gothic church of San Pietro, now in a ruinous condition, dark and desolate, looking as if it had been pelted by

storms for centuries. The cicerone, without shoes or hat, took us to the Baths and Grottos of Catullus. I will not trouble my readers with speculations, whether or not they belonged to the poet. The first is a small square building, with an aperture to admit the water at the bottom. It appears from the masonry to be of Roman origin. The grottos are long subterranean arches, now in a state of dilapidation. They are pierced at top for windows. Here perchance Catullus kept his Falernian, and quaffed his goblets with Lesbia. Seating myself upon the ruins of the building, which is said to have been his mansion, I read his description of Sirmio, "the little eye of Italy."

Two hours were delightfully passed in rambling over the peninsula, in examining its ruins, and in tracing the outlines of the lake above, which may hence be seen for nearly its whole extent, till its head is lost to the eye amidst Alpine solitudes. In coasting along the shore on our return, the chant of the procession could still be heard, and glimpses of crucifixes and banners were caught above the intervening fringe of rushes. The devotees had been on a pilgrimage to a shrine, at the distance of a mile and a half from Sirmione. Towards evening the skies became cloudy, and as a fresh wind was directly against us, we did not reach the bridge of St. Mark till about 6 o'clock. Amidst the heedless enjoyments of the excursion, it was forgotten what a formidable length of road was to be traversed in reaching Verona.

Night came on soon after our departure from Peschiera. In passing a thick forest, I saw the vetturino whisper to the valet de place, who was sitting with him upon the box. The latter leaned back into the coach, and told us in an under tone, that we were beset by banditti—that their voices and the trampling of their feet were heard in the woods on the right of the road, but a few paces ahead. As robberies had recently been committed on the same route, the information appeared not improbable. We sat still a moment, deliberating what should be done. In the meantime, the coachman leaped from his seat in a panic, seized his horses by the head, and was about to turn back. Against this measure we remonstrated, concluding there was as much danger in retreating, as in going forward. A peasant came along at the instant, and in some degree quieted the agitation of the vetturino, by expressing an opinion, that the persons heard conversing together were

not footpads. Remounting his box, he gave the lash to his horses, alternately using the whip and his handkerchief, to wipe the sweat from his brow. He did not pause long enough to look back, till he reached the gates of Verona. It would have required a fleet highwayman to have overtaken us, and there was real danger of having our necks broken in the race, if not in encountering banditti.

The next day was appropriated to an examination of the objects of interest at Verona, commencing with the amphitheatre, which is situated in the oldest part of the city, upon a spacious square, surrounded with palaces and other public buildings of no ordinary magnificence. This Roman structure is nearly of the same form and dimensions as the one at Nismes.

At the distance of a few yards, stands the Public Palace, built by one of the Doges of Venice, at the time Verona was tributary to the Islands of the Adriatic. It is a stately edifice, with open arches in the basement, and Doric columns above. Fronting the same square, is the Philharmonic Academy, containing a pretty theatre for music and the opera. The boxes next the stage are rounded, so that the occupants face the actors. They are elegantly finished. The young costode pointed out the one, in which Alexander of Russia used to sit, during the Congress of Sovereigns at this place, in 1822. He coolly added with an air of pride and exultation, that "the Emperor took such a fancy to one of his sisters, as to induce her to accompany him to St. Petersburg, where she still resides!"

In the front of this edifice is a handsome Ionic portico, which is a depository of sepulchral monuments, and other specimens of ancient sculpture, presented by Maffei, founder of the Academy. The most curious article in the collection is a quaint circle of Gothic figures, cyleped the Nine Muses. Our attention was also attracted to a representation of the fall of Phaeton into the Po. We asked the cicerone into what part of the Po the young charioteer was precipitated. He replied, "it was near Ferrara, about 60 miles from Verona, where the place may still be seen!"

An arch, built by the celebrated architect Vitruvius, who was a native of this city, spans the Corso. It is two stories, ornamented with Ionic pillars, fluted and spiral, with windows above. It has double passages; one for ingress, and the other for egress, in entering and leaving the city. The

face is full of indentations, made by the shot of the Veronese, in disputing the entrance of the French, during the late revolutions.

The Bridge of Vitruvius across the Adige is the most stately structure of the kind in the city. It is cased in marble, and capped with Gothic pinnacles. It was the scene of a skirmish between the French and Austrians, in which the latter retreated and scampered up the neighbouring heights, to the no small amusement of the spectators, who had assembled to witness the conflict.

Although the rain poured in torrents for the greater part of this day, we made a pilgrimage to the tomb of Juliet, half a mile beyond the gates of Verona. Her sarcophagus is deposited in a small, dirty, miserable court, filled with hay and rubbish of all kinds, and forming the entrance to a spacious garden, which was once the cemetery of a Franciscan Convent. It is now appropriated to happier uses. Grapes hung in purple clusters from the roof of arbours, spanning the alleys, and peach trees were laden with the largest and most delicious fruit of the kind, which we found in Italy. The old woman, who met us at the gate, permitted us to participate in the fruits of the garden, as well as in its poetical associations. No traces of the cemetery are to be found, except the solitary sarcophagus of Juliet, which is of Veronese marble, large in its dimensions, with a stone pillow for the head, a socket in the bottom to hold the taper, and an aperture in the side to admit fresh air. The lid is gone, and other parts of the coffin have been much mutilated by visitors, who have carried away the fragments as relics. Its present guardian watches with the eyes of an Argus, and will suffer no fingers to pilfer. An extraordinary degree of faith is required, to believe that Shakspeare's heroine was enclosed in this relic by the Father Confessor, while her Romeo was away at Mantua. It is, however, a good story, the romance of which ought not to be dashed with doubts, but swallowed as the two lovers drank their potions.

We went to the church of Notre Dame to see the tombs of the Scaligers, who were the lords of Verona in the age of Romeo and Juliet. Their monuments are curious structures of oriental Gothic, resembling little temples crowned with pinnacles, and embellished with statues. The sarcophagi are cradled in air, among the fretwork, at an elevation of six or eight feet from the pavement of the shrines, and surround-

ed with iron railings, in which the *scala* or ladder, (the arms of the family,) is interwoven.

Crossing the Ponte di Navi, so called from its being the rendezvous of boats, and the point of embarkation on the Adige, we visited the Giuste Garden, celebrated by Addison and other travellers. It has acquired new fame by the sittings of the late Congress of Verona. The grounds are situated on a steep acclivity, embellished with pyramids of cypress and other ornamental trees. Splendid walks lead to the Palace, seated upon the summit of an eminence, which is said to command a fine view of the town. We commenced an ascent; but the rain came down with such violence, and the alleys were so flooded, as to compel us to retreat. A call was made at the Cathedral, to examine the tomb of Cardinal Colonna. The church itself is a lofty edifice, constructed of Veronese marble, rich in its decorations.

In the early part of the evening, I strolled to the chapel of St. Anastasia, a stupendous fabric. On entering the door, I heard the voice of one crying in the wilderness of columns and chapels; but it was too dark to distinguish whence the words of the preacher came. In a few minutes the brilliant shrines were all lighted up, flashing a flood of splendour through the long Gothic aisles. A numerous audience, chiefly of females, sitting in chairs and wearing white veils, as also the speaker himself mounted in a pulpit, came into view. The remnant of a popular harangue cost me a sous for a seat, and another sous for the hat, which was kept rattling about my ears, till the collector was appeased. After the sermon, an organ struck up, and a full chorus of voices produced a fine effect. A ceremony followed, which was new to me. A priest touched the heads of throngs of people who pressed to the altar, with a small silver crucifix, and then held it to their lips to be kissed. The rite occupied an hour or more.

We returned the next morning to the same church, to look at its splendid chapels, and the sepulchral monuments of distinguished citizens, erected at the public expense. Verona appears to be justly proud of her great men, among whom are many illustrious names, such as Catullus, Pliny the elder, Cornelius Nepos, Vitruvius, Paul Veronese, and others of later times, who have shed lustre upon their native city. Although it is now subjected to a foreign government, and degraded into a provincial town, it seems to be more flourish-

ing than most other places. The 50,000 inhabitants are engaged in manufactures, and the streets exhibit evidences of a busy, active, and industrious population. *

LETTER LXXXVIII.

RIDE TO MANTUA—DANGERS OF THE ROAD—AUSTRIAN CODE—VILLAFRANCA—BANKS OF THE MINCIO—FIRST VIEW OF MANTUA—EXCURSION TO ANDES—REMINISCENCES OF VIRGIL—CORSO OF THE CITY—AMUSEMENTS—PIAZZA VEIGILIANA—TOMB AND LAST RESIDENCE OF JULIO ROMANO—DUCAL PALACE—TORRE DELLA GABBIA—ROUTE TO CREMONA—SKETCH OF THE CITY.

September, 1826.—On the 26th, we set out with a *veturino* for Mantua, not without serious apprehensions of encountering *banditti* in the way. Some of the inmates of the hotel informed us, that they had been attacked but a day or two before, on the road between the two cities, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The band of brigands was sufficiently numerous, to assail three carriages and a pedestrian at the same moment. From the latter a considerable sum of money was taken. The coachmen were fired at, but made their escape without injury. All the peasantry turned out and scoured the woods. Three of the robbers were taken. This intelligence, added to the reports of outrages recently committed on other roads, and to the positive information received from our banker at Florence, that no less than eight robberies had taken place in the vicinity of Milan, in a single week, created not a little anxiety and alarm. But it was impracticable to avoid the risk without giving up Mantua; and other routes had but little preference in point of security. We therefore secreted our money among the clothing in our trunks, and took every precaution which prudence required.

I read the Penal Code of Austria on the journey, as a sort of neckverse, and as furnishing the only scarecrow, which the government has interposed for the protection of travellers; while swarms of officers and soldiers from the Danube are parading the streets of Verona, thronging the coffee-houses and theatres, dangling their swords, smoking their pipes, combing their mustaches, and making love in the most

gallant manner. The code is, with a few exceptions, excellent in *theory*. Crimes and punishments appeared to me judiciously proportioned to one another; and the laws are laid down with perspicuity and precision. But what avail laws without morals? In *practice*, the whole system is corrupt, inefficient, oppressive, and tyrannical. Instead of affording security to the stranger, the police-officers content themselves with examining passports, causing vexatious delays, and extorting exorbitant fees. It was not owing to their vigilance, that we escaped from the Austrian dominions in safety.

The country between Verona and Mantua, like most parts of Lombardy, is a dead level; and the road leads through long vistas of poplars, tangled with vines, bounding the view on either hand by matted walls of verdure. Midway between the two cities, we passed the old town of Villafranca, which is the very image of decay. It is built on one wide street, terminated in front by the ruins of a huge fortress, and lined with roofless and dilapidated buildings.

At 4 P. M. we emerged from impenetrable thickets, and came in full sight of the towers of Mantua, which rise with a good deal of grandeur from the fens of the Mincio. The river both above and below the town spreads into wide bays, fringed with marshes, reeds, and aquatic plants of all descriptions. Never was a verse more graphic, than that which Virgil has applied to his native stream. The river is much less majestic, pure, and beautiful here, than where it issues from its parent lake, twenty miles above. Its waters are so widely diffused, as to become stagnant, and to deprive the shores of every bold and interesting feature.

On the left bank is a long straggling faubourg, lined with strong fortresses, which were filled with men and munitions of war, during the French invasion. They are now dismantled and half-garrisoned with Austrian troops. An artificial mound, something like half a mile in extent, dividing the upper lake from the lower, forms the entrance into the city. It is pierced with arches and sluices, and the water descends with a sufficient fall, to turn innumerable mills, between the long ranges of which, connected at top by a roof-like a covered bridge, the road passes. The buildings bear the marks of dilapidations, and at the hour of our arrival, the streets appeared depopulated, desolate, and cheerless.

As the evening was pleasant, immediately after taking

lodgings at the Albergo del Teatro Nuovo, we set out on an excursion to Pietrola, the ancient Andes, the birth-place and early residence of Virgil. It is situated on the right bank of the Mincio, five miles below Mantua. The route leads out of the Roman Gate, near which stands a stupendous edifice used as barracks for the accommodation of the Austrian troops, who are generally much better provided for than the nobility, in the north of Italy. Traversing for a mile or two an artificial ridge, bordered by stagnant water and swamps of willows, we at length emerged from the fen, and came upon the rural banks of the river, presenting a noble view of the distant towers of the city. The lands are well tilled, but lie unfenced; and the cottages are scattered over the fields, often buried in copses of foliage. Thrashing floors, like those described in the *Georgics*, were observed along the way, and the peasantry were engaged in winnowing Indian corn, by throwing it into the air with a shovel. Others were stripping the husks from the yellow ear—an image which brought to mind the scenery of our own country.

A guide-board labelled with the words "*Per la Virgiliana*," at the forks of the by-path, directed us to a small white hamlet, which is consecrated by the nativity of the immortal poet. A descendant of some Amaryllis or Galatea, barefooted, with golden pendants in her ears, and her hair done up with silver ornaments, sat sewing at the gate of the garden, which covers a part of the farm of Tityrus, and embraces the site of the thatched cottage, where he first tuned his silvan reed. The kind-hearted and loquacious portress, with four ragged and most unpoetical children at her heels, conducted us through the grounds, beneath bowers overarched with vines, laden with delicious fruit. She plucked the ripest and choicest clusters, pressing us to partake freely of the luscious repast. There is an alcove or recess in the rear of the garden, which has been peculiarly hallowed by the memory of the bard, as the reputed place of his birth; but after the lapse of more than eighteen centuries, the precise spot is of course mere matter of conjecture, and the modern brick and mortar of a deserted convent have no tendency to remove doubts, and strengthen the faith of pilgrims to the shrine.

I examined the woods and natural scenery in the vicinity with minute attention. Many kinds of trees and shrubs, alluded to in the *Eclogues*, are still visible; and the rushes, which covered the pastures of Tityrus, are found in abun-

dance ; though the naked rocks and the spreading beach have disappeared. The pastorals of Virgil, in which he closely imitated the Idyls of Theocritus, are less descriptive of Italian scenery, than any other part of his works ; yet much of his imagery may yet be traced in the environs of his native hamlet, and cannot fail to render a visit highly interesting.

We had a charming ramble upon the banks of the Mincio at sunset. The return of the peasantry, with their rustic implements, from the field ; the low of cattle in their green pastures ; the number of domestic animals about the village ; the little church-yard skirting the path ; glimpses of the river rolling through luxuriant plains ; and a full view of the city in the distance, composed the features of a varied and quiet landscape, which would have been attractive, independent of those classical associations, that imparted an additional charm to the scene. Before reaching the gates of Mantua, amidst the dense vapours of the marshes, we fully realized the shepherd's poetical imagery :

*Et jam summa procul villarum culmina fumant,
Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbræ.*

In the evening we strolled through the principal street, the *Corso* of the city, and were surprised to find it so crowded, so busy, bustling, and gay, after the desolation that had been witnessed at our entrance. This fashionable avenue is lined with arcades, superior even to those of Bologna in magnificence. Beneath them are numerous coffee-houses, the windows of which were hung with silken curtains, and the walls glittered with mirrors in the French style. They were brilliantly lighted, and filled with genteel people of both sexes. The women have a full share of Italian beauty, and dress with taste and elegance.

On the following morning, we resumed our examination of the city, by a walk to the Piazza Virgiliana, a spacious public square upon the immediate bank of the Mincio. A substantial quay, ten or twelve feet above the water, has been extended along the margin of the river, which affords a fine view of the bay, of the bridge below, and of the opposite shores. The area is planted with four or five concentric circles of elms, shading the beautiful walks opening between them. Marble slabs are placed, at suitable distances, for repose. In the midst stands an amphitheatre, which is a modern building of the Doric order, encircled on the outside

with the heads of the great men of Italy, in alto-rilievo. The interior does not exhibit much taste.

Seating myself upon the parapet, which overhangs the clear but reedy waters of the Mincio, I read the splendid project of a classical temple, in the beginning of the third *Georgic* :

*Primus Idumæas referam tibi, Mantua, palmas :
Et viridi in campo templum de marmore ponam
Propter aquam, tardis ingens ubi flexibus errat
Mincius, et tenera prætexit arundine ripas.*

The eye finds but a sorry imitation of the poet's model, in the stuccoed walls of the amphitheatre, which was dedicated to him, on the 15th of October, (his birth-day,) in the year 1801, by order of General Miolis, then the French commandant in this district.

In the church of St. Andrew, we found the tombs of the Gonzagas ; and in that of St. Mauritius, many sepulchral monuments, in memory of French officers, who fell during the Italian campaigns. On one of the monuments, Bonaparte is styled "*Augusto Cæsare Napoleone.*" This is quite too much like the "*sempre Augusto,*" tacked to the name of the Emperor of Austria. The church of St. Barnabas enshrines the dust of Julio Romano, the favourite pupil of Raphael, without a stone to tell precisely where he sleeps. On the same street (the Unicorn) stands the house of the artist, where he died. It presents a handsome front, with a statue of Mercury over the door, which he brought from Rome, on his removal to this city. The mansion was erected in 1695.

We strolled again beyond the Roman Gate to look at the T Palace, so denominated from its form. It stands upon a low, level, green lawn, surrounded with luxuriant woods, much in the style of an English park, and scarcely less beautiful. The grounds are marshy and girt with stagnant waters, the effects of which are visible in the interior of the palace, and render it unfit for a residence. In traversing the lawn, we started swarms of frogs, as numerous as they were upon the banks of the Nile.

The walls of the apartments are covered with a long white mould, giving hoary beards to some of the Gonzagas in fresco. Julio Romano devoted the last years of his life to the embellishment of these spacious, vacant, damp, and

gloomy halls, which resemble the cloisters of a Campo Santo. There was not a soul in the house, except the Custode; and he looked more like a grave-digger than the guardian of a palace. He led us through a silent labyrinth of saloons, where the pupil of Raphael has indulged in the wildest freaks of his fancy, without adding in my opinion to his reputation. I was happy to be done with looking at his frisking satyrs and sprawling giants. The Dukes of Mantua have manifested consummate vanity, in putting their names, titles, and initials upon every thing about the palace, even to the fire-places.

On our return to the city, we called at a bookseller's shop, labelled in staring capitals with the words "Tipografia e Libreria Virgiliana." Over the door was the head of the poet, encircled with the distich, "Mantua me genuit." Inquiry was made for a copy of Virgil's works; but strange as it may seem, none was to be had except a London edition. So true is it that a prophet is not without honour, save in his own country. The citizens of Mantua are nevertheless proud of their native bard in a certain way. Theatres, coffee-houses, and hotels bear his name; but no great monument has been erected worthy of his memory, and his poems are probably less read in the land of his nativity, than in the remotest sections of our own country.

The Cathedral presents a noble front of white marble. It was designed by Julio Romano, but not finished till after his death. The architecture of the interior is simple, uniform, and beautiful, with the exception of tawdry gildings, which detract from its purity of taste. In the chapels are many good paintings; but our attention was attracted from the canvass, to the living picture of two fair Mantuese ladies, clad in the weeds of woe, who sauntered up the aisles and knelt side by side, before an altar hung with escutcheons, and with requests to pray for the souls of the dead. No artist ever painted a *picta* more beautiful, devotional, or interesting.

After dinner we ascended to the top of the Torre della Gabbia, which rises to the height of perhaps two hundred and fifty feet above the palace of the same name, belonging to the Marquis Gonzaga, the last of the family. As he is a bachelor, this long line of noblemen is likely to become extinct in blood, as it has long been in renown. The tower is of brick, fifteen feet square, intended as an observatory. In

the balcony is a table with other furniture, for the accommodation of breakfast parties. We found here an excellent map of Mantua and its environs, which were now spread at our feet, and afforded a delightful view in the afternoon of a bright day. The Alps and the mountains of Verona are visible towards the north, and the Apennines to the south; but between them extend vast plains, on a dead level, and presenting an unbroken expanse of verdure. You look down upon every house in the city, which is five miles in circuit, and contains a population of little more than 20,000. It is completely insulated by the waters of the Mincio; though they flow on the western side through swamps of willow, so as to be invisible.

In ascending the tower, we saw the iron cage of the old Dukes, in which they used to confine their vanquished enemies for a show. The apartments of the palace contain a gallery of family portraits, and are furnished in handsome style, for the accommodation of the Viceroy, in his visits to the city.

The evening was passed at the new theatre, at the next door to our hotel. It is a pretty building, exhibiting four tiers of boxes, hung with rich tapestry, and brilliantly lighted, not only by chandeliers, but by circles of beauty. Above the stage is a rotatory clock, which gives the hour, and the subdivisions of every five minutes, in illuminated figures. It is an excellent idea, worthy of imitation in our own country. The play was a translation from the French, and afforded us little amusement.

Early next morning, we left Mantua for Cremona. A last and glorious view of the former city was obtained at sunrise, some miles beyond the gate. The road runs along the shore of the upper lake, which slumbers on a bed of osiers. We took breakfast at Piadena. From the windows of the hotel, we witnessed the process of making wine. The grapes are thrown into the body of a water-tight cart, furnished with a spout at one end, and placed at a suitable inclination. Two men and a female were treading out the juice with their bare feet and legs, and looked like Bacchuses, stained with the purple must.

At 5 P. M. we passed the stately Ionic Gate of Cremona, and took lodgings for the night, at the Royal Hotel, near the Cathedral, and in the centre of the city. In ten or fifteen minutes after our arrival, we were upon the top of the Cam-

panile, an insulated tower rising to the giddy height of five hundred feet above the Piazza del Duomo. It is the loftiest work of the kind in Italy. The elevation of the different stages is marked upon the walls of the interior. It is built of brick, and possesses none of the beauty of the belfries at Florence and Pisa. The cupola affords an extensive prospect of all the great features of Lombardy—the Alps and Apennines in the distance, boundless plains spreading like the sea itself beyond the reach of vision, and the Po winding in broad and silver mazes, through fields of exuberant fertility. This noble river flows under the very walls of Cremona. Its current is here much wider as well as more sluggish than at Ferrara, and is studded with numerous small islands, which add nothing to its grandeur or beauty. Fleets of boats cover its surface.

Cremona is five or six miles in circumference, encircled by lofty walls, and containing a population of 23,000. The streets are wide, and diverge like radii from the centre, leading to the gates, beyond which straight avenues and vistas of poplar may be traced to the distance of ten or twelve miles. Numerous churches, palaces, hospitals, theatres, and convents heave their domes above brick walls, and render the battlements of the city stately and imposing.

A spacious boulevard extends from the Milanese to the Mantuan gate. It was now covered with temporary shops, and filled with goods, brought hither for sale at the annual Fair, which had drawn together all the neighbouring country. We called for a few minutes at an amphitheatre, where a strolling company of rope-dancers were amusing a large audience. One of the principal performers, announced by the clown, was "una certa Signorina Inglese," who exhibited her feats of agility to the admiration of the Italians. We made an early retreat, and went thence to the opera. The theatre is a lofty and beautiful building, with an Ionic portico in front, finished in good taste. A genteel audience, comprising all the beauty of Cremona and its environs, assembled at the Fair, imparted additional splendour to the five tiers of boxes, richly gilt and curtained with crimson. The music of the orchestra was exquisite; but the actresses were ugly, in comparison with many of their auditors, and displayed much affectation in their style of singing.

LETTER LXXXIX.

ROUTE TO LODI—BANKS OF THE ADDA—DESCRIPTION OF THE BRIDGE—ARRIVAL AT MILAN—ASPECT OF THE CITY—SKETCH OF THE CATHEDRAL—ARCHITECTURE—VIEW FROM THE CUPOLA—INTERIOR—TRADITION OF ST. AMBROSE—TOMB OF SAN CARLO BORROMEO—CELEBRATION OF THE JUBILEE—PALACE OF THE VICEROY—REMINISCENCES OF NAPOLEON.

September—October, 1826.—At 8 o'clock on the morning of the 29th, we set out for Milan, a distance of fifty-two miles. A severe battle was fought near the gate of Cremona, by the French under Napoleon. The walls, composed of pale brick, are fast reverting to their original elements. We entered upon a road so direct, that the eye could reach eight or ten miles ahead through rows of poplars, drawn up rank and file, with as much precision as an Austrian regiment. With all its fertility and exactness of tillage, Lombardy is a dull region to the traveller, in comparison with the romantic scenery in the south of Italy. The fields are intersected by ranges of willows, irrigated by canals, and appropriated to the culture of vines, Indian corn, wheat, rice, grass, and pasturage. Domestic animals are large and fat. Cows were frequently seen yoked in the teams.

At Pizzigione we passed a strong fortress, defended by moats, draw-bridges, and triple walls. A low wooden bridge is here thrown across the Adda, which is a large and beautiful stream, rolling down with a strong bold current. The complexion of the water is sea-green like the Mincio. On the right bank is a long range of barracks, for the accommodation of the garrison upon the opposite shore.

At 5 P. M. we reached Lodi, and after securing lodgings for the night, hurried off to the Bridge over the Adda, the scene of the celebrated conflict between the French and Austrians. It is in the eastern part of the town, approached through a handsome gate, which bears the name of the river. The structure is of wood, built on piles, eight or ten feet

above the water. It is about seven hundred feet in length, and resembles a mole or cause-way. The Adda divides into three channels. That which washes the Lodi shore is tame and looks like a canal. A sandy island separates it from the central current, which sweeps down with grandeur, and roars among the timbers of the bridge. The cicerone informed us, that at the time of our visit it was "four men deep;" though at certain seasons it is so shoal, as to be fordable at short distances above and below—a fact established by the incidents of the battle. A grassy alluvial ridge divides the main channel from another, bathing the eastern shore. The river is broad and smooth above the bridge, and a finely wooded island rises in the midst of the current. A hamlet stands upon the left bank. The scenery, embracing the Adda and its rural borders, the old fantastic bridge, and the towers of Lodi, is picturesque and interesting, independent of its associations.

Here on the 8th of May, 1796, was fought one of Napoleon's great battles, in which he commanded in person. It continued from noon till 3 o'clock. He was in the town, at the head of 40,000 troops. The Austrian army was posted on the eastern end of the bridge, the passage of which was thrice disputed, and thrice heaped with the dead. In the third attempt, the French succeeded in effecting a passage, though the enemy had decidedly the advantage in position. It was necessary for the former to pass a narrow gate, exposed to the raking fire of the Austrian artillery. Napoleon did not take an active part in the commencement of the action; but he was foremost in crossing the bridge, followed by Massena, Bernadotte, and Berthollet.

A statue of St. John stands upon the western end, near the Porta di Adda. He has been a soldier as well as a saint, and went through the battle, though he was prostrated at the first shot. To the historian and biographer I leave the detail of military movements, which had an important influence in deciding the fate of Italy. We remained upon the bridge till twilight. The scene now presented a striking contrast to the confused din of arms. Austrian soldiers were taking their evening promenade, with pipes in their mouths, instead of matches in their hands, ogling "the maids of Lodi," who crossed in platoons, with more colours flying, than were displayed by the French battalions.

On the 30th, we resumed our journey towards Milan, and

at 12 o'clock we reached the Roman Gate, which possesses much architectural grandeur, being ornamented with double ranges of Grecian columns. The officers who guard the entrance were unusually polite, contenting themselves with a moderate fee, without taking the trouble to examine our baggage. A ride on a bright day, along the spacious avenue, leading from the southern gate to the centre of the city, lined with stately buildings, paved like the Corso of Cremona, with flags for the carriage wheels, furnished with broad side-walks, and animated by a busy bustling crowd, gave us a favourable impression of the capital of Lombardy, the Paris of Italy. Excellent accommodations were obtained for a week at the Hotel de Grande Bretagne, one of the handsomest palaces in the city, and the great rendezvous of travellers.

The Cathedral of Milan is the lion of the city and of the north of Italy, not excepting the lions of St. Mark's. Much as had been read and heard of this unique edifice, it far surpassed our expectations, and excited a lively interest, even after most of the splendid temples between the two extremes of Italy, had been examined. It stands upon the Piazza del Duomo, a spacious but irregular square, which Napoleon marked out for many improvements that have never been completed. The approach, the steps, the portico will bear no comparison with St. Peter's; but nothing can be more rich, more finished or beautiful, than this Gothic pile, which is composed entirely of the finest kind of white marble. Its form is that of a Latin cross, about five hundred feet in length, half as many in height, and three hundred in the widest part. It rises by three stages from the eaves to the highest point of the roof, so as to conform to the nave and four aisles of the interior. The top is crowned with something like four hundred pinnacles, of a peculiar structure; tall, slender, and delicate, filled with niches, and thronged with statues. Although the material in every point of the exterior was originally uniform, it has assumed different complexions, from the foundations upward, corresponding with the various periods it has been exposed to the weather; as the church has been several centuries in building, and is not yet completed. These lights and shades, harmonized and softened by age, are far from impairing the beauty of the edifice.

The architecture is of the most exquisite workmanship,

finished with as much exactness as the finest statue of Phidias or Canova. Even those parts, which are the least exposed, and which cannot be seen without the closest inspection, are wrought with as much precision, and as highly polished, as the most conspicuous ornaments of the interior. Much of the admiration and interest of the spectator arises from this circumstance. Nothing seems to be fashioned expressly for effect, but for models of intrinsic excellence, richness, and elegance. The statues of saints, which are sometimes poised and perched like skylarks upon the tops of the pinnacles, and at others peep from obscure niches in the rear of towers, are so finished as to fit them for a private gallery, and would not disgrace the chisel of Michael Angelo. They are without number, meeting the eye wheresoever it turns. Indeed, the whole Cathedral is little else than a congeries of ornaments, turrets, pinnacles, niches, statues, tracery, and fretwork of all descriptions.

We climbed to the top, through a winding tower composed of granite. The fee for the privilege of ascending is fixed at five sous a head, payable in advance to an officer stationed below at the receipt of custom. Though the price is low enough, it appeared to me a paltry business, better suited to the show of an elephant than of a Cathedral. Walks are extended all over the roof, and flights of white marble steps, furnished with banisters, mount from stage to stage, rendering the ascent both safe and easy. Over the centre of the cross, a Gothic tower, of the same material and workmanship as the pinnacles, rises perhaps two hundred feet above the rest of the church, and appears too fragile a fabric to support its own weight. A tedious flight of steps conducted us to a balcony, hung lightly in the air. Above our heads sat a circle of saints and angels, and still higher is poised a brazen statue of the Virgin, to whom the temple is dedicated, bearing the words "*Virgini Nascenti*" over the front door. In our passage up the tower, we saw a medallion, on which the architect, who planned the building, is styled "*divus*" or divine, an epithet scarcely too extravagant. It was commenced in the 14th century, and workmen were observed yet employed upon the roof, pecking with their hammers, and making slow progress in comparison with the despatch under the auspices of Napoleon, who nearly completed the work.

The balcony presents a glorious view of Milan and its environs. Here we bade farewell to the Apennines; a parting

at which my readers will probably feel less regret than myself, as these eternal mountains are visible from all parts of Italy, and must necessarily be often introduced in sketches of its scenery. The Alps, to which we were bound, rose to the north, and their wintry tops appeared by no means attractive. Between the two chains, the eye could trace the plains of Lombardy almost from sea to sea. The prospect of the hills about Lake Como was peculiarly grand and beautiful, presenting a chequered scene, as gleams of sunlight broke through the clouds, and fell upon green fields and white villages studding the landscape. Nearer the city, towers and steeples elevated themselves above the level expanse of a woody champaign. The suburbs are intersected by canals and broad avenues, diverging in all directions, and connecting Milan with the lakes on one side, and the Po on the other.

Beneath us spread the city itself, the walls of which are nine miles in circumference, exhibiting many lofty gates, and encircling no ordinary share of castles, palaces, churches, hospitals, theatres, and other public edifices, with a population of 130,000. The streets and numerous squares were thronged with what from this height seemed a pigmy race, and with carriages no bigger than the nut-shell chariot of Queen Mah. We remained in the balcony till sunset, and saw the last golden beams of day fade upon the hundreds of pinnacles, producing a richness and harmony of colouring, which no pencil could reach and no pen describe. The white marble seemed almost to possess phosphoric properties, and emit the mellow tints of twilight, long after the adjacent buildings were gloomy and dark.

We visited the interior of the Cathedral daily and at all hours, during our stay at Milan. It contains a little world of wonders, which cannot, however, be compared with the miracle displayed in the architecture of the exterior. Two granite columns, four or five feet in diameter, and fifty feet in height, stand like giant sentinels, to guard the front door. The light is admitted through windows in the roof of the nave; and as the glass is stained yellow, tints of sunlight appear always to gild the fretted ceiling. But the golden hues are dimly reflected below, and the eye can scarcely reach from the entrance to the tribune, behind the high altar, where three other Gothic windows admit a feeble twilight. The pavement is horrible, being yet in an unfinished state, and composed partly of mosaic, and partly of rude brick.

Charity boxes are placed at the doors, for receiving contributions to complete the work. Ranges of enormous pillars, consisting of fascies, divide the aisles, and support the vaulted roof. A series of handsome chapels line one of the walls; but the other is in a rude state, looking more like a store-house than a church. The baptistry is a little tabernacle, occupying one of the aisles. In the decorations of the interior, many specimens of bad taste offend the eye.

In one of the aisles a curious article, somewhat resembling a balloon, or a theatrical cloud, in which spirits travel "from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven," attracted our attention, and our old cicerone, who has reached the age of 75, with few marks of decrepitude, was called on for an explanation. More garrulous than infirm, he told us a long story, the substance of which was as follows:—Once on a time St. Ambrose, in traversing the streets of Rome, saw a carpenter using a nail; which was instantly recognized to be one of the *several hundred* from the Cross. It was bought for a trifle, as the workman was unconscious of its peculiar value. But no sooner had the saint set out to cross the Campagna, than all the bells in the city began to ring. The Pope and his Cardinals met in conclave; the people were in an uproar; and an army of ecclesiastics pursued the holy fugitive to Milan, for the purpose of recovering the sacred relic. Here it was agreed that the nail should be thrown up by St. Ambrose, and if it stuck to the roof, it was to be deposited in the temple; but if it fell to the pavement, it was to be returned to Rome. Gravitation was sadly against the chance of the holy man; but what has philosophy to do with miracles? The nail was attracted upward, like Mahomet's coffin, and clung to the ceiling. An ecclesiastical, instead of theatrical, cloud was fashioned, in which the dignitaries of the church ascended to bring down the relic, which is now deposited in the centre of a golden sun, illuminating the high altar; and if any profane hand chances to touch it, the pious are thrown into fits of torture, and give vent to their agony in convulsive screams. In commemoration of this miraculous event, the priests go up once a year as far towards heaven as the Gothic roof will permit, in the machine which called forth this marvellous tale.

But greater wonders than the nail of St. Ambrose were disclosed to our view, in the crypt of the Cathedral. The tomb of San Carlo Borromeo, the patron of Milan and its

vicinity, was opened to our dazzled sight, by no other magic than a fee of four francs. Such a spectacle was worth what it cost, being cheaper than a box-ticket in the Scala. A young priest lighted his flambeau, and bade us follow him into the nether world, proclaiming the "*procul, O procul este profani!*" as a sort of riot act to the tatterdemalions, who cut short their devotions, and gathered round the hatch-way, anxious to take a peep at the saint through the iron grates, without paying the shot.

Old Borromeo, who was Cardinal and Archbishop in 1577, as appears from a monument behind the high altar, has a richer shrine than the Delphic god or Capitoline Jove could ever boast. A vestibule, adorned with Grecian columns of the rarest marbles, leads to the holy of holies, which is a superb octagonal apartment. Its walls are lined with tapestry, wrought in threads of gold and Tyrian purple. Quenching his torch, lighting three candles, crossing himself, and muttering a brief prayer, the ghostly showman drew the crimson curtains, which conceal the sarcophagus from vulgar eyes. The coffin is of massive silver embossed with gold. Its front is let down with screws, disclosing another sarcophagus of crystal, the panes of which are set in a golden frame, studded with the purest gems. Italian ecclesiastics always take care, that relics shall be seen through a medium, producing a sufficient number of refractions and reflections. The body of the saint is stretched out, wrapped in gorgeous robes, with sandals upon his feet and white gloves upon his hands, decked with rings of topaz and diamond. His head still wears the mitre, and above it is suspended a tiara, glittering with brilliants, and richer than ever sparkled upon a regal brow. His crosier, more suitable for an imperial sceptre than a pastoral staff, lies at his side. His face resembles an Egyptian mummy. The eye cannot distinguish by candle-light, whether it is flesh, wax, or wood. From the lid of the sarcophagus hang clusters of gold rings, studded with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and other precious gems—offerings from princely devotees. Several of them are from England and other remote countries. There is one present of a curious description. It is a child of massive gold, swaddled in the Roman manner, and looking like a little mummy, or idol. It was offered by Beatrice, Archduchess of Modena, as a fac-simile of one of her own noble infants.

From the tomb we were conducted to the Sacristy, where

all the treasures, plate, and relics of the church, consisting of golden chalices, crosses, crowns crosiers, mitres, and other ornaments of the most costly descriptions, were displayed for our inspection. Here are two statues, one of San Carlo, and the other of St. Ambrose, of immense value, composed entirely of gold and silver. Their fingers, as usual, are loaded with rings. Busts of Apostles and Saints, wrought from the precious metals, throng the sanctuary, the riches of which are boundless. Among other curiosities, are relics of the Virgin's robe and veil, consisting of little patches of lace and gingham, hung upon the branches of a metallic tree, as splendid as that, whence Æneas plucked the enchanted twig :

Discolor unde auri per ramos aura refulsit.

It is singular that these treasures have escaped pillage, amidst all the wars and revolutions, conquests and confiscations, to which Milan has been subjected, by foreign nations.

The Monday after our arrival was the last day of the Pope's Jubilee at Milan. It was kept holier than the Christian Sabbath, which preceded it. The shops were all shut and the theatres closed. At an early hour, the ancient banner of St. Ambrose, bearing his image wrought in tapestry, was displayed at the front door of the Duomo, and a band of buglemen in red coats, summoned the church militant to the ceremonies of the festa. They were followed by guards of armed soldiery, who pushed the women aside with their bayonets, in marching up the aisles, to join the Cardinal and priesthood in their sacerdotal robes at the altar. As the only means of securing a passage, we fell into the procession, and were probably taken for "persons of distinction." Mass was celebrated to the sound of the trumpet, and the usual quantity of incense was burned.

After the conclusion of ceremonies at the Cathedral, the innumerable multitude moved off in solemn pomp, to the church of St. Ambrogio, in a distant part of the city. Bul-lion enough was boisted, in the shape of crucifixes and standards, to purchase a kingdom. Such a spectacle afforded us very little novelty or pleasure, except that it furnished an opportunity of seeing the whole population of Milan and the surrounding country, assembled in their holyday dresses. The Milanese peasantry are less soft and delicate in their manners, as well as less splendid in their costumes, than

those in the south of Italy. They begin to partake of the coarser features and ruder habits of the north. Both sexes drink brandy, and instances of intoxication are not unfrequent. Many of the women of the higher classes are extremely beautiful; symmetrical in their forms, dignified and graceful in their manners, and uniting taste with richness in dress. We saw several with their hair frizzled and powdered, in the fashion of the last century.

We walked through the subterranean passage, leading from the Cathedral to the Archbishop's Palace. It has more than a twilight dimness, and the rumbling of carriages along one of the principal streets, was heard above our heads. The wall at the end of the covered way bears the following inscription: "*Donne non passino per questa strada*"—females must not travel this road. Such a prohibition, which was aimed at those who were in the habit of availing themselves of the obscurity of the avenue, has only served to make it the more frequented, and the injunction seems to be wholly neglected. In groping through its mazes, we met crowds of women.

The Palace of the Viceroy, consisting of a centre and two wings, fronts upon the piazza del Duomo. It is occupied by Ranieri, Archduke of Austria, who resides here the greater part of the year, but had gone to Vienna at the time of our visit, probably to receive his orders from the Aulic Council. We found an immense waste of vacant and unfurnished apartments, like those in the regal palaces about St. Mark's, at Venice. Some of them are neatly finished in the French style, having been prepared for the residence of Napoleon and Eugene Beauharnois.

In one end of the basement of the Palace are deposited all the moveable memorials of Napoleon, swept from the saloons and heaped together as rubbish, on the ascendancy of the present dynasty. Gallic eagles, Cupids, and winged lions of St. Mark nestle in confusion, among the score of heads of the Emperor by different artists. Much the finest of the group is a semi-colossal bust by Canova, which is said to be one of the most correct likenesses of Bonaparte ever taken. His temples are more hollow, and his nose more prominent, than in the ordinary representations of his face. The bust of Canova himself stands by the side of his immortal subject; and in the general outlines of the two heads, there is a strong resemblance.

LETTER XC.

MILAN CONTINUED—FORUM OF NAPOLEON—CASTLE—CAMPUS MARTIUS—AMPHITHEATRE—ARCH OF THE SIMPLON—GATE OF MARENGO—CORSO—PUBLIC GARDEN—MILITARY ACADEMY—HOSPITALS—AMBROSIAN LIBRARY—GALLERY—FRESCO OF THE LAST SUPPER—THE BRERA—ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

October, 1826.—One of the most prominent features in the topography of Milan, is the Campus Martius, with its surrounding structures. It is a green open plain, three or four miles in circumference, lying in the northern part of the city. One section of it is denominated the Forum of Napoleon, forming the parade, under the walls of the castle. It is intersected by walks and planted with young trees. Bonaparte intended to surround it with ranges of palaces, and to open a broad avenue thence in a direct line to the Cathedral. The Citadel rises between this forum, in embryo, and the Field of Mars. It is a monstrous pile, enclosing three spacious courts, crowded with Austrian troops. The corps of lancers were seen upon parade. They are armed with long spears, in the style of Cossacks. There is nothing in the architecture, furniture, or associations of this Castle, that can interest the visitant.

On the east of the Campus Martius, is the great Amphitheatre, constructed under the auspices of Napoleon. A superb gate, supported by Grecian pillars, and enriched with representations of chariot races in bas-relief, leads to the arena. On the western wall, stands a stately pavilion, with a splendid portico and colonnade in front. The amphitheatre is strictly classical in its form and construction, resembling similar works among the old Romans, to which it is scarcely inferior in size and substantial masonry. Its dimensions are something like 600 feet in length, and 400 in breadth. The arena is surrounded by a wall of granite, and the seats are composed of immense blocks of the same material, rising to the height of perhaps forty feet. A mound, sufficiently wide for a walk, covered with green turf, and shaded with trees, forms the parapet, and presents a circle of rich foliage. At

one end of the oval is a semicircular range of arches, with a balustrade at top, designed for the orchestra. The benches will accommodate 30,000 spectators.

This stupendous work was intended for a naumachia, as well as for Olympic games. A copious stream, drawn from Lake Como, flows under the walls of the amphitheatre, and thence to the city. The arena may be filled with water in a few minutes. At the coronation of Napoleon as King of Italy, the whole series of Roman games were celebrated in order, beginning with chariot races, and ending with a naval combat between boats, which came hither on the canal from Como.

On the northern side of the Campus Martius, terminates the great road over the Simplon, a work as splendid in utility, as the amphitheatre is in luxury. The eye looks through a vista of several miles, formed by lines of trees bordering the wide avenue. At the point of entrance into the city, a gate, or triumphal arch, is now in progress, upon a scale of magnificence proportioned to the grandeur of a terrace across the Alps, piercing their rocks, traversing their snows, and bridging their torrents. Some of its proud arches, and its gigantic columns, hewn from solid blocks of granite and marble, have been reared; and the rude masses for others strew acres of ground in the vicinity, as if another Coliseum were going up. The sculpture is beautiful; chaste in design, and as polished, as if intended for close inspection, in private saloons. Many of the bas-reliefs would not do discredit to the chisel of Thorwaldsen. The span of the central arch is sufficiently wide, to admit two or three carriages abreast, flanked by minor passages for pedestrians. Each face is to be enriched by eight Corinthian pillars of white marble, colossal in their dimensions, and of exquisite workmanship.

The Gate erected in commemoration of the battle of Marengo, and which bears the name of the well-fought field, is second only to the arch of the Simplon in grandeur. It is supported by four massive granite columns, of the Ionic order, and the structure is as substantial as it is lofty and elegant.

In the vicinity of the Porta Orientale, we found another cluster of interesting objects. The Corso extends in this direction, through the most fashionable part of the city. It is one of the broadest and finest avenues I have seen in Italy,

bordered by ranges of palaces, which display no common degree of taste and architectural magnificence. On one side of the Corso is the Public Garden, which is scarcely surpassed by that of the Tuilleries or the Champs Elysées in extent, in the beauty of its walks and groves, or in its artificial embellishments. Near the eastern gate is a Lazaretto, which was founded by one of the Dukes of Milan, as a refuge for the poor in cases of pestilence. Ranges of buildings, with arcades in front, extend round a green field a mile and a half in circuit, in the centre of which rises a chapel.

The useful institutions of the city are upon a scale as extensive as those for public amusement. We visited several of the former. The Military Academy, founded some twenty-five years since by the French, is a noble establishment. It has three hundred cadets, between the ages of ten and eighteen, all sons of officers and soldiers. Two hundred and fifty of the number are supported and educated free of expense : the residue pay each forty francs a month. They are instructed in the Italian and German languages ; in the ordinary branches of education ; and in military tactics. After completing their course of studies, they are obliged to serve eight years in the army. An Austrian officer treated us with much politeness. He joined us voluntarily, went the rounds of the institution, and designated the objects most worthy of attention in the lecture rooms, chapel, refectory, kitchen, and dormitories.

A brief call was made at the Hospital Maggiore, which is one of the most extensive works of the kind I have ever examined. Its wards will accommodate three thousand inmates. It is built of ornamental brick and terra cotta, in the arabesque style. Its central court is spacious and stately. We entered the apartments and saw long ranges of the sick. The bedsteads are of wood, much less convenient, as well as less conducive to cleanliness and comfort, than those of iron. Most of the patients were labouring under fevers, which are the prevailing diseases at Milan, in the autumnal months, owing to the low grounds, stagnant waters, and the decomposition of vegetable matter, in the environs. Adjoining the great Hospital is another for foundlings, two thousand of whom are annually received—a fact which does not argue much in favour of the moral condition of the Milanese.

Our visit to the Ambrosian Library was full of interest. It is peculiarly rich in manuscripts and a choice selection of

books, amounting to about 80,000 volumes, neatly arranged, and kept with the utmost care. There is more literary activity at Milan, than in any other Italian city. I observed in the bookseller's shops most of the Greek, Latin, French, and English classics. The custode of this Library is an intelligent, gentlemanly, and obliging man, who gave us all the information required, and showed us some of the rarer manuscripts. Of these the most curious is a copy of Josephus, made in the 4th century, on papyrus. The fragile material is preserved between blank leaves of parchment. It is difficult to read the antiquated character, though the penmanship is remarkably neat. We saw Petrarch's Virgil, with his own commentaries, in his own hand-writing. It is a splendid folio, religiously guarded in a case, under lock and key, and is likely to survive for hundreds of years. The sacred manuscripts are extremely valuable, and a becoming spirit of liberality is manifested, in granting free access and in permitting scholars to peruse them at their leisure.

In the court-yard of the Library is a curious metallic tree, with its foliage painted green. It is so good an imitation of nature, that the French tourist Lelande mistook it for a living plant, and cited its verdure, as a proof of the mildness of a Milanese winter! Happy is the traveller, who amidst an infinity of objects, falls into no worse blunders than this. From a cursory glance, the mistake might very readily occur. Connected with the Library, is a Gallery of Fine Arts, which contains some very interesting works. Of these are a fine portrait of Leonardo da Vinci, the original cartoon of the School of Athens, by Raphael. The latter has been to Paris; and our guide would not listen to a doubt of its genuineness.

An early call was made at the old convent, standing near the Turin Gate, to see Leonardo da Vinci's far-famed fresco of the Last Supper, of which so many copies have been taken. It was painted in 1497, and is still regarded with intense interest, as the great original of all the pictures on the same subject. It extends quite across the eastern end of the Refectory, fifteen or twenty feet in width. The plastering of the wall has pealed off, and greatly impaired some of the figures, consisting of the Saviour and his twelve Disciples, seated at the table. Their attitudes as well as their faces are admirably varied. The original must soon perish; but accurate transcripts are so infinitely multiplied, that its

shattered remains will be no great loss to the world, except as a mere object of curiosity. A scaffolding is now erected before it, for the purpose of making some repairs.

Near the church of the Jesuits, a sumptuous palace was pointed out to us, which was built by a Milanese adventurer, who emigrated to South America, and after an absence of many years, returned laden with no small portion of the mines of Peru. His proud pile attracted less attention, than the more modest mansion of Beccaria, author of the standard work on Crimes and Punishments. Its front is neat and classical, bearing medallions of the distinguished men of modern Italy. The palace is at present inhabited by his two sons, who are in moderate circumstances, but eminent for their scientific and literary attainments.

The Brera Palace is the great school and centre of the Fine Arts at Milan. It is a noble establishment, in point of architecture, extent, and the treasures of its splendid halls. It was formerly a college of the Jesuits. Napoleon converted it into a National Academy of the Arts. The edifice stands round a quadrangular court, presenting double ranges of corridors and colonnades of Grecian pillars. A beautiful simplicity prevails in the arrangement of the orders, and the style of the ornaments. The Doric basement appeared to me a perfect model. Both the Gallery and the Academy are in the second story. The former comprises eight apartments, four of which are spacious saloons, and the remaining four, smaller chambers, all contiguous and opening into one another. Corinthian columns of the utmost magnificence separate the different sections of the grand hall, through which the eye looks for its whole extent, and surveys its walls lined with the rare productions of the great Italian masters.

Supereminent in merit as well as in fame, is the Parting of the two Apostles, Peter and Paul, by Guido. It is justly deemed the sublimest work, that his prolific pencil ever produced. In moral grandeur, in dignity of attitude, in force of expression, the figure of Peter is one of the most vigorous conceptions of any mind. All the elevation of the apostolic character, the firmness of the martyr, the fortitude, the resignation of the Christian, blended with a portion of that manly grief, which such a moment might be supposed to call forth, are thrown into every feature of his face.

I was much pleased with a beautiful oval picture by Alba-

no, representing a circle of Cupids, dancing hand in hand round a tree, while three of the party are seated in the branches, amidst the foliage, playing upon tiny musical instruments, as the orchestra of the rural fete. The minikin gods have thrown aside their armour, and piled up their bows and quivers upon the green turf, that they may frolic in the fairy ring with more alertness, and print the sod with lighter footsteps. It is an original idea, happily expressed.

Such were the attractions of the Brera, as to induce us to pay it a second visit, on the eve of our departure from Milan, and to linger several hours in the saloons, with the melancholy reflection, that it was the last great gallery, which would be seen in Italy. The love of pictures and statues, like all our other passions and habits, grows with what it feeds on; and so far from palling upon the senses, the last assemblage of the master-pieces of art afforded a much higher relish than the first. If the taste is not improved, a sort of companionship and intimacy is contracted with artists, whose works the traveller surveys daily, and to whom he bids a reluctant farewell.

The halls appropriated to the School of the Fine Arts afforded us scarcely less pleasure than the Gallery, furnishing evidence that great efforts are still making, to cherish genius and promote taste in designs, architecture, sculpture, painting, and engraving; in all which departments, premiums are annually distributed, and every inducement offered to awaken a laudable emulation. The rooms contain two monuments in honour of the distinguished patrons of the school; one by Canova, and the other by Thorwaldsen: also the head of a Vestal, by the former of these great artists, which is one of his most finished works. The face and drapery appeared to me inimitable. An extensive library is attached to the institution, to which students have free access. On the whole, the Academy is highly creditable to the genius, talent, and public spirit of the Milanese, who seem determined to render their city one of the foremost in modern Italy, in keeping alive a taste for the fine arts.

In our second visit to the Brera, we witnessed the annual exhibition of manufactures, for Milan and its vicinity, similar in design to that of the Louvre. Three or four rooms in the basement were well filled with commodities of all descriptions, except cutlery, embracing models of new inventions; rural implements; mills of various kinds; machines

for making wine ; a variety of household utensils ; vessels for cooking with steam ; an extensive assortment of domestic fabrics, such as cloths, silk stuffs, linens, woollens, tapestry, gloves, and hosiery ; together with an infinite number of fancy articles, embroidery, needle-work, and artificial flowers, done by young ladies in their schools of industry. The specimens of plated ware would have done credit to the shops of Sheffield, and the clocks and time-pieces were scarcely surpassed by those of Paris. Among the curiosities, was a museum of natural history, in which beasts, birds, and reptiles were made of straw, so closely imitated in form and complexion, that the eye could hardly distinguish them from real animals.

The premium articles were entwined with wreaths of laurel. A numerous concourse of both sexes appeared to take a lively interest in a show, which reflected so much credit upon the mechanical ingenuity and skill of their countrymen. There is a much greater degree of activity and energy in the Milanese character, than in the inhabitants of the softer and more voluptuous regions of the south ; and the resemblance between the capitals of France and Lombardy is much stronger, than between the latter city and Rome or Naples. It appeared to me, that vestiges of Cisalpine Gaul could be traced in all the country north of the Po. The peasantry are distinguishable from the rest of Italy, in language, features, costumes, manners, and habits.

LETTER XCI.

MILAN CONCLUDED—CHURCHES—CHAPEL OF THE DEAD—FESTIVAL OF ST. THOMAS—OPERA—MINOR THEATRES—ENVIRONS—VILLA OF NAPOLEON—EXCURSION TO MONZA—IMPERIAL GARDENS—PALACE—CATHEDRAL—IRON CROWN OF LOMBARDY.

October, 1826.—We went the usual rounds of the churches, without finding much to admire or amuse. With the exception of the Cathedral, they will sustain no comparison with those of Rome or Venice. The walls of the Chapel of the Dead are lined with human bones and an array of skulls, piled to the very ceiling, and kept in place by iron net work. It is a dark, dreary charnel-house, dimly lighted by the glim-

mer of a solitary taper at the altar. Some years since, a skull was seen to move without hands, and soon after to fall from its place to the pavement. All the priests were called in to witness the miracle, and pray for the *rest* of the unquiet bone, which kept dancing about the floor. At length a peasant ventured to take it up, when lo, a rat leaped out of the socket of the eye! He had built him a home in the seat of intellect, and was comfortably lodged, till his house fell. Had he secretly escaped, while the monks were counting their beads, the miracle would doubtless have been recorded for the benefit of posterity.

We attended the festival of St. Thomas, at the church which bears his name. Crowds of females left no room for the other sex. Incense was burned in such profusion, that the smoke dimmed the lights at the altar. Two orchestras of vocal and instrumental music united in the chants of the priesthood; and prayers to the patron saint rose amidst the animating symphonies of Rossini, such as are heard every night at the Opera. The street leading to the church was tastefully hung with festoons of crimson, yellow, and blue curtains, extending across from window to window. This custom seems to have descended from the triumphal processions of the old Romans.

Most of our evenings were passed at the theatres. Of these the Scala or Opera is by far the most celebrated. In scenery, dresses, and stage effect, it is superior to San Carlo at Naples, and probably the first in the world. The edifice itself did not fully equal my expectations. It appeared to me inferior to its rival in the south, in architecture and the splendour of its decorations. The boxes have rather a tawdry appearance, the alternate ranges, to the height of six tiers, being trimmed with strata of blue and yellow silk. One colour would have been in much better taste; and yellow is the meanest of all, especially in the night. Notwithstanding the brilliant chandelier, suspended from the centre of the ceiling, and of enormous size, the house is badly lighted; and the Milanese beauties have an opportunity of displaying few of their captivating charms. They, however, enjoy the privilege of seeing without being seen; for when the curtain rises, a flood of glory bursts from the stage, and the scene becomes all enchantment. Goddesses, nymphs, winged loves, and aerial spirits descend from heaven in clouds, course the air, and tread the earth with fairy feet, singing their sorrows as

well as their joys all the while. The orchestra is equalled only in strength by that of the Royal Academy of Music at Paris, and surpassed by none in skill and taste. The style of dancing is carried to still greater extremes than at San Carlo. This part of the show seemed to be the most attractive to the audience. Many persons left the theatre, as soon as the pirouettes were finished. That the opera is sometimes a stupid place to the Italians as well as to others, I had demonstrable evidence before me. Eight persons were counted fast asleep, within a circle of as many paces from my seat, lulled by angelic voices, and dreaming over the adventures of Elisa and Claudio. Yet these same persons deem it a kind of duty to attend at the Scala every evening, though the piece be repeated for the hundredth time. They go from habit, as certain merchants visit the Exchange, for the sake of appearing in public, and mingling with the world.

One evening each to the minor theatres was amply sufficient. The Teatro Re is near the Viceroy's Palace, and from its name it is probably under his special patronage. It is a small but neat building. The comedy was amusing, and the ballet surpassed that of the Scala in indelicacy.

At another minor theatre, we witnessed a perfect burlesque upon the Italian stage. The players were marionettes, made of wood, about three feet in height, with imperceptible wires fixed in their heads, and moved by persons above the scenes, who by dint of ventriloquism threw their voices into the consequential actors. By a contraction of the stage, and the illusion of the perspective, they appear like real persons at a distance.

An excursion was made a mile or two beyond the walls of Milan, to look at an old palace hidden among vines and poplars, celebrated chiefly for an echo in its court, which is said to give sixty distinct reverberations of sound. We did not take the trouble to count them. Three parties of ladies and gentlemen arrived on the same errand to this secluded retreat, during our visit of an hour. Pistols were discharged, and all sorts of noises made by the visitants, from the stentorian shouts of valets, to the involuntary shrieks of females, at the report of fire-arms and the smell of gunpowder. The echo is very perfect, though not more so than that in the mausoleum of Augustus; while the retreat of the fabled daughter of Air and Earth is here not so classical as on the banks of the Tiber, nor so silvan as amidst the woods and

rocks of Killarney, where the pipes of Pan still waken her slumbers. In the walls of a palace, she has literally realized the metamorphosis of the poet, and been changed into stone.

On our way back, we visited the Villa of Napoleon, in the suburbs of the city, presenting a distant view of the Cathedral. The grounds are extensive and highly embellished in the French style, watered by an artificial stream, overhung with trees. Grecian temples and pavilions rise along the rural walks, and the garden yet bloomed with autumnal flowers. The palace is two stories, elegant in its proportions and architecture, but objectionable in some of its ornaments. In the bas-reliefs of the exterior, the loves and frolics of Satyrs are represented in their broadest characters. The roof is crowned with ranges of statues. We traversed long suites of apartments, which are elegantly finished, but indifferently furnished, containing neither sculpture nor paintings. They are occupied a part of the year by the Viceroy. A call was made at the Palace of the Governor, standing upon the Corso. The architrave of the third story is supported by a series of caryatides, male and female, yoked together in pairs, and extending quite round the court. It is a barbarous and grotesque species of ornament. The edifice is devoid of interest of any kind.

A day was occupied in an excursion to Monza, for the purpose of examining the Iron Crown of Lombardy. It was necessary to go through with the formality of obtaining a permit from the Austrian authorities. They gave us a sealed letter, bearing the double headed eagle and the arms of the Empire. It was folded, stamped, and superscribed in as much style, as if it had been a commission to a foreign court. What it contained was never known to us. It passed current with the priesthood, and served as a key to open the cabinet of the Cathedral, which was enough for us to know.

Monza is ten miles from Milan. We rode along the banks of the canal, which connects the city with Lake Como, and passed the Villa Greco, without discovering any of the charms with which it has been invested by the luxuriant and pliant imagination of Lady Morgan. The whole region is an unvaried plain, and the view is intercepted by eternal poplars, tangled with vines. Neither nature nor art presents a single new feature, in the course of a ride which has been so much extolled.

At noon we reached the large village of Monza, the Ver-

sailles of Lombardy, and first looked at the Imperial Palace. It is one of the dozen residences of the Viceroy. He is at the age of 43, with a wife of twenty-five. His only employment seems to consist in riding from palace to palace, without troubling his head with the cares of empire.

The royal gardens at Monza surpass those of the Bourbons, in taste as well as in extent. They are laid out and embellished in the style of English parks. The woods are rich and beautiful. We sauntered an hour along umbrageous walks, following each winding pathway, which led to a Grecian or Chinese temple, a tower or an imitation ruin, a rustic grotto, a lake, fountain, or waterfall. Such is the location of these various objects, as often to take the spectator by surprise, and produce the finest effect. In some instances perspectives are opened purposely for show—a species of ornament not uncommon in the north of Italy. The waters in these grounds are transparent, brisk, and musical, frequently descending in cascades, in which art has happily pursued the suggestions of nature. Swans, ducks, and other domestic animals give to the scenery a rural appearance. Botanical, kitchen, and fruit gardens are among the appendages of the park.

The palace is colossal in its proportions, and its architecture classical. It was rebuilt some fifty years ago of substantial materials. The interior, though highly finished and richly furnished, contains not a vestige of the fine arts. After traversing Lombardy from the Po to the Lakes, it was ascertained pretty satisfactorily, that an Austrian palace is one of the most vacant and stupid buildings in the world.

The Cathedral is near the Palace. Its front is not a mean specimen of Gothic architecture; but the black and white stripe destroys whatever of merit the exterior would otherwise possess. A fulsome inscription, in praise of the munificence of the Austrian dynasty, meets the eye at the portals. The church is consecrated to Theolinda, who is its patron saint, and whose tomb is near the high altar.

Our imperial order was delivered, and as much preparation was made, as if the Iron Crown was to be placed upon one of our brows, as it had been upon that of Napoleon. It required the services of four priests, and a layman, as a lackey, to exhibit the relic, which is enshrined in a cross of massive gold, studded with the costliest gems, and hallowed by veritable fragments of the apparatus, used in the crucifixion

upon Calvary—such as pieces of the sponge still red with blood, and splinters of the reed on which it was fastened ! As an initiatory step in the ceremony, five candles were lighted up before the high altar. One of the priests then knelt upon a red cushion, placed on the steps, whispered a prayer, and burned much incense, which rose in such clouds as to form halos about the tapers. Another of the fraternity mounted a ladder and unlocked the cabinet ; while the remaining two lifted the ponderous cross from its shrine, and set it on the pavement for our inspection. It was examined much at our leisure, and the showmen were very accommodating.

The Crown is incased in crystal, hermetically sealed : but the medium is so transparent, that you see the relic as perfectly as through so much air. Its outer circle is a band of gold, set with jewels, and lined with a narrow hoop of iron, made of nails from the Cross ! It is composed of six distinct pieces, connected by hinges, and capable of being enlarged to suit any brow. Its diameter does not exceed seven or eight inches ; and it must have been tremendously stretched, to encircle the head of Napoleon. This is the oldest diadem in existence, and since the days of Charlemagne, it has rested upon the skull of many a dunce and many a tyrant, whom Bonaparte had the vain ambition and folly to imitate in mummerly, which his greatness should have led him to scorn and trample under foot. It is almost inconceivable, that a mind of such lofty and liberal views, pledged to the support of republican principles, could so far debase itself, as to stoop to the low ambition of common despots :

“Pleas’d with a rattle, tickled with a straw.”

A group of peasantry, together with two or three ecclesiastics from the neighbouring towns, availed themselves of this opportunity, to take a peep at the gew-gaw. The wonder depicted in their faces was quite as amusing as the brilliancy of the tiara. All the treasures of the church, rich in chalices and crosses, were shown to us ; but they are nothing in comparison with those of the Cathedral at Milan. In a niche of the cloisters, a mummy of one of the Visconti stands erect, girt with a red sash and his warrior sword at his side, the hilt of which bears the dragon arms of the family.

LETTER XCII.

DEPARTURE FROM MILAN—ARRIVAL AT COMO—FIRST VIEW OF THE LAKE—SKETCH OF THE SCENERY—EXCURSION TO THE VILLA D'ESTE—THE LATE QUEEN OF ENGLAND—DESCRIPTION OF PLINIANA—ROUTE TO LAKE MAGGIORE—VERESE—BANKS OF THE TICIN—ARONA—COLOSSUS OF SAN CARLO—SKETCH OF MAGGIORE—BORRONEAN ISLES—EXCURSION TO ISOLA BELLA—RIDE TO DOMO D'OSSOLA.

October, 1826.—A Savoyard vetturino was employed to take us from Milan, by the way of the Italian Lakes and across the Simplon, to Geneva, stopping when, where, and as long as we pleased. He gave us a napoleon to bind the bargain, to the conditions of which he proved faithful; though he sometimes gave us short commons, aroused us before day, and made long pauses to rest his horses. Notwithstanding these slight deductions, travelling by vettura has a decided preference over all other modes, both in point of economy and comfort. The interior of the coach is generally spacious, and the tourist may lounge at his ease, read, write, or look at the country from the windows. He is relieved from the vexations of paying off postillions, bespeaking accommodations, or settling bills at the hotels.

Early on the morning of the 8th, we left Milan for Lake Como, distant twenty-six miles in a northerly direction. After the belt of low ground, encircling the walls, had been traversed, the Alps disclosed themselves, sweeping round the green fertile plains of Lombardy, from Verona to Turin, in a long, semicircular, and serrated chain. Their tops were already buried in snow, brightened by the beams of morning; and the very thought, that their bleak summits were to be climbed, made us shudder, in anticipation of the change of climate. The line of separation between eternal glaciers and verdure almost as perpetual, was very strongly marked even at this distance, and formed a most striking feature in the prospect.

At noon we reached Como, and had an enchanting view of the Lake, in winding down the long hill, which rises at its southern end. The day was as serene and mild as summer;

and no picture could exceed in beauty the azure and bright expanse of water, set in the emerald of its shores. As economy of time, as well as the favourable state of the weather, urged despatch, a boat fitted up in the style of the Venetian gondola, with gay curtains and a table for eating, drinking, or writing, according to the propensities of the passengers, was immediately chartered for the afternoon, to take us up the Lake as far as circumstances would permit; and our gallant barge, driven by two oarsmen, soon produced the only ripple upon the unruffled mirror. The scenery of Como is characterized by beauty rather than grandeur. It is less wild and lonely than that of the Lago di Garda. Its borders are rural, soft, and cheerful. The hills ranging along either shore, as nearly as they could be measured by the eye, are from 1500 to 2,000 feet in height, becoming bolder and ruder, as they extend towards the north; of secondary formation; sometimes broken, scarred, and naked; but generally clothed with hanging woods of chestnut, oak, olives, laurel, fir, and other verdure, and cultivated as well as sprinkled with buildings to their summits. They frequently rise in steep acclivities from the very margin, or form high promontories, on which numerous white villages are seated. Although the Lake is fifty or sixty miles in length, it is broken into short reaches by intervening capes. Its breadth is from two to seven miles; and its depth, in the admeasurement of the boatmen, one hundred men. The water is less transparent as well as less sea-like than Benacus.

Art has hardly atoned by its monuments, for the too many innovations it has made upon the solitary charms of nature. The large old town of Como, exhibiting its fortresses, towers, and ramparts, its harbour, quays, and business-like aspect, at the foot of the Lake; the long faubourgs of Borgo Vico and San Augustino, extending along the eastern and western shores; the numerous hamlets, villas, farm-houses, and convents, scattered over the neighbouring heights, have dissolved the enchantment of rustic seclusion, and substituted images of a poor but populous district. The smoke and paddles, the bugles and swivels, of two steam-boats, plying daily from end to end, have frightened away the Naiads, that once sported in the pure and classical waves of the Lacus Larius. A strong garrison is kept up at Como, to prevent smuggling, as the town is only a mile and a half from the frontier of Switzerland. The castles and monu-

ments are not sufficiently ruinous, to become picturesque objects in the landscape ; while they possess little merit as modern works of art.

After a voyage of five miles, affording a view of the whole region, we landed at the Villa d'Este, on the western shore, the celebrated residence of the late Queen Caroline of England. If the outlines of the scenery afforded us less pleasure, than had been anticipated from the first glance, or from the extravagant descriptions of others, the pictures appeared still worse in detail. The situation of this palace is delightful. It stands so near the water, that we leaped from the boat, upon the flight of steps leading to the portico of the long, yellow, two story edifice, looking abroad upon the lake. It possesses no architectural grandeur nor beauty. An elderly woman, to whom the keys have been committed by Torlonia, the present proprietor, led the way to a small, neat theatre, the boxes of which are supported by Ionic pillars with gilt capitals, and hung with silken curtains. Over the Queen's pavilion, in front of the stage, the crown of Great-Britain is conspicuously displayed in gilt with imitation gems ; and the walls are lined with mirrors, in the French style. The furniture of the theatre is just as it was left eight or nine years ago, but looks as fresh as if there had been a play on the evening preceding our visit. This remark may be extended to the whole Villa, of which there has been no resident, since its desertion by the unfortunate queen. The Duke of Bracciano has too many palaces about the Alban Mount, to render a retreat to the distant shores of Como either attractive or necessary. Besides, he would not care to be a successor to Count Bergami,* who wears a sprig of fresh nobility upon his coach, as well as the wealthy banker.

The numerous apartments of the chateau retain their furniture of sofas, chairs, tables, and window-curtains, which are gaudy, but not rich, nor in good taste. Frescos consisting of nude Venuses, Cupids, and other soft divinities, were observed upon the ceiling. They are of an indelicate and voluptuous character, though not more so, than the Italian

* This renowned nobleman now resides at Pesaro, on the shores of the Adriatic, where Caroline had another seat, near the banks of the Rubicon, which she crossed at her peril. The Count lives like most other of the Italian nobility, without any very active pursuits, or any visible means of support.

houses generally display. The most objectionable point about the establishment is a temple to Isis, fitted up by the express orders of the queen, near her drawing-room. A statue of the goddess was placed in a dark niche, and before her yet stands the oracle, in the shape of a helmet, furnished with four horns, whence the responses issue. In the hands of the image was a gilt book. The anti-rooms are filled with Egyptian ornaments. Such a fantastic idea betrays a species of insanity. To make the matter worse, while a costly shrine to the pagan divinity was raised, a chapel dedicated to the "*Virgini Deiparæ*," commenced by General Pino, the former proprietor of the Villa, was wholly neglected, and is now the depository of a cartoon of Diana, Cupids with broken limbs, and the old scenes of the theatre. Inquiry was made for the celebrated chambers, which were examined with such acumen by the British Commission to the Continent; but they are locked up, and there is no admission.

The embellishments of the grounds are generally in bad taste, consisting of straight walks leading up the hill, Egyptian temples covered with coarse mosaics, and rude statues. To this remark, there are some exceptions. A beautiful little Grecian temple of Veronese marble rises in a tangled copse of laurel, and canopies statues of Telemachus and Mentor, who here find a retreat as green and cool, as the fabled grottos of Calypso. Near by, a brook descends from the slope, leaping from rock to rock and babbling through the shades, till it joins the lake below. At its mouth is a miniature port, in which the queen's yacht lies moored, just as it was left by her. General Pino, to whom many of the decorations of this villa are ascribable, seems to have been a doting warrior, as fond of bastions as Corporal Trim and my uncle Toby. On the olive-clad steep, which overhangs the gardens, he built a citadel in imitation of Taragona, in Spain, with a terrace winding up to the walls, which may be comfortably scaled, without the trouble of climbing the rugged rocks.

Caroline here expended large sums of money. She opened an excellent road from her Villa through the Borgo Vico to Como. It cost her 100,000 francs. An anecdote was related by one of our boatmen, which was highly creditable to a woman, who was not destitute of virtues, whatever may have been her faults. The house of a poor family

was burned down. Hearing of the calamity and of the distress of its inmates, she directed a new building to be erected for their accommodation, at her own expense. The offences with which she was charged, are supported by the current opinion at Como. Her Milanese friends cut her acquaintance; though secretly perhaps they were no better than herself. But peace to the shade of an unfortunate princess, who after all may have been innocent, and whom the bitterness of persecution hurried to the grave.

Pursuing our voyage and crossing the lake, we effected another landing at Pliniana, on the eastern shore, eight miles from Como. It is situated under high cliffs, which are nearly perpendicular, clad with hanging groves of cypress. A noble cascade dashes down the rocks, from a height of one hundred feet, and lashes the water below into a foam. The front of the large solitary palace rises out of the lake, and they sit and fish at the windows of the principal saloon. Its basement resembles a mill, rather than a chateau; since the copious fountain, so minutely described by Pliny the Younger, flows under the walls, with the roar of a gate-way, pouring from a cavern in the cliffs above. The grotto whence the stream issues, has been artificially adorned with pillars. Its waters are perfectly transparent, gushing out from a bed of limestone. The basin was wet a foot above the surface, and the aged hermit, who was found at the Villa, informed us that the reflux tide had just subsided. He stated on the authority of personal observation for more than half a century, that the fountain is very irregular in its intermissions. Sometimes it ebbs and flows only thrice a day, and at others, four and even five times. I will not trouble my readers nor myself with speculations, in attempting to account for this phenomenon, which is not of rare occurrence, and which derives its celebrity solely from its classical associations.

The letter of Pliny, who was a native of Como, and here had his summer retreat, is inscribed in full on the walls of one of the apartments, together with as much other Latin and Italian as a person could read in a week. The noble proprietor has added, by way of embellishment, noseless images of all its ancestors since the flood. Not a particle of taste is visible in the dilapidated Villa. It affords an enchanting view of another reach of the lake above, for eight or ten miles, where its windings are lost among the mountains.

The upper section is much more wild and romantic, than the lower end, reaching hence to Como. Its waters are discharged about midway, from its eastern shore, and form the river Adda. On a point of land not far from Pliniana, is a small church and an image of the Virgin, where the boatmen moor their skiffs and pay their vows. Narrow as the channel is, and deeply as it is embosomed among the hills, it is subject to sudden and violent squalls from the Alps, which lash it into fury.

Our excursion might have been agreeably extended farther north; but time would not permit. On the return, the oarsmen hoisted their white sail to the breeze, which sprang up at evening, and bore us back in season, to see the sun go down in brightness upon the battlements of Como, and the green summits in its vicinity. A ramble over the town concluded the pleasures of the day. The moon was so bright, as to enable us to read the inscription in honour of Pliny, on the front of the Cathedral.

Early next morning, we resumed our journey across the country towards Lake Maggiore. Half an hour was occupied, while the vetturino was harnessing his team, in paying another visit to the Cathedral, and looking at its ornaments. It is a stately edifice of white marble and of mixed architecture. Statues of the two Pliny's stand on each side of the front door. Some of the chapels are splendid; but terra cotta saints and votive offerings were quite too abundant. Over the inner door, was observed a pompous inscription to Ferdinand of Austria, who claims the honour of having *established* religion in Europe—a work commonly ascribed to its divine Author. A new and handsome Lyceum has lately been erected near the Milanese gate. The walls of Como are lofty and massive, flanked with towers, which rise with a good degree of dignity from the eminences back of the town.

As we lingered a little longer than was anticipated, in taking a last view of the lake slumbering in the brightness of an autumnal morning, the coachman pushed on, and left us to walk up a hill of two miles. On its summit, overlooking the surrounding country, a pretty chateau was observed, bearing the initials of queen Caroline upon the gate, in the same style they were found at the Villa d'Este. This was doubtless one of her Lodges. It exhibits more taste than her palace.

The skies to-day were among the most pure, brilliant, and

genial, that had been witnessed in Italy ; and our ride across a rich undulating country, abounding in fertile vales and clear waters, was delightful. The snowy line of the Alps, basking in the solar blaze, was constantly before us, embracing St. Gothard and Monte Rosa, two of the highest summits. Nothing could exceed the grandeur and dazzling splendour of the latter, heaving its eternal rocks and glaciers into the deep blue firmament, without a cloud to obstruct the view. Its height is 13,250 feet above the level of the Mediterranean ; exceeding, by nearly one half, the elevation of any mountain I had before seen. My companion had gazed upon the Andes themselves, to which these stupendous piles are but mole-hills ; though their hoary tops seemed quite high enough to be traversed in a coach.

Passing Malneta and other small villages, at mid-day, we reached Verese, a large town on the borders of a lake of the same name. It is the seat of many handsome palaces, and of the Milanese nobility, at certain seasons of the year. The streets were filled with people and merchandise, collected at the annual fair. A coarseness of features, costumes, and manners is displayed by the peasantry, not to be met with south of the Po.

Two miles beyond the town, we had a charming view of Lake Verese, of small dimensions, but beautifully cradled among the hills. Its shores are green and rural. Two promontories nearly intersect this miniature sheet of water, and contribute much to its secluded charms. On its eastern border rises a broken hill of considerable elevation, upon the very summit of which a white village is perched, forming one of the most picturesque images imaginable. The country here assumes an aspect essentially different from the dull and unvaried scenery of Lombardy, in the vicinity of Milan, and on the alluvial banks of the Po.

The vetturino knew as little as ourselves of the intricate cross-roads, and the poor fellow went eight miles out of his way, before he discovered his error. In consequence of this accident, we did not arrive at Sesto Calende, on the left bank of the Ticin, at the outlet of Lake Maggiore, till after dark, and were obliged to take lodgings for the night at a miserable hotel. Mean and dirty as its chambers are, they were filled with swarms of English travellers, on their way to the south of Italy, to seek a winter residence, where they can live cheaper, as well as more pleasantly than in their own

country. Not less than five or six thousand, like birds of passage, annually seek refuge in the sunny climes beyond the Alps.

The next morning at daylight we crossed the broad current of the Ticin in a boat, which Charon himself would have condemned as unseaworthy, and landed on the opposite shore in Piedmont, re-entering the dominions of his Sardinian Majesty. A full hour was occupied in an examination of our passports and trunks at the Dogana.

At Arona we left the coach, and walked through the large old town, situated at the foot of the Lake. The streets were overrun with beggars, whose importunities almost amounted to personal assaults, besetting us upon the side-walks, and bawling out in all the cant of mendicity.

In the lower section of Lake Maggiore, I was sadly disappointed. Its shores are low, reedy, and tame, displaying not a single interesting feature. It has neither the solitary grandeur of the Lago di Garda, nor the rural and picturesque beauty of Como or Verese.

We walked a mile or more up a most tedious hill, to look at a colossal statue in honour of St. Charles Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan, a native of this region, as well as its present patron. It cost upwards of \$200,000. The statue itself is seventy-two feet in height, standing on a pedestal thirty-two feet from the ground, giving an aggregate of something more than a hundred feet to the crown of the head. The hands are of bronze, and the rest of brass. St. Charles is in the attitude of blessing his native town, with his right arm outstretched, and a book under his left. I contented myself with climbing a ladder to the pedestal, and bowing at the feet of such an idol. But my companion and an English tourist, who joined us on the hill, crept under the robes of the Saint, took a pinch of snuff in his nose, and examined the dura-mater and processes of his head, in which eight men may be comfortably lodged.

Rejoining the carriage, we journeyed onward along the immediate margin of the Lake, and upon the great road of the Simplon. About noon, the far-famed Borromean Isles came into view. They are three in number, the Madre, Isola Bella, and Pescatori, situated in a deep bay or arm of the lake, setting up into the hills towards the west. Maggiore at this point assumes something of the grandeur, which its name imports. Its width may be something like six or eight miles,

and its whole length about fifty. Its shores here exhibit an alpine character, the mountains become higher, more rugged, and picturesque. The borders are sometimes fringed with deep forests, and at others, with orchards of olives and vineyards, studded with white villages and hamlets, like those of Como. The three islands, lying within a mile of one another, are too small to form a prominent feature in the landscape, and too artificial to excite a very high degree of interest. They are not comparable in beauty with those about the bay of Naples, and on the western coast of Italy.

We took a boat immediately and visited the Isola Bella, which is a mile and a half from the shore. It is accounted by far the finest of the group, and the few attractions it presented, discouraged us from extending our excursion to any of the others. The most extravagant epithets have been wasted upon this pile of artificial terraces, rising eight stories above the surface of the lake, covered with palaces, pavilions, groves, and circular walks.

We set out at 4 o'clock P. M. for Domo d'Ossola, distant twenty miles, and were soon lost among the hills. The great road of the Simplon pursues the windings of a deep vale, watered by the Toccia; a beautiful stream, the banks of which are sprinkled with secluded hamlets, and are fertile in corn and wine. Its eastern side is bounded by bleak and uninterrupted ridges of rocks. Towards the west, two or three other secluded valleys, still green and sunny, opened from the base of Monte Rosa, which reared its glittering summit above the rude masses of intervening rocks. This giant even among the Alps was now within a few miles of us, and its form was distinctly traced. Its stupendous cone is finely rounded off, and its sides do not appear to present many asperities. Like a child who amuses his mind with vain desires and "thick-coming fancies," I wished myself upon the topmost glacier, but for one hour on this evening of glorious sunshine, that I might survey the charms of Italy spread at my feet, take a bird's-eye view of the Po and Apennines, and see the chain of lakes, set like brilliants in the green plains of Lombardy. But the sun went down behind the crags of granite upon our left, which threw their deep shadows across the path; when turning and looking through a long vista of mountains, opening upon Lake Maggiore, we caught a last glimpse of the blue heavens of Italy, as pure, serene, and resplendent as ever. The feelings of the

moment, in bidding farewell forever to the land of azure skies, and classical waters, of ancient monuments and modern arts, of poetry, music, and romance may be better imagined than described.

We did not reach Domo d'Ossola till 8 o'clock in the evening. This town is situated at the head of the vale, encircled on all sides by the Alps. It has two thousand inhabitants, a mimic Corso, in imitation of that at Milan, and a large Duomo, whence the name of the village was derived—the Cathedral of the vale of Ossola. The place has a good deal of bustle and business, being near the frontier, and the rendezvous of Italian and transalpine merchants. Good accommodations were obtained at the hotel, which afforded us a night of quiet repose, preparatory to the long and arduous journey on the following day.

LETTER XCIII.

DEPARTURE FROM DOMO D'OSSOLA—PASSAGE OF THE SIMPLON—DESCRIPTION OF THE ROAD—BRIDGE OF CREVOLA—ALPINE SCENERY—OLD PATH—MONKS—REFUGES—HAMLETS—AVALANCHES—VILLAGE OF SIMPLON—VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE MOUNTAIN—GLACIERS OF SWITZERLAND—TORRENTS OF THE GANTER AND SALTINE—ARRIVAL AT BRIGUE.

October, 1826.—We rose at 4 o'clock, on the morning of the 11th, and took breakfast by candle-light. Our Savoyard here reinforced his team with four additional horses and a postillion; but notwithstanding the vigilance of the two guides, the streets were so dark that in going out of the town, the coach ran against the wall and detained us, till the bell of the Cathedral rang the knell of five o'clock in our ears. In the stillness of night, the roar of distant waters was heard around us, and the shadowy forms of mountains were indistinctly traced, by being thrown against the sky. The twinkling of a few stars, emerging occasionally from transient clouds, gave promise of a favourable day.

At dawn we reached the entrance of the gallery or terrace, which spans the Alps for a distance of forty miles; hewn the greater part of the way through mountains of granite to the width of twenty-five feet; supported by walls some-

times two hundred feet in height ; hanging frequently upon perpendicular ledges ; piercing a dozen impassable barriers of rock ; and bridging twenty-five torrents. Such are some of the features of this stupendous work, of the grandeur of which it is impossible to convey an adequate idea.

After the pacification of Europe, the Austrian soldiers in their passage of the Alps, to deluge Italy with other swarms of Goths from the north, broke off with sledge-hammers the tops of nearly all the columns lining this road, and attempted to demolish the bridges ! But they found the monuments, like the fame of Napoleon, too indestructible and eternal to be prostrated by the hands of such barbarians, who have merely left traces of their infamy, to excite the scorn and detestation of travellers. Had the Emperor of Austria and King of Sardinia the least respect for their own characters, they would immediately set about obliterating every vestige of such brutal acts of violence ; but instead of taking this course, they neglect other necessary repairs, and seem determined to hasten the destruction of a work, which perpetuates the glory of a name they cordially hate.

Had Napoleon left no other memorials of his greatness, this monument alone would have made him immortal ; for he has inscribed his glory upon the eternal rocks of the Alps, which neither torrents nor avalanches, the ravages of time nor the rage of kings, can wholly obliterate. The geological formation of the Italian side of the Simplon is primitive rock, and the opposite side, chiefly secondary, consisting of schist and argillaceous slate. Something like a ton of gunpowder was consumed in blowing through the solid masses of granite. Three thousand men were employed from 1801 till 1805, in the execution of this imperial project.

The scenery at the entrance of the terrace, in the approach from Italy, comports with the grandeur of the work, and impresses the mind with feelings of awe. I recoiled with a thrill of momentary dread from the congregated terrors at the opening of the gorge, consisting of enormous masses of granite, piled together in the rudest manner, and the gigantic works of art, hewn from the shattered rocks. The ruins of the mountains looked as if another race of Titans had been warring against heaven, and labouring to shake the adamantine throne of the Omnipotent. Every circumstance seemed to conspire in heightening the sublimity of the scene. The day-star still hung upon the tops of the Alps, and the blushes of the east had just begun to redden the glaciers. Enough

of morning twilight remained, to throw over objects a partial obscurity, and to magnify their proportions. The roar of waters, sent back in a thousand echoes from the hills, was deafening. - From the bridge of the Diverio, which is a colossal structure, several hundred feet in length, resting on arches as massive and durable as the precipices with which they are incorporated, we looked down on the sea-green torrent, tumbling and dashing and thundering among the fragments of the mountains in the chasm below. On its left bank near its junction with the Toccia, in the hamlet of Crevola, is a large iron foundery, the fires of which had probably been kept up during the night, and were now blazing from the furnaces and glaring through the windows. To recur to a classical image, it appeared as though Vulcan and his Cyclops might be here at work, forging arms for a new war of the gods.

Deserting the secluded, romantic, and peaceful vale, which had been pursued from Lake Maggiore, we entered that of Diverio, lined with rugged precipices; narrow, lonely, and and wild; noisy with descending floods; and shaggy with alpine horrors. Before us rose peak after peak, heaving their wintry tops into the skies, and now tinged of a roseate hue by the beams of a bright morning. The depths of the gorge, (for it can hardly be called a vale,) and the banks of the torrent, which the road constantly follows to the heights of the Simplon, are skirted with fir, weeping-birch, alder, willow, rosodendron, and other species of mountain plants. Surprising as it may seem, the little alluvial patches, upon which the snows above shoot their avalanches, and pour their icy waters, were still green, and in many places enamelled with autumnal flowers. The solitude of the glen, unbroken, save only by the music of the elements, would be appalling, if the mind were not transported in a delirium of ecstasy, and lost to all ordinary emotions. In the enthusiasm of the moment, it forgets its little thoughts and cares, absorbed in contemplating the matchless grandeur of the scene. Yet this pass, with all its rugged sublimity, is said to be less astounding than some other chasms in the Alps. It is, however, as stupendous in its features as I have any desire to witness, infinitely transcending in the reality the mean combinations which my imagination had formed.

In a mile or two after crossing the bridge, which constitutes the noble threshold of the terrace, we passed an enor-

mous column, laying with its intended pedestal by the side of the road. It was hewn from the neighbouring precipices, under the auspices of Napoleon, and designed to embellish the Arch of the Simplon at Milan. Its dimensions are something like fifty feet in length, and fifteen in circumference. In the act of rolling from the quarry it was unfortunately broken in two; and its colossal and prostrate fragments, arrested before reaching the point of destination, and exciting surprise that so much strength could be broken, furnish to the traveller a forcible emblem of the fallen fortunes of the imperial Exile, whose power had become too disproportionate and unwieldy, to support its own weight, substantial as were the materials of which it was composed.

Along the rocks overhanging the turbulent stream, traces of the old pathway, which led through these deep solitudes, before the road of the Simplon was constructed, are at intervals still marked by the eye.* It sometimes traversed steep and dizzy precipices, round projections of the mountains, and on natural terraces of rock, where the foot of the shepherd or chamios would scarcely venture to tread. Yet a French army, characterized by the same spirit of enthusiasm and intrepidity, which led Napoleon to encounter the snows of St. Bernard, climbed the icy summits of the Simplon, and marched through this gorge into Italy, bridging the fissures of glaciers and chasms in the mountains with their spears. At the solitary hamlet of Isella, buried in wilds which no other troops would apparently have the hardihood to enter, they built a strong fortress, to guard the natural fastnesses; and we passed two casernes, which were erected for the accommodation of the garrison and army.

But these alpine solitudes have not been traversed alone by the footsteps of soldiers. Christianity has here erected the cross, and philanthropy has reared monuments, which call forth a tear of gratitude from the traveller, for such active, unostentatious, and disinterested benevolence. Before

* This rude tract across the Alps was blocked up, and in some places wholly obliterated, by the shock of the great earthquake, in the year 1755, by which Lisbon was buried in ruins, and which reached not only the Highlands of Scotland, as I have already stated, but even our own remote shores. What must have been the violence of a concussion, which could shake at the same moment the Pyrenese, the Alps, the Grampians, and White Hills, at the distance of thousands of miles from each other! Tremendous masses of granite were here rent asunder, and tumbled into the beds of torrents.

the great road of the Simplon was constructed, monks had followed up the defile to the very top of the mountain, and built rude shelters upon the rocks, where the benighted wanderer, in these inhospitable regions, might take refuge from the storms by which he was pelted. Little oratories and shrines, rising along the path, remind the passenger of that faith, which could inspire such heroic ardour. Be it superstition, or be it an emanation from heaven, blessed be the principle that led to such acts of humanity.

To the convents and hospices, originally commenced by ecclesiastics, Mr. Stockalper, a wealthy philanthropist, whose name deserves the celebrity and immortality of a Howard, added several buildings of a more lofty, substantial, and comfortable kind. One of them, standing near the boundaries of Switzerland, is eight stories high, constructed of stone, and neatly finished, with the appendage of a chapel. Others are crowned with Gothic towers, rising from the deepest recesses of the Alps. But they were not raised from motives of ostentatious charity; for they were planted in these secluded retreats, where they are scarcely distinguishable from the grey crags that surround them, long before Napoleon opened the passage of the Simplon, and where no eye could mark them, save that of the wayfaring man, who ventured to scale ramparts of eternal frost.

A third class of refuges rose simultaneously with the completion of the road, built and maintained by the government. They are scattered at short intervals, throughout the whole extent of the route, and exhibit the number of each upon the front. We paused at one of them. It had two inhabitants, an old man and his assistant, both rude in aspect as the wilderness in which they are buried. They informed us, that there was not a human being within many miles of them, and that they live here entirely alone. The large structure has two old-fashioned hearths, on one of which a cheerful fire was blazing, with benches placed before it for the accommodation of travellers. A coarse kind of bread was obtained, with which our Savoyard fed his horses, standing by their heads, and partaking of the same loaf himself.

The lone and gloomy hamlets of Divedro, Isella, San Marco, Gondo, and Simplon, straggled up this savage pass, anterior to the modern improvements. What should have led the hardy mountaineers into wastes of rock and snow, or how they subsist, it is impossible to say; for there is little

soil, and scarcely vegetation enough to supply the food of sheep, goats, and chamois. Three of the latter animals were seen at a distance, hanging upon the cliffs at a giddy height ; and in a small green pasture, upon the bank of a torrent, a shepherd was seen stripping the fleeces from his flock, at this bleak season. A little girl reposing at his side, and his dog sleeping in the sun, made a pretty picture.

In several places we passed the remains of avalanches, which had shot from aerial heights, with the most appalling ravages, sweeping before them rocks and forests, and leaving behind long tracks of ruin and desolation. One of these so effectually blocked up the road, that it was necessary to pierce it with an arch, many rods in extent.

We passed three or four galleries, where the road pierces projections of the rocks, on the Italian side of the Simplon. The longest is perhaps six hundred feet, with two lateral windows looking down into a terrific abyss, and upon a torrent, which actually startles the imagination, and causes the spectator to recoil. Upon the outer face of the precipice, Napoleon directed his name to be inscribed, with the date of the completion of the terrace. It is indeed a grand work, which in a different location would be deemed colossal ; but all these modifications by the little arts of man appear small, in comparison with the majesty of nature, and the measureless scale of the Supreme Architect.

At 11 o'clock we reached the village of Simplon, which is by far the most considerable on the whole route, between Domo d'Ossola and the vale of the Rhone. It has perhaps forty or fifty rude buildings, with a population of two or three hundred. Its site is said to be 4580 feet above the level of the sea—the most elevated in Europe. The peaks around are buried in perpetual glaciers ; and the inhabitants glean a scanty subsistence from their flocks and pastures. We found a small, but comfortable hotel, which exhibited all the fire apparatus of mid-winter—a stove heated almost to redness, and the windows and doors guarded against the icy winds. What a transition was here from the green and sunny plains of Lombardy ! The Swiss hostess gave us an excellent dish of coffee, and a *dejeuné* served up with perfect neatness. The milk and butter were of the best qualities. Not a speck of dirt was to be seen in any part of the house, and the panel floor of the parlour looked as if it had been scoured that very morning.

While the horses were resting, we amused ourselves with looking at two chamois, a male and a female, encaged in a small apartment. The former retains all his wildness, and cannot be domesticated; while the latter is mild and tractable, licking the hand of its keeper. It is a beautiful animal, light in its form, and made for fleetness and activity. Its head is perk, and its eye possesses great animation. The village has a little church, which we visited. It is a humble Gothic building, round which the alpine winds were whistling. The walls exhibit one painting of some merit, and many images of the Virgin, together with numerous votive tablets, dating as far back as 1732. All the houses bear the marks of great age, and of having been severely lashed by the elements.

Another tedious ride of three hours, through a desolate region, exhibiting here and there a solitary hut, brought us to the very top of the Simplon, where we found ourselves in the midst of all the horrors of winter. For several miles the path was buried in snow, and large icicles were pendent from the rocks, without dripping at mid-day. The highest peaks were cloud-capt; and all our coats and cloaks were not proof against the searching air. Two English ladies attended only by a servant, were met upon the bleakest summit. Napoleon directed a large Hospice to be commenced upon the heights; but it has not yet been finished. It is built of stone, two stories high, with fourteen windows in front. The benevolent and indefatigable monks of St. Bernard are now engaged in completing it.

Our journey thus far from Domo d'Ossola had occupied ten hours; and as the summit was not reached till 3 o'clock P. M., we began to think it would be necessary to provide a refuge for the night, especially as the skies looked cheerless and stormy. But a brighter prospect soon opened before us, and the clouds were all left behind, in the rapidity of our descent. The sun emerged from the mists, which wreathed the gloomy peaks of the Simplon; and the glaciers of Switzerland beyond the Rhone, a region of eternal frost, burst upon our view with indescribable splendour. Nethorn is the loftiest of this bleak range, extending in either direction, as far as the eye can reach, and lifting to heaven a load of snows, which were never printed by human footsteps. The solitary grandeur of the scene wholly surpasses the reach of imagination.

From the top of the Simplon, an abyss of immeasurable

depth, visible in its whole extent, opens into the vale of the Rhone. Its sides are precipitous, slightly clothed with fir, and torn into deep chasms by torrents, descending from the heights above, and forming the waters of the Ganter. At the outlet of the gorge, the large villages of Brigue and Naters, with their glittering spires and rural environs, relieve the eye, presenting a beautiful picture. Seen from such an elevation, and through a pure atmosphere, they appear within a few miles of the spectator, though the descent to the vale occupies three or four hours. The road winds round the head of the tremendous gulf of the Ganter, penetrating a long gallery of rocks, and pursuing the very brink of the frightful cliffs. It is guarded by a high wall, which renders it secure, except in winter, when accumulated masses of ice and snow rise to a level with the parapet.

The scenery upon the northern declivities of the mountain is less lonely, gloomy, and savage than that of the Italian side. A different geological formation gives it fewer asperities and less rudeness. The traveller does not feel himself so completely buried in alpine solitudes. His eye looks abroad upon a more varied prospect, and at intervals catches glimpses of the cultivated vale below. Forests of fir skirt the path, and the caverns of the Swiss peasantry are often seen cradled, like the nest of the eagle, among rocks and upon steepes, which appear wholly inaccessible. Indeed, the approach is often so precipitous and rugged, that it is necessary to use ladders in the ascent from cliff to cliff. On the right are seen the peaks of several glaciers, and the desolate tracks of avalanches, sterile and dreary as beds of lava.

The gorge of the Saltine opens from the east, at nearly right angles with the Ganter, and the chasm is scarcely less profound, though not so wild and terrific in its aspect. A large torrent is seen foaming and fretting among the rocks; but it is actually so far beneath the feet of the spectator, that its roar does not reach his ear. The road runs along the southern margin of this gulf, to a point near its head, crosses it on a noble bridge, and thence traverses the northern side to the vale of the Rhone. We did not reach Brigue till dark; and a ride through its narrow, ill-paved, gloomy streets was the roughest part of the passage. The Hotel was full to overflowing with English travellers, and much difficulty was experienced in finding lodgings for the night. After the fatigues of the day, mental as well as corporeal, almost any accommodations were acceptable.

LETTER XCIV.

DEPARTURE FROM BRIGUE—VALE OF THE RHONE—SKETCH OF ITS SCENERY—ALPS AND GLACIERS—FERTILITY—POPULATION—BUILDINGS—VILLAGES AND HAMLETS—VIEGE—TOURTEMAGNE—CASCADE—SION—MARTIGNY—ST. MAURICE—FIRST VIEW OF THE LAKE OF GENEVA—ST. GINGOUX—ROCKS OF MEILLERIE—SOUTHERN SHORE OF THE LAKE—EVIAN—THONON—DISTANT VIEW OF MONT BLANC—ARRIVAL AT GENEVA.

October, 1826.—At sunrise on the morning of the 12th, we resumed our journey, through the Haut-Valais. Brigue is about forty miles from the source of the Rhone, which rises among the glaciers, to the north of St. Gothard. The river is here comparatively small, bearing the character of a mountain torrent. Its water is very nearly of the same complexion as at Lyons. The vale through which it flows, even before reaching the Lake of Geneva, is one of the most extensive, as well as the deepest, in Europe. Its length, running in nearly a direct line from east to west, is something more than a hundred miles, and its breadth from four to six or seven. There is little variety in the great outlines of its formation and scenery. The Alps on the southern side, and the Helvetian mountains to the north, rise in continuous chains, to the height of seven, eight, and sometimes even ten thousand feet. They present bold, precipitous, and impassable barriers to the vale, except where torrents have burst through the ramparts, and swept the ruins into the Rhone. The river has been buffeted from side to side by the debris, brought down by these deluges from the mountains, the beds of which are often many rods in width, strewed with sand, rocks, and uprooted forests. One of the most hideous is denominated "the Devil's Garden;" but it looks more like the ruined fortresses of Milton's archangels, subverted and demolished by the arm of the Almighty.

The Alps are less savage in aspect, than the glaciers upon the opposite bank of the Rhone. While the sides of the former are often clothed half way to their summits with

dwarfish fir, the latter exhibit only sterile masses of rock and snow, without a trace of vegetation. Enormous crags and needles, in the shape of pyramids, too pointed to afford lodgment to accumulated ice, pierce the crust and rise like grey battlements along the eternal ramparts. It is impossible to conceive an image of more desolate and gloomy grandeur, than this castellated region, this throne of perpetual winter, presents to the eye. The verdure of the Alps is the more remarkable, since their giant peaks throw their sides and basos, which here have a northern exposure, into the shade for a considerable part of the day. We rode in their deep and chill shadows, for the first three hours this morning, without seeing the sun, except as it shot a beam through the serrated summits; while the opposite glaciers were glittering with the most dazzling brightness. It is indeed a glorious prospect, to look back on St. Gothard, towering at the source of the Rhone, and forward, through the long vista of mountains, to the utmost limits of vision.

The fertility of the Valais furnishes an astonishing contrast to the desolate barriers of rock and ice, by which it is enclosed. Rich alluvial plains, shaded with trees of a large growth; fields neatly cultivated, teeming with corn, vineyards, fruits, and flowers; green pastures, filled with flocks and herds, frequently meet the eye of the traveller, where he would look only for frost and sterility. We saw the peasantry engaged in mowing a second crop of grass, gathering yellow tresses of maize, or busy with the vintage, while the labours of the harvest were liable to be interrupted by the descent of avalanches.

The population of the Vale appears to be sparse; and most of the agricultural labour is performed by females, whose husbands, fathers, and brothers perhaps are filling the Austrian or French regiments, or crowding to the shores of other countries as emigrants. Those who are left behind seem to be industrious, frugal, and temperate in their habits; simple and courteous in their manners. Every person who met us on the road, old and young, male and female, offered some kind of a salutation, by lifting the hat, bowing, or bidding a kind good-morrow. In features, the peasantry bear marks of severe toil and a rigorous climate. Their costumes are peculiarly fantastic. The women wear, in the house as well as abroad, a small straw hat, with a silk band, cut in scallops. The number of beggars indicates more po-

verty, than we expected to find among the hardy Swiss, "pelted and starved as they are by the elements." A dozen of the descendants of Tell beset us for charity, in our first day's ride among their mountains. Most of the inhabitants in this Canton are Catholics; and the style of mendicancy varies very little from that of Italy.

The villages, hamlets, farm-houses, and cottages of the Valais, however picturesque and romantic they may appear at a distance, seated as they often are upon the acclivities of the mountains, are comparatively rude in structure, and will not bear a very close examination, except in point of cleanliness, which is carried throughout every department of life. Even the smallest taverns are perfectly neat; and in several instances, females were seen sweeping out the stalls of their cows. Many of the buildings are of red cedar, the complexion of which gives them the appearance of having been painted. The barns are elevated upon piles, five or six feet from the ground, to prevent the approach of rats and mice. A ladder leads to the door, and the basement is used to shelter cattle from the weather. The cabins are often constructed of hewn logs; small, dark, and gloomy, with circular panes of glass for the windows. Huts upon the mountains are frequently inhabited only during the summer, by shepherds and herdsmen, who retreat to the vale before the storms, torrents, and avalanches of winter and spring.

Such are some of the physical and moral features of the Vale of the Rhone, which I have attempted to generalize, to save repetition, where so great a uniformity of scenery prevails. Our journey of two or three days furnished few incidents, to swell the contents of this sketch. At Vierge, seven or eight miles from Brigue, we paused a moment, and had a fine view of our old acquaintance, Monte Rosa. A deep ravine here opens in nearly a direct line to its base.

While dinner was preparing at Tourtemagne, a visit was paid to a cascade, back of the village. It spouts from the rocks of the Alps, and is twisted into a silver thread in its descent. The stream is small; or at least it appears so, in comparison with other natural objects around it.

We took lodgings for the night at Sion, which is the capital of the Haut-Valais, the old Sedunum of the Romans. Its ancient inhabitants opposed the march of Hannibal, upon the summit of the Alps: and their scarcely less warlike descendants kept the Bas-Valais tributary, for three hundred years.

It is a large town, the seat of a Bishop, with half a dozen churches, and several convents. The houses are three and four stories high, with handsome fronts. We found the streets muddy and silent. A walk was attempted; but the pavements and corsos of Italy were wanting. The hotel was thronged with another swarm of English travellers, bound across the Simplon.

At 4 o'clock the next morning, we resumed our journey down the Bas-Valais. The sun came up behind the Alps, and again poured a flood of glory over the glaciers. It was a scene, which would bear a thousand repetitions in the reality, though but one in description. At Martigny, the Rhone makes a bold sweep, towards the north, preparatory to its entrance into the lake. A fine view is here obtained of St. Bernard, over which Napoleon and his army marched into Italy. From its sides a torrent descended in 1818, and deluged the village, sweeping away houses and their tenants, in its furious march to the Rhone. The height to which the water rose is marked on the front of the hotel, at an elevation of ten or twelve feet from the ground; and the devastations of the flood are still visible.

Soon after leaving Martigny, we had a fine view of the celebrated cascade of Pissevache, which is within a few rods of the road. In an approach from the south, the stream is not seen above the fall, and the water appears to gush out of the solid and perpendicular cliff, as if it had been smitten by the rod of Moses. The descent, including the rapids, is said to be 270 feet; but the perpendicular pitch cannot much exceed one hundred. It is worthy of its name, in comparison with the cataracts of our own country. The sheet of water is spread into a sort of silver net-work, resembling a lace veil, which forms a pretty piece of drapery, as it hangs from the sombre brow of the mountain. Tiny rainbows were observed upon the cloud of spray, which rolls from the foot. The finest view is obtained from the north, where the Salanche is seen tossing and foaming among the dark crags above, before it leaps the precipice.

We reached St. Maurice at noon. From an eminence beyond the town, a glimpse of the Lake of Geneva and of the shores near its head was caught, through the narrow vista of mountains, which here continue to rise to the height of six or seven thousand feet, presenting precipitous faces to the vale. Vevay, Clarens, and other white villages, were seen in the

distance. The defile is but just wide enough for the passage of the Rhone, and the site of St. Maurice, under the cliffs upon its left bank, occupying a most romantic position. A tremendous glacier rises from the opposite shore, crowned with naked masses of rock, in the shape of castles and fantastic towers. The old town has been a place of some importance ever since the days of Cæsar. It was the great cemetery of the Roman Legions, employed in the conquest of Helvetia, and one of the modern churches was formerly paved with their tombstones. Here the emperor Maximian is said to have twice decimated, and then put to the sword a whole legion, who had been baptized into the Christian faith, and who refused to renounce their fidelity to the Cross. Under a cliff, back of the village, sheltered from the storm and the avalanche, stand a hermitage and chapel, overlooking the vale, from a solitary recess in the rocks. The latter building is said to be a votive offering to the Virgin, by a wealthy individual, for the preservation of his child, in falling uninjured from a precipice a hundred feet in height.

After dinner, our journey towards the Lake was continued. In going out of the town, we passed a noble stone bridge, said to date from the age of the Romans, spanning the rapid current of the Rhone, and leading down the opposite shore to Lausanne. A castle stands at one end, and a chapel at the other. Onward, the mountains retreat, the vale widens, and the scenery assumes a softer character. Deep forests of chestnut and hanging woods clothe the slopes of the hills; the waters are less turbulent; and the fields are luxuriant in pasturage, corn, and wine.

Just at dusk, we reached the head of the lake, and rode for several miles along its margin, to St. Gingoux, where good accommodations were found for the night. The hotel stands upon a declivity, sloping to the water, and commanding a full view of the bright expanse, which spreads between it and the opposite shore, where the old castle of Chillon, Clarens, and Vevay are seated at the foot of the hills, which rise in the back-ground. Adventitious circumstances conspired with the intrinsic richness of the scenery, to render the first glance transporting. Our eyes had been accustomed for several days to rest on savage mountains, forming a striking contrast to the rural and luxuriant borders of Lake Lemman. Its very brink is deeply wooded and green, fringing waters which were now slumbering in an azure sheet, and in

unbroken quiet ; as if like ourselves they were happy to repose, after having been tossed and agitated, in traversing a rugged region. A little fleet of boats was moored along the strand, and every image was that of peace and tranquillity. The moon shone in unclouded splendour, and the radiance of the Lake was as brilliant as her own orb. A poet might fancy, that Dian in one of her fabled chases here dropped her silver crescent among the mountains. It was probably such a night as this, which inspired the impassioned dreams of Rousseau, and the still loftier imagery of Byron.

A peep from our chamber windows at day-break dispelled all the poetical visions of the night, and served to damp the ardour of romantic feelings :

"The dawn is overcast—the morning lowers,
And heavily brings on the day."

Lake Lemán has its mists, like less pure and brilliant elements ; as the minds of the novelist and poet were sometimes overshadowed with gloom, in the same manner as meaner intellects. In plain terms, it was a very dark, foggy, unpleasant morning—the first we had experienced since leaving Milan. But the sky soon cleared, and another bright autumnal day cheered us onward to Geneva.

As the sun broke through the clouds, it fully disclosed the intrinsic beauty of the Lake, as well as the grandeur and picturesque scenery of its shores. It is about fifty miles in length, from the entrance to the exit of the Rhone, and eight or nine in width, in the broadest part ; lying very nearly in the form of a crescent. The complexion of the water is a deep azure, slightly tinged with green, arising as well from the verdure of its borders, as from the original colour of its tributaries. Numerous boats, spreading their canvass to the inland breeze, were seen skimming its peaceful bosom. From this point, the view of the opposite side can hardly be surpassed in extent, richness, and splendour. A long line of white villages and hamlets is traced by the eye, from Chillon to Geneva, studding the green and woody slopes, which rise with moderate acclivities from the margin. In the distance, the chain of the Jura Alps sweeps round in amphitheatric grandeur, presenting alternately broken rocks and deep forests.

We rode all day along the southern shore of the Lake, which affords few objects of interest, except what nature

herself furnishes. The woods are rich and beautiful, retaining their verdure, and freshness of foliage even at this season. Through groves of chestnut, walnut, ash, and elm, gleams of blue water meet the eye, on the right; while on the other hand, the broken and snowy peaks of the Alps rise in the distance, above the intervening curtain of forests. At a custom-house, not far from St. Gingoux, we left the frontier of the Bas-Valais, and entered Savoy. Although doganas, officers, and troops of his Sardinian Majesty were seen upon the road, they gave us no trouble in this part of his dominions. The air of the Swiss mountains is not so congenial to the funguses of petty despotism, as the more stagnant political atmosphere of Italy. If the people are no longer independent, they retain a portion of the thoughts, feelings, manners, and habits of freemen.

The rocks of Meillerie are haunted by the spirits of Rousseau's lovers. He could scarcely have found a more romantic seclusion. A rugged spur of the Alps here projects to the very brink of the Lake, and terminates in a cliff two hundred feet in height. It was hewn down to its base by Napoleon, who seemed to sport with mountains, as children play with pebbles. Double walls and terraces were constructed along the precipice, to give security to the road. Had not the Simplon just exhausted admiration, the extent and magnitude of this humbler work would have excited astonishment.

Between Evian and Thonon, we passed the torrent of Dranse, opening from the Alps in the vicinity of Mont Blanc. Its banks are strewn with ruins of the mountains to the width of more than half a mile, similar in character to the gorges of the Haut-Valais. It is passed on a strong stone bridge, the massive walls of which are made watertight, to guard against the floods, which at certain seasons sweep down with tremendous fury. The old Convent of Ripaille, on the borders of the Lake, and one or two picturesque ruins on the left, give variety to the scenery.

After leaving Thonon, the road deserts the margin of the Lake, and becomes rather monotonous, though it passes through a rich agricultural district, well tilled and shaded with large forest trees. Our heads were turned to the left all the afternoon, to catch a glimpse of Mont Blanc; and just before evening, our wishes were gratified as fully, as they could be at the distance of fifty or sixty miles. An hour

of bright sunshine enabled us to gaze, till the eye was dazzled with the brilliancy of the spectacle. At first a mere speck of bright snow was seen near the base, beneath a curtain of vapour, which hung upon the brow, and entirely concealed the form of the mountain. The cloud rose gradually, as the sun declined, disclosing one peak and one glacier after another, till every vestige of the rack disappeared, and the four-fold summits, towering above all the surrounding region, blazed like beacons in the heavens. It seemed as if the elements conspired, to render the grandeur of the scene as impressive as possible; and I dare not copy the extravagance of language, entered in my diary, in the enthusiasm of the moment.

The depth of light and shade, occasioned by the position of the different peaks in relation to the sun, reminded me of the appearance of the icy orb of the moon, as descried through a good telescope. While the western sides were tinged with a rich roseate hue, the declivities thrown into a penumbra by giant shadows, were but dimly discernible. No artist could reach the delicacy and beauty of the colouring. The south-western peak is the lowest, and pointed to a needle at top. Next in order is a stupendous cone, towering far above all the rest, which are of comparatively moderate elevation, shooting up from the north-eastern shoulder. But why should I attempt, at such a distance, to sketch the features of this monarch of the Alps, when so many others have drawn portraits, from stations at its base; and when some of my countrymen have climbed to the topmost glacier? I envy them the glory of the achievement; though circumstances would not permit me to follow their example.

Mont Blanc almost entirely engrossed our attention, for the hour it remained in sight, notwithstanding the minor attractions which surrounded us. The environs of Geneva are extremely splendid. For several miles from its foot, the Lake contracts to a less width, than the Hudson opposite New-York. It presents a perfect mirror to its verdant, soft, and picturesque shores. In the approach along its southern side, the broad avenue is bordered by beautiful country-seats, green lawns, spacious gardens, and extensive walks shaded with elms.

The natural scenery, as well in the immediate suburbs, as in the distance, is so superlatively rich and varied, presenting the happiest combinations of hills, woods, and wa-

ters, that one hardly thinks of the venerable old town, which shows its numerous calvinistic steeples, sheathed with metallic plates, and, at the hour of our arrival, glittering in the setting sun. Its situation is unrivalled, both in point of beauty and convenience, occupying an acclivity which rises from the very margin of the Lake, to the height of several hundred feet, and looks abroad upon the whole region between the Alps and Jura—a district that can scarcely be surpassed in the variety and splendour of its natural features. The city itself is not remarkable for stateliness, architectural grandeur, or elegance. Its streets are paved like those of Paris; and the buildings, though often five and six stories high, exhibit few embellishments, and are far from being showy.

At the lofty gate, our passports were demanded for the first time, since leaving the banks of the Ticin. The officer retained them, and gave us a carte of security for their safe return. Neat and commodious apartments were obtained at the Crown Hotel, for two francs a day; and the table d'hôte was in the true Parisian style. The landlord gave us fish from the Lake and chamois from the mountains. In flavour and delicacy, the latter is inferior to venison; though it is considered a dainty by gourmands, chiefly on account of its scarcity and high price.

It was a comfortable thought, to be thus safely and snugly lodged for a short time, after an arduous and active journey of seven days from Milan; though circumstances conspired to render it in the highest degree favourable, novel, and interesting. We might have seen the Alps under more sublime and terrific aspects; but surely not in a better light, for extended views and minute observations. Not a drop of rain, nor a flake of snow, had descended during the whole passage; and clouds seldom darkened our pathway. The evening of our arrival was delightfully pleasant; and the skies at sunset were emphatically those of Claude Lorraine.

LETTER XCV.

EXCURSION TO FERNEY—EGRESS OF THE RHONE—CHATEAU OF VOLTAIRE—SHORE OF THE LAKE—COPET—TOMBS OF NECKER AND MADAME DE STAEL—NYON—EXCURSION TO VEVAY—SKETCH OF THE TOWN—CLARENS—CHILLON—RIDE TO LAUSANNE—REMINISCENCES OF GIBBON—DESCRIPTION OF THE TOWN.

October, 1826.—The day after our arrival at Geneva was occupied in an excursion to Ferney, the well known residence of Voltaire, five or six miles from Geneva. In our ride thither, we bade good morrow to our old friend the Rhone, who had been taking a nap like ourselves. He resumes his unfinished journey to the sea in great haste, as if he had overslept himself, and lingered too long, enamoured of the peaceful and sumptuous couch, which nature has spread for his repose. But the brightness and azure hue of his waters have not been sullied by resting awhile on a bed of such purity, and they here gush out of the lake with all the freshness and activity of their original fountains among the glaciers. Art has done little, to embellish a stream of such grandeur and unequalled beauty. The bridge is contemptibly mean; the buildings in the vicinity are unsightly; and the current has been choked up with mills.

Not far from the village of Ferney, stands the Chateau of Voltaire, occupying a moderate eminence, which commands an enchanting view of all the great features of the country—Mont Blanc, the long line of Alps, distant glaciers, and the lake spreading below. A handsome court-yard, planted with box of a large growth, leads to the mansion, which itself exhibits neither architectural simplicity nor elegance. It is two stories high: the upper one has *seven* windows, while the basement contains but *four*, giving the front a most fantastic appearance. Two Doric pillars form the portals. The edifice is upon a small scale; too diminutive for a chateau, too large for a cottage; exhibiting all the eccentricities of its former tenant, with little or nothing of that taste, which a man of such literary eminence might be supposed to possess. It appeared to me the baby-house of his second childhood.

We examined the two apartments in the basement, which remain precisely in the state he left them. The floors are composed of wooden pannels; and instead of neat hearths, such as a recluse would choose to cheer his solitude, are substituted gloomy earthen stoves, crowned with small terracotta busts of the philosopher, which looked as if they might have been baked in the same kiln, that spread its noxious fumes through the room. A profusion of brass and tawdry gilt ornaments render the pottery still more uncouth in its appearance.

The paintings and decorations of the walls are in much the same character, as the other ornaments. Over the door is a picture, designed and composed, though not painted, by the philosopher of Ferney. It is as little creditable to his taste, as it is to his judgment and common sense. It represents himself, in the attitude of presenting his *Heriade* to Apollo, who descends from Parnassus, attended by the Muses and Graces, to receive the offering of the self-complacent poet, and bear it to a temple which is seen in the background.

One apartment contains a portrait of Voltaire, which was taken at the age of forty-four. Here also are likenesses of Washington, Franklin, Frederic the Great, Sir Isaac Newton, Milton, and some of the distinguished men of France, intermingled with queens, actors, mistresses, and favourite servants.

The exterior appendages of the Chateau are in much better taste. In its rear is a beautiful garden, looking upon the Jura Alps. The grounds are laid out in the style of English parks; shaded with groves of maple, beech, elm, limes, and other stately forest trees, overhanging walks for exercise and meditation. In the midst of the woods is a pretty fountain, filled with gold-fish, that came up in swarms at the whistle of the old valet, who says they know him, and will eat bread from his hand. To this villa belonged a thousand acres of excellent land, finely wooded, well cultivated, and productive. Such a tract, bordering upon the lake, and in the vicinity of Geneva, was of itself a fortune more splendid, than literary men generally realize.

We went to the tomb which Voltaire caused to be constructed for himself. It is a Gothic, misshapen pyramid, daubed with stucco, standing by the side of the public road, naked of foliage, instead of being hidden, as it ought to have been, among the woods, at the side of his fountain. It is of

course a cenotaph, as he died at Paris ; but there has been no loss of brick and mortar, as the rude structure is much fitter for a hen-coop, than for the sepulchre of a man of taste.

Last of all, we were invited into the humble residence of the aged valet, who was for many years in the service of Voltaire, and has a little cabinet of curiosities, given him at sundry times by his old master, and preserved with religious care. Among the rest are the morning cap and walnut cane of the philosopher. Also the seals of all his correspondents, pasted in rows on the leaves of an album, with the characters of some of them briefly expressed beneath—such as, “a dunce in Lyons,” “a fool at Paris,” “a German coxcomb.” He was in correspondence with nearly all the great men of the age.

The gallery of the servant clearly surpasses that of his master. We recognised the portrait of Madame Duchesnois ; though it is quite too pretty for her coarse, ugly, yet expressive face. The most amusing article in this collection is a print, representing a comic scene, in which Voltaire appears in the attitude of introducing a guest, at one of his dinner parties, and saying to the company, “Gentlemen, this is Mr. Adam—though not the first man in the world.” Even the waiters seem to relish the joke, and are smothering their laughter, like Diggory and his associates, at the stories of Mr. Hardcastle.

On the following morning, we set out on another excursion up the northern shore of the lake, making a pilgrimage to the tombs of Necker and his daughter, Madame de Staël, at the village of Copet. It was ascertained on inquiry, that their tombs were in a garden, in front of the house. Admittance was sought in vain. With Corinne in our hands, we begged permission to look but for a moment at the tomb of its authoress. Two special messages were sent to the house ; but the Cerberus, who holds the keys of the garden, was inexorable. Word came back, that not even the most intimate friends of the family are allowed to look at the sepulchre.

Repulsed in this object, we continued our excursion to Nyon, a pretty village on the shore of the lake, a few miles above. It has a large old castle, in the French style, occupying an eminence, and rearing aloft four Gothic towers upon its corners. At 10 o'clock, one of the half dozen steam-boats, plying upon the lake, took us to Vevey. Mr. Church

has wrought the same wonders here, as upon the waters of France and Italy ; and the improvements, which he has introduced, have greatly facilitated the commercial and social intercourse between the different cantons and towns, bordering upon the lake. His boats though not large, are fleet and fitted up with much neatness and comfort.

The deck and cabins were filled with passengers of both sexes, who would be taken for French, from their language, dress, manners, and customs. In the habits of the ladies, one striking peculiarity was observed, which formed a strong contrast to the indolence of the country, that we had just left. Every female on board was employed in knitting or sewing. Even the cabin-maid, who provided us an excellent dinner, sat down by the table, and was engaged with her needle, in the little intervals, when her menial services were not required.

Late in the afternoon we made the harbour of Vevay, which is small, but neat and much frequented. The town stands low, and does not appear well from the water. Its size, business, bustle, and the aspect of its streets, much exceeded my expectations. It has an active population of 4000 ; and next to Geneva and Lausanne, is the most important town on the lake. Merchandise is tastefully displayed at the shop-windows, and a semblance of fashion prevails where only rusticity was anticipated. It has a spacious public square, and a market supported by Doric columns, finished in good taste. The buildings are generally new in appearance, and exhibit many specimens of handsome architecture. A remarkable degree of neatness was observed in the dresses of the inhabitants, and no squalid images of poverty here offend the eye of the traveller.

We found excellent accommodations for the night at Vevay, and early on the following morning, we set out for Clarens and Chillon, at the head of the lake. It was a delightful excursion ; for the day was as mild as summer, and the mountains, woods, and waters as bright as elysium. This shore, sheltered from the northern winds by a high ridge of hills, and enjoying a southern exposure, is said to possess a delicious climate for the greater part of the year. I could not perceive but the air was here as soft and balmy, as in the vales of Italy itself. Roses and other flowers were seen in bloom, while the peaks above were shrouded in snow.

The road from Vevay to Clarens leads through a succes-

sion of vineyards, cultivated in the French mode, and exhibiting an infinite number of poles, forty or fifty feet in height, erected to break the violence of hail-storms and to shield the vines. It is a most unpoetical species of imagery. The shore of the lake towards its head is indented with rugged promontories and deep bays. Upon one of the latter, stands the hamlet of Clarens, consisting of some thirty or forty houses, hidden under the rocks, and looking out upon one of the most romantic regions imaginable. Behind it rise steeps hung with woods, intermingled with ranges of naked crags. We climbed an eminence to look at an old chateau, erected in the 15th century, and to search for the localities, consecrated by the genius of Rousseau. The former was not worth examination, except as a conspicuous object in the landscape; and not a vestige of the latter is to be found. A peasant at work in a garden pointed out the site of Julia's Bosquet, which was demolished by the monks of St. Bernard, and the ground appropriated to the cultivation of the vine. As the produce went to cheer the traveller amidst the snows of the Alps, the fraternity are pardonable for disregarding the minor considerations of taste and sentiment.

The information furnished by the aged Swiss agreed precisely with a minute description in a note to the Third Canto of *Childe Harold*, which the old man could never have read; and the concurrent testimony of the two authorities was therefore as satisfactory, as either the nature or importance of the subject required. On the brow of the hill is a small burying-ground, where the forefathers of the hamlet repose. A grave was opened, and the bier stood at its side. The decrepid and toil-worn peasant appeared as if he were ready to drop in, and be at rest. He told us that thirty or forty of his neighbours had emigrated to Vevay, on the banks of the Ohio, and that he had frequently read letters from them, descriptive of the country and of their own prospects. He shook his head at the idea, that the wine of the new world will ever equal the produce of the Pays de Vaud.

Our excursion was continued to the old Castle of Chillon, which was built by the Dukes of Savoy, in the 13th century. Commanding the pass of the mountains from the Valais to the Vaud, it has often been the scene of war, as well as the prison for state criminals. It rises out of the water, under a high and romantic cliff, thickly mantled with ivy. It formerly stood upon an island; but the moat has been choaked up.

though a draw-bridge and an iron gate still lead to its portals. The enormous structure is a mixture of stone, stucco, and wooden galleries, crowned with half a dozen rude Gothic towers. A female, who resides in one corner of the fortress, led us into the gloomy dungeons, which are nearly on a level with the water of the lake, and which are guarded from its irruptions by a massive wall. Narrow grated windows admit a dim light. The roof is supported by columns, springing out of the native rock. An iron ring is attached to each of the pillars, to which the prisoners were chained. The names of many visitants are inscribed upon the rocks; and among the rest, is that of Lord Byron. To indulge the propensities of scribblers, a sort of black-board has been placed against one of the columns, as a tablet, with a printed historical sketch of the castle pasted upon its top.

We climbed to the battlements, and had a wide view of the lake, the mouth of the Rhone, and the mountains rising on either hand. An islet, but just large enough to contain a fisherman's hut and a tuft of trees, emerges from the waves, between Chillon and the opposite shore. The wooden galleries of the Castle are shattered and seem ready to drop by their own weight. A small garrison is still kept up in the fortress, and the gate bears the arms of the Canton of Vaud—"Liberté et Patrie."

Having thus made the circuit of the lake, we returned to Vevay, and rode thence to Lausanne, a distance of ten or twelve miles by land. The route is extremely hilly, leading through a series of small villages, comprising what is denominated the Vinoble of the Vaud, or artificial vineyards, hanging in terraces from the rocks, which rise from the water's edge to the heights above. Originally the whole district was little else than declivities, composed of naked crags, which Swiss industry has converted into a continuous garden. The soil has actually been created, not upon the locality itself; for it was brought from another kingdom—from Savoy, in boats across the lake—and deposited in the cradles, which had been hewn from the cliffs. Such was the expense of the work, and so productive has it been rendered, that the vineyards will now sell for three thousand dollars the acre! Immense quantities of wine are here made. We ate of the grapes, which are delicious, possessing a much higher flavour than those which ripen in the shady bowers of Italy. The peasantry were in the very midst of the vintage, and seemed

happy in permitting strangers to share in the fruits of their industry. They brought rich clusters to us, and presented them with a charming simplicity of manners and kindness of heart. They seem to make a frolic of labour and of life, severe as their toils are. The females bear many burdens. I have seen them staggering under panniers and large wooden buckets, which would hold a bushel or more, strapped to their backs. Such hardships have left little delicacy of form, feature, or complexion. Their straw hats are the most oddly shaped things imaginable, pointed at top with a sort of neck and bulb, serving for a comfortable handle.

Climbing the long precipitous hill, which leads from Ouchy to Lausanne, we entered the capital of the Canton de Vaud, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and took lodgings at the Lyon Hotel. One of our countrymen from Maryland, with his accomplished and amiable family, happened here on a similar errand with ourselves.

A valet de place was immediately engaged, to conduct us to such objects in the town, as most deserve the notice of the tourist. Our first visit was of course to the house, where Gibbon composed his immortal work, the *Decline and Fall* of the Roman Empire. His name is indissolubly connected with the hills of Lausanne, and has imparted to them no slight degree of celebrity. Such is the charm, which genius, however depressed and obscure, can diffuse over inanimate nature. His retreat relies solely for its interest, on the influence of association, and on the splendid view it affords of the lake and distant mountains. The apartment, or more properly out-house, which he occupied, is not more than ten feet square, possessing not a trace of him, or a feature worth copying. It is at present used as a dirty work-shop, itself an image of "decline and fall." Beautiful as the garden is, shaded with spreading elms and acacias, it is difficult to fancy the grave and pompous historian here seated at his labours, wading through folios of barbarous Latin, and constructing from such rude materials, his lofty, harmonious, and polished periods; as the statuary hews the inimitable forms of gods and men from savage rocks and the roughest quarries.

We walked thence to the Cathedral. It was more fatiguing to climb the terraces, leading to its foundations, than to ascend to the ball of St. Peter's at Rome. The site of Lausanne is a miniature image of the Swiss mountains. Its

principal and most frequented streets are so precipitous, that it is almost impracticable to pass them with carriages. Even the carmen are compelled invariably to lock their wheels, in sliding down the declivities. For this purpose they use a large flat stone, fastened by an iron chain. It is the most uncomfortable town of its size, I have ever seen, with the exception perhaps of some parts of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. To infirm and asthmatic persons particularly, it must be a severe effort to go to church, requiring all the zeal and strong sense of religious duty, by which the rigid protestants of the Vaud are actuated.

The Cathedral is a Gothic structure, rearing its towers and steeples to such an ærial height, as to form a conspicuous object from all parts of the lake and its shores. Its interior is handsome, but without any of the splendour of Catholic churches. It contains many sepulchral monuments, in the style of the old English tombs. Great men and women here lie in state.

Towards evening we had a charming, though solitary walk, upon the public promenade, crowning one of the eminences, planted with forest trees, and furnished with seats for repose, where the visitant may sit and look off upon some of the most splendid scenery in the world. But with all its charms, this hill seems to be but little frequented. The inhabitants of Lausanne are too active and industrious, to lounge upon parades. They are as brisk, busy, and bustling, as the air of their own mountains; and industry never permits the blood or intellect to stagnate.

Lausanne has a population of 12,000. It has been several times destroyed by fire, and has undergone a full share of those civil commotions and revolutions, by which the Swiss mountains have been agitated. It was subject to Bern till 1803, when it became the capital of the independent Canton of Vaud. Its buildings are substantial, neat, and comfortable; its climate serene and healthy; and the prices of living comparatively low; rendering it in all respects an eligible residence, to which the English, who are keen-sighted in looking out for the good things of this world, have resorted in great numbers. London papers of a late date were found at the reading-room, and the windows of booksellers are filled with English publications. The town has a great number of useful institutions—hospitals, colleges, academies, and schools, such as an intelligent and active people would natu-

rally introduce and maintain with vigour. But none of them possess any striking peculiarities, which in this stage of my work would justify me in entering into detail.

LETTER XCVI.

RETURN TO GENEVA—SKETCH OF THE CITY—VIEW FROM THE WATER—ASPECT OF THE STREETS AND BUILDINGS—HOTEL DE VILLE—LEGISLATIVE HALLS—POLITICAL STATE OF SWITZERLAND—CATHEDRAL—REMINISCENCES OF CALVIN—MUSEUM—BOTANIC GARDEN—DEFENCES OF THE CITY—COLLEGE—LIBRARY—HOSPITAL—ATHENÆUM—PANORAMA OF SWITZERLAND—BIRTH-PLACE OF ROUSSEAU—EXCURSION TO THE JUNCTION OF THE RHONE AND ARVE—DEPARTURE FROM GENEVA—JURA ALPS—LAST VIEW FROM THEIR SUMMITS.

October, 1826.—On the morning of the 18th, we left Lausanne and embarked at Ouchy, on board the steam-boat *Leman* for Geneva. In the course of the passage, I saw repeatedly the image of Mont Blanc, reflected from the placid bosom of the lake. The mirror was so perfect, that the patches of naked rock were distinguishable from the glaciers. Lord Byron has cited this phenomenon, as very remarkable. But why should it be so considered? A line drawn from the surface of the water, across the intervening country, would intersect a large frustum of the cone; and surely it is no miracle, that an object so conspicuous and strongly marked, as the peak of a mountain, brought within a short apparent distance by its magnitude, should be reflected as perfectly, as the humbler hill or plant upon the shore.

Geneva does not appear well in approaching it from the lake. In neatness and beauty it will bear no comparison with its namesake in the United States, situated upon a lake scarcely less romantic. The backs of large old ware-houses, together with heaps of lumber and wood piled upon the wharves, intercept the view of the better parts of the city, and form but a sorry termination of a voyage, which in its progress exhibits so much splendour of scenery. Though the water at the outlet is shoal, it retains its purity even to the docks, being motionless and unagitated by tides. For miles the bottom was distinctly seen.

On the morning after our return to Geneva, we set about examining the city in good earnest, anxious to see as much of it, as the two remaining days to which our visit was restricted, would permit. A very intelligent and obliging citizen and his son, to whom we had taken letters, afforded us every facility in obtaining access to such institutions, as are most interesting to strangers. One of these gentlemen was with us nearly the whole time; while the accomplished and literary lady of the house contributed her share of hospitality, by giving us a dinner and a tea-party, with a dish of conversation, more acceptable than the bounties of her table, though served up in the neatest Swiss style.

My readers need not be told that nearly all the institutions of Geneva are of a useful and practical kind. Here are no palaces, galleries, and churches—no triumphal arches, corsos, and theatres, such as had been left beyond the Alps. The city is plain and republican to a proverb. In point of architecture, there is not a building which rises above mediocrity; and comfort has been more consulted than taste. Some of the streets are spacious and neat, but seldom stately and elegant; while others are positively uncouth, the fronts of the houses being hung with shapeless wooden galleries, forming a species of arcades, which contribute as little to convenience as to ornament. Indeed, the object of these Gothic projections could hardly be divined. The materials of the buildings are stone, stucco, and wood, often thrown together promiscuously, as they might best answer the purpose of keeping out the winter air from the mountains, and of furnishing snug apartments. About the roofs, eaves, and the steeples of churches, a profusion of tin plates is used, which in a bright sun almost dazzles the eye, and produces an odd contrast to the darkened walls.

Our first visit was to the Hotel de Ville or Town House. The ascent to the halls of legislation is by a winding passage, like that leading to the roof of St. Peter's at Rome. A mule might walk up without difficulty, as some asses probably have done, even in the city of Rousseau and Necker. The rationale of such a stair-way reverts to the very origin of the term *Senate*, among the ancient Romans, the members of which received their appellations from advanced age. Determined to adhere to classical etymologies, as well as to political expediency, the Genevese constructed the entrance to their Senate Chamber, in such a manner, that old men

might be borne up in sedans, or walk, if not too infirm, with the greatest convenience.

The halls of the Town House, the seat of the legislature for the Canton, are plain in the extreme ; it might be added, even to meanness. Many of the leathern coverings of the benches are patched and botched in a way, that no pretty Swiss girl would tolerate. If this ultra-republican simplicity were carried throughout all the ornaments, it would be less objectionable ; but the chamber adjoining the hall of representatives contains a gallery of the portraits of foreign kings and queens. I inquired what these personages had to do with the republicans of Geneva, in making laws, but received no satisfactory answer. The arms of the Canton, consisting of the Key, presented by Charlemagne, and an Eagle wearing a Crown, something in the style of the papal bird, are less patriotic than the "Liberté et Patrie" of the Vaud, and do not tally exactly with ragged leather benches.

But the traveller may look in vain for any thing like political consistency in the present state of Switzerland. It retains but a shadow of its former freedom and glory. The country is literally *cantonized* by the influence of the Holy Alliance. France has the guardianship of one portion, and Austria of the remainder. The ties of confederation are merely nominal. Deputies from the Cantons do, it is true, meet at Zurich, but not for the purposes of legislation ; and they dare not move a finger, except at the beck of their masters. They claim the right of declaring war and making peace, with a few other prerogatives, which are never exercised, and which are left them *pro forma*. Switzerland has no federal laws, no common interests, no ligaments to bind the union together. The independent Cantons have each a legislature, to pass municipal statutes ; but even these are subject to the dictation and supervision of foreign powers. Any attempt to establish national freedom would be instantly crushed, as incompatible with the principles of the allied sovereigns.

Aside from this foreign influence, there are no affinities in the moral and political elements of the country. Separated by lakes and impassable glaciers, the Cantons know and care as little about one another, as they do about the states of Italy or of Germany. Each is engaged in the narrow circle of its own interests, limited perhaps to a secluded vale, or a circumscribed district. Nay more, there is a po-

sitive repulsion and hostility of feeling between some of the Cantons, in consequence of a difference in religion. Half of them are Catholics, and the rest Protestants, who in Europe can no more mingle than oil and water. To all appearances, elements thus radically discordant will preclude, for a long course of years at least, any thing like national views, and the establishment of a confederacy similar to our own, even if the Holy Alliance should tolerate the existence of free principles.

Our next call was at the Cathedral, which is a stately and handsome pile of Gothic architecture. The interior is plain, but neat and commodious, suited to the worship of a people, whose religion is addressed to the ear, and not to the eye. Most of the inhabitants of Geneva are protestants. The number of Catholics does not exceed two or three thousand; about one tenth of the population of the city. Among the monuments is a lofty tomb in memory of a brother to Henry III. of France. We inquired for that of Calvin. The sexton informed us, that he made a special request to be buried in the public cemetery, and that no sepulchral honours should be paid to his dust. A visit was made to a building, at the corner of two streets, from the window of which he first proclaimed the doctrines of the Reformation; and also to the house, in which he died.

From the tower of the Cathedral, which is very lofty and arduous of ascent, we had a perfect view of the city. It covers little ground, is extremely compact, and strongly fortified. The Rhone divides it into unequal portions, that on the southern bank being much the most extensive and populous. Few places can be compared with Geneva in eligibility of position, in purity of streams serenity of skies, and fertility of the adjacent country. Such is the salubrity of the noble river, which rolls beneath the walls, that its waters are raised by ponderous machinery, moved by its own current, for the supply of the city.

The Museum is an extensive, valuable, and interesting establishment. Its cabinets of natural history, its collections of minerals, organic remains, reptiles, insects, fishes, birds, and quadrupeds, are extremely rich, and arranged with the utmost scientific precision. Not a link is wanting or out of its place, in the great chain of being. The endless varieties of the butterfly, classically designated and tastefully disposed, particularly arrested my attention. Among the rarer

animals, is a species of the *Capra Ibez*, which inhabits the highest peaks of Mont Blanc, and is seen coursing its glaciers. Near it is an image of its bleak locality, an accurate representation of the mountain itself, with the delineation of the track pursued in reaching the summit. Here also is a model of the Lake of Geneva, with all the varieties of the finny tribes, that inhabit its waters. Some of the trout weigh forty pounds. The Genevese employ, for the illustration of science, collections of precious stones, such as the Italians use for finger-rings, pendants, and the decorations of their altars. All the articles in the Museum were the voluntary contributions of individuals. Among the principal donors, are Lady Huntley and the Neckers. The names of two of the latter, sons of the great financier, were observed in the list of representatives, posted up in the hall of the Hotel de Ville.

We had a fine ramble through the Botanic Garden, which lies under the south-western walls of the city, upon the borders of a luxuriant vale, spreading thence to the banks of the Arve. It is skirted on one side by a beautiful promenade, overhung by ranges of stately elms. On the other side, rise the beetling ramparts of the old city, which is physically as well as morally "set upon an hill." At one end of the garden, is the splendid seat of Mr. Aynard, a distinguished friend of the Greeks. Besides his liberal contributions, in aid of the cause of freedom, and the emancipation of a suffering people, his wealth has enabled him to expend three millions of francs, in the construction and embellishment of his chateau. It has a terraced roof, and is neatly adorned with Ionic columns; but the exterior does not account for such an enormous sum.

In the compartments and classifications of the Garden, the same scientific exactness is observable, as in the arrangement of the Museum, though I should think the botanical collections much less extensive and complete, than the other provinces in the kingdoms of nature. The gates are always open to the public, and the Genevese resort hither for exercise and recreation. While reposing in the alcoves of this charming retreat, we overheard a rehearsal in a neighbouring theatre, and were not a little surprised to learn, in this Protestant and Calvinistic city, that the play was in preparation for the Sunday evening following. The ascendancy of French customs and manners has probably led to this seem-

ing inconsistency in the character of an austere and rigid people.

From the Botanic Garden, we strolled along the promenade, to the southern walls of the town, where there are very strong bulwarks for its defence. A wire bridge, almost as delicate and fragile as the web of Ariadne, is stretched across the deep moat. Beneath the ramparts are spacious cells, proof against cannon shot and shells, with sky-lights set in the green sod above. They are designed as a safe retreat for the inhabitants, in case of a siege or assault of the town. The Observatory stands on an eminence, just beyond the moat, commanding a full view of all the glorious scenery in the vicinity of Geneva. A good set of glasses, and other astronomical instruments, lend all the factitious aid required by the eye, in its glances through the pure heavens of Switzerland.

In this quarter of the city is the old College, which was founded by John Calvin, and is still kept up much in the same style he left it. The boys are divided into nine classes, rising in regular gradation according to their attainments. All the branches of a good education are here taught. The number of professors is between twenty and thirty. Our visit happened during the vacation; and neither master nor pupil was to be seen. No opportunity was afforded of examining the course of studies, or the discipline of the school; but its reputation is so well sustained, as to continue to attract students from all parts of the world. An intelligent lady, the wife of one of the officers, conducted us through the library, which contains 60,000 volumes, with many rare and valuable manuscripts. Among the number are all the sermons of Calvin, and the writings of other reformers. Their likenesses, and the portraits of many distinguished men, adorn the halls. Lord Chesterfield appears to be the presiding genius, perhaps as a model of manners to the students. The furniture of the College is remarkably plain. Geneva has one or two free schools in vigorous operation; and in no city are the advantages of education more fully enjoyed, or more sedulously improved.

We visited the principal Hospital. It is a noble institution, which has been productive of much active benevolence. Its wards are as neat and comfortable, as the chambers of a private dwelling. The bedsteads are of iron, in the French style. In the small chapel, service is occasionally performed

in English, to accommodate emigrants resident in the city. One wing of the Hospital is appropriated to foundlings. Its spacious rooms had not at the time of our visit a single inmate. The average number does not exceed eight or ten a year—a fact strongly illustrative of the morals of the Genevese.

Our friends took us to the Athenæum. It is very much upon the plan of the Cercle des Phocéens at Marseilles. The apartments are spacious, neatly furnished, and supplied with all the appurtenances of such an establishment. Its code of by-laws is more severe than the creed of Calvin. A person is not allowed to walk, except upon tip-toe, nor to whisper above his breath. I observed among the books upon the tables, the North American Review, and other publications from the United States.

At evening we strolled across the Rhone, to a charming promenade on its right bank, to see another bright sun throw its last beams upon the snows of Mont Blanc. We here saw a panorama of the whole of Switzerland, in which the relative altitudes of the mountains and the dimensions of the lake, are accurately preserved. It is sixty feet square. Every village and hamlet, with the paths connecting them, are laid down. By the magic of the show-man's long wand, we were transported in less than an hour to every part of the country; crossing its beautiful waters, climbing its loftiest glaciers, and descending into its deepest vales.

In this excursion, we visited the old house, in which Jean Jacques Rousseau was born. It is a shattered, mean building, standing on an obscure street. Such is its decrepitude, that props are necessary to prevent it from falling. The front bears the following inscription :

" Ici fu né J. J. Rousseau, en 1712."

Brief as it is, no other was needed. The chamber of his nativity is on the second floor, with two small old-fashioned windows in front. It is of the humblest kind, corresponding with the obscurity of his birth. Such was the cradle of a man, who shook thrones and empires by the influence of his pen.

Our last afternoon at Geneva was occupied in an excursion, with our friends, to the junction of the Rhone and Arve, several miles below the city. The latter torrent flows through

the vale of Chamouni, and drains the glaciers of Mont Blanc. It is of course an irregular and furious stream. Its waters are turbid, and of a much lighter complexion than those, with which they here mingle. Two separate currents are distinguishable for some distance below the junction. The Rhone hugs the lofty and romantic cliffs, which beetle above his green waves, and appears to scorn a tribute, though it comes from the monarch of the Alps.

At 4 o'clock on the morning of the 21st, we took our seats in the Diligence for Paris. We pursued the shore of the Lake to Rolle, and thence began to climb the hills of the Pays de Vaud. The route traverses a rough country; and the morning was so thick, even after daylight, as to circumscribe our horizon to narrow limits. The ascent of the Jura is extremely arduous. All the passengers were obliged to walk for miles. This long range of mountains does not exceed three or four thousand feet in height, covered with deep forests, which had now assumed the rich and varied hues of autumn. The rocks are secondary, with an intermixture of loose fragments of granite, which do not appear from their localities to be natives of the ridge, but to have been thrown hither, in some of the great revolutions of nature.

Our zig-zag progress up the acclivities was slow, and the summit was not reached till noon. From the topmost crags, on the right of the road, we had a last and enchanting view of Mont Blanc, the long line of Alps, and the glaciers of Switzerland, glittering in a meridian sun; whilst the vast amphitheatre, in which the Lake of Geneva is embosomed, was filled nearly to its brim with a dense mist, rising to as perfect a level as the expanse of the sea. Some regret was felt, that a parting look could not be given to the blue waters of Lemman slumbering beneath; though its image had already been indelibly impressed upon the mind. At our feet, on the opposite side of the mountains, spread another kingdom, making the third in sight at the same moment. But the frontiers of France looked uniform, dull, and uninviting, in comparison with the romantic regions of Savoy and Switzerland, to which we now bade farewell for ever.

CONCLUSION.

UPON the summit of the Jura, with the frontiers of a country once traversed in sight, my readers and myself must part, so far at least as it regards a journal in detail. If circumstances permitted, serious doubts are entertained, whether the little incidents of another visit to France and England, necessarily bearing a strong resemblance to scenes already described, could be made interesting to the reader. In the mean time, as I am anxious to approach somewhat nearer my country and my friends, than the bleak ridge of the Jura Alps, before taking leave of those, who have had the patience to follow me in my rambles abroad, a brief outline of my homeward passage will be traced, noting a few of the more prominent objects, which fell within the sphere of my observation.

Our journey to Paris, through Dole and Dijon, was extremely tedious, occupying four days, during which time the Diligence was constantly under way, though it made but tardy progress. The road is uniform, heavy, and dull, leading through a flat country appropriated almost exclusively to corn and vines, with scarcely a shade of variety in the scenery. Dijon, is the capital of the Department of the Cote D'Or. It is a town of some importance, the seat of the old Dukes of Burgundy. We rode several miles by the side of a new canal, which is about to be opened between the Seine and the Saône, connecting the waters of the Atlantic and Mediterranean. The work reflects credit upon the country. One of the passengers pointed out the native village of Buffon.

We found Paris agitated by three events, which excited more attention than the state of the country. These were the death of Talma, and the visits of Mr. Canning and Sir Walter Scott. The latter was still in town at the time of our arrival. A fair view of his person was obtained, in a walk through the Champs Elysées, at the celebration of the birth day of St. Louis. The crowd seemed to care less for him, than for wine, which flowed from vats gratuitously, the ascent of balloons, and the fiddlers and jugglers at the temporary theatres. He was plainly dressed, and passed unnoticed through the throng, with his daughter hanging upon his

left arm, while his right was used in supporting his infirmity. His heavy face was instantly recognized, from the bust that had been seen at Constable's, as well as from other likenesses and descriptions. The life of Napoleon absorbed most of his attention, and he was received with much less eclat, than Mr. Canning.

Talma's death shed a gloom, not only over the theatres, but through all classes of society, except the ecclesiastics. He was universally known, and much respected for his talents and acquirements, aside from his professional eminence. The shops were full of memoirs and eulogies, both in prose and verse.

The literary corps of Paris is sufficiently numerous, and not wanting in industry; but a majority of the number are employed in periodical publications, and in those departments, which can hardly be considered as falling within the province of regular authorship. Genius and learning are not sufficiently concentrated, to produce any of those splendid luminaries, which arose in the incipient stages of the Revolution, and were quenched in the blood of its concluding scenes. But if the thunders, which could shake thrones and kingdoms, are no longer wielded, the light artillery of wit and humour, the shafts of satire, and the weapons of political warfare, are managed with great dexterity. Reviews and newspapers have greatly multiplied within a few years, and are conducted with increased ability and spirit.

The Revolution had the effect to make the French more of a reading, inquisitive, and reflecting people, and to augment the demand for periodical literature, as well as for politics and useful information. The consequence has been, that intelligence is scattered over a wider surface, as in the United States; instead of being confined to particular classes or professed authors, as in England and some other European countries. To the Editor of the *Revue Encyclopedique*, the first work of the kind in France, I had the pleasure of an introduction, and met an agreeable circle of the literati at his table. His review is conducted with much talent, united to indefatigable industry; and some of the most distinguished men in Paris are among the contributors to its pages. Its contents are of a miscellaneous and practical character, precisely such as would suit an American community—one illustration among a thousand of the foregoing remarks.

During a second visit to Paris, much attention was given to politics. The journals were read daily, and we attended the debates in the Chamber of Deputies. But what can be said on this topic, which would be new or interesting in the United States, where the acts and views of the French government are almost as well known, in a month after they transpire, as are those of our own Administration?

I had the pleasure of being introduced to the leader of the opposition, who is now advanced in years, and venerable in his person. Such is his influence in society, and the interest which is felt in politics, that at an evening party, I have seen a circle of fifty gentlemen about him at the same moment, listening to his conversation. A subject must be very attractive, to withdraw the politeness and gallantry of a Frenchman from a devotion to the ladies.

The recurrence of the Holydays, and of the gay season of the Carnival, afforded us an opportunity of seeing more of the public and private amusements of the Parisians, than my limits will permit me to describe. On Christmas eve, the greatest religious festival, I joined a friend and his family, in making a circuit of the principal churches. But their decorations, as well as the ceremonies, appear tame, dull, and gloomy, in comparison with the pomp and splendour of Italy. The Carnival was not witnessed in the latter country. Its scenes were sufficiently gay, animated, and noisy at Paris. A *bauf gras*, decorated with garlands, was led through the principal streets, followed by triumphal chariots, in which rode Cupids and other divinities of a maturer age, with half of the metropolis at their heels. The show was worth looking at, rather from its novelty, than from its intrinsic merits. Troops of both sexes, disguised by an interchange of dresses, were seen coursing the Boulevards, personating all manner of characters, and indulging in rude levities. Some of them underwent a metempsychosis, and appeared at the windows, in the shape of bears and wild beasts. Balls were given every night, both in public and private, masked and unmasked. We attended one or two at the French Opera, and half a dozen at the houses of our acquaintances. At the former, a thousand persons perhaps assembled each evening. Gentlemen of all ranks in society attend; but ladies of respectability are more particular, except occasionally, as mere spectators.

In the round of hospitalities, the dinner parties, soirees, and social circles of our friends, we found enjoyments of a

more elevated, rational, and pleasing description. To the families and individuals, whose polite attentions had contributed so largely to the pleasures of our first visit, and were now renewed, many agreeable acquaintances were added during the winter. In several instances, estimable and intimate friendships were contracted, which I hope may be durable as life: certainly on my part, the remembrance of many happy hours, the grateful and cherished recollections of kindnesses manifested to strangers, and continued to the very eve of our departure from the city, are inscribed too indelibly upon the heart to be forgotten.

We re-examined old localities and visited new ones, went a second time through the Louvre, attended the courts at the Palais de Justice, looked at its curious historical records, and made an excursion to St. Cloud and Sevres; but I have no space for even a brief notice of these and a hundred other objects, and must take French leave of the metropolis, though several days were occupied, in making parting calls upon the circle of our friends. After so long and so agreeable a residence, associated with a thousand scenes of instruction and delight, last looks and last words excited painful emotions, notwithstanding the allurements of a homeward passage.

On the morning of the 6th of March, we took the Diligence for Calais. The rain poured in such torrents, as to afford no opportunity of looking back from the heights of Montmartre. It was in all respects a gloomy day. The evening of the 7th brought us again to Dessein's Hotel. A tempest raged all night, and the wind continued high next morning. The master of one of the Havre packets, who from boyhood had been accustomed to brave every variety of weather, went to the wharves, looked at the clouds and sea, and thought the boat might cross in safety. He was appointed commodore of the squadron of passengers, who confided in his judgment, and in his skill in case of accident. It was a tremendous blow, and the agitation of the sea was frightful, dashing over the deck at every swell. Such was the tumult of winds and waters, that we could not land at Dover, and were obliged to run fourteen miles up the coast, to make the harbour of Ramsgate. This accident was in part alleviated by affording us a view of Deal and the Downs, as well as of the fine port, which the boat safely entered; though it was difficult to reach the shore, even when sheltered by the noble

piers of granite. A good hotel made us comfortable for the night; and the next day we rode to London, visiting the tomb of the Black Prince, at Canterbury, on our way.

We immediately recommenced an examination of interesting localities in the British metropolis and its environs, which had not been seen at either of our former visits. The advice of our friends afforded us every facility in the accomplishment of these objects. Though not summoned, we went both to the Police Office, in Bow-street, and the Lord Mayor's Court, at the Mansion-House. The former is a small place, for one that makes so much noise. Justice Birnie was upon the bench, and a pretty French woman upon the stand, who spoke imperfect English. She had arraigned a sturdy coachman for exorbitant fees, but lost her cause. The Lord Mayor is a fine looking man. He was arrayed in the badges of office, but dispensed justice much at his ease, allowing the litigants at the bar to talk over the matter in a familiar manner among themselves. His audience was not of the most respectable kind, and a hasty retreat was effected.

The British Museum occupied half a day. It is an extensive and noble institution, though inferior to the Garden of Plants at Paris. Twenty-six rooms are filled with an infinite variety of articles in Natural History, with numerous curiosities from the Indies and the South-Sea Islands; such as idols and implements of the aborigines. The cabinets of mineralogy, conchology, and organic remains are very complete. Much neatness and taste, as well as a rigid regard to classification, are displayed in the arrangement; and the apartments are kept comfortable by fires. A large building, adjoining the institution, is now going up for the accommodation of the King's Library. The celebrated Elgin Marbles are deposited in a sort of shed, forming one wing of the Museum. They did not afford us a very high degree of pleasure, being chiefly torsos, interesting alone to professed artists. A recumbent river-god, and a Perseus are reckoned the finest.

Miss Linwood's gallery of embroidered pictures is one of the best shows in London. They are all wrought in worsted, and the texture far exceeds in delicacy the most finished tapestry of the Gobelins. She deserves infinite credit for her taste and industry. The whole was done with her own needle. She is a native of Leicester, and now at the age of 70.

We made a fashionable call on two Chinese ladies and a gentleman, from a little town near Canton, who have taken lodgings in Pall Mall. The apartments are fitted up exactly in the style of the Celestial Empire. You see in fact the interior of a Chinese parlour. The ladies were sitting at a table, busy with their work; but rose and walked several times across the room, to show us their forms and little feet. They were richly dressed in blue mantles, with pendants in their ears, and their black, glossy hair neatly done up. Their nails were longer than those of the king of Babylon. The man speaks English, and is intelligent. I conversed with him about his country. He talked Chinese to me. The language is strongly guttural and nasal.

An examination of the paintings of living artists, at the British Institution, afforded us a high degree of pleasure. It is in all respects creditable to the country. Two spacious apartments, neatly fitted up, and kept comfortable by carpets and fires, are filled with works of merit, in handsome frames suspended from the walls.

In the National Gallery, we saw the great picture of West, the Saviour Healing the Sick, and the inimitable comic scenes of Hogarth. The walls of two rooms on the second floor are lined with the productions of the great Italian masters. Here also are several of Wilkie's. His pencil is scarcely inferior to that of Teniers, in the delineation of low life. The collection contains two portraits, by Sir Joshua Reynolds. If his skill was worthy of his fame, these cannot be fair specimens of his works. They would be passed unnoticed in an ordinary gallery.

I was delighted with an excursion to Chelsea, and a visit to the Studio of Chantrey, the celebrated sculptor. He received me with much cordiality, and conducted me through his apartments himself. He is remarkably plain, frank, and unostentatious in his manners. The productions of his chisel will bear a rigid examination, even after those of Thorwaldsen, Canova, and Trentanove. His statue of Watts, the Engineer, is one of the most finished I have seen in any country. The busts of Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Canning, and other eminent men are in the highest degree creditable to his skill and taste. He conversed freely on his professional pursuits, and his remarks as well as his works, led me to entertain a very high opinion of his talents.

One evening was passed in the House of Commons, and

another in the House of Lords, in listening to the debates. In the former, Mr. Peel, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Baring, and Mr. Hume were among the speakers during the session, which was protracted till 1 o'clock in the morning. Of these gentlemen, the first is decidedly the most eloquent. He is energetic, fluent, and animated in his manner. Some of the others stammered and hobbled along in a tedious and awkward way. But even *their* embarrassments and repetitions were nothing in comparison with those of several of the members in the other House; where the Marquis of Bute, the Earl of Westmoreland, Lord Ellenborough, Lord King, and the Lord Chancellor rose in succession and occupied the floor for the evening, on the subject of the Game Laws. They seemed to make a sport of legislation. There is far less dignity in the debates of Parliament, or of the Chamber of Deputies in France, than in our own legislative bodies. The Lord Chancellor kept the members in a roar of laughter, in relating some of his sporting anecdotes. I anticipated much more gravity, when he rose, in his gown and full-bottomed wig, from the Woolsack. The forms of legislation differ little from our own. We were turned out of the halls at least a dozen times, while the question on some unimportant motion was taken.

Half a day was pleasantly occupied in a visit to the Botanic Garden, at Chiswick, six or eight miles from town. This extensive establishment occupies an area of thirty-three acres, handsomely enclosed, and intersected by gravel walks. It is divided into separate compartments, for experiments in the different branches of botany and horticulture. The location of the Garden does not appear to be very eligible, as the ground is low, wet, and heavy. Large sums of money have been expended on its appendages, and in filling it with plants. A good degree of zeal and activity prevails among the members of the Horticultural Society to whom it belongs.

The 18th was occupied in an excursion to Richmond Hill, Twickenham, and Hampton Court. It was too early in the season for scenery, of which the English poets have drawn such exquisite sketches, to appear in all its softness and splendour. The hills were naked, the trees leafless, cattle had scarcely left their winter stalls, and the landscape was chilled by the storms of the equinox. But it is very easy to conceive from the outlines of the country, that the windings of the Thames through its rural and flowery borders may in

summer possess all the charms, which Thompson and Pope have described. We visited the tomb of the latter poet, in the village church at Twickenham. A white marble tablet upon the wall is inscribed with an epitaph from his own pen. His ashes sleep near the chancel. The sexton informed me, that he saw the coffin a year or two since. It was eighteen inches deep, to accommodate the personal deformities, which composed the tenement of an immortal mind. His filial piety dedicated a handsome slab to the memory of his parents, in the same church. His Grotto is now in a state of dilapidation. It is on the left of the road between Twickenham and Hampton Court. On our way to the latter place, we passed Bushy Park, the seat of the Duke of Clarence. The splendour of his grounds and palace furnish but a poor argument in favour of the eleemosynary bill, which we had heard called up but a few evenings before in the House of Commons, proposing to add £10,000 a year to his income.

Hampton Court is beautifully situated upon the bank of the Thames, encircled with gardens, and shaded with venerable elms. Deer were feeding upon the lawns, which are embellished with fountains and statues. The palace is of brick, with Gothic towers. It exhibits no architectural grandeur or beauty; but its age gives it an air of dignity. We traversed its ancient courts and halls, which are filled with pictures of the Italian school. The Cartoons of Raphael are by far the most interesting articles. They have been exactly copied in the prints of Halaway, on which he was occupied twenty-two years, and which here sell at a guinea each. The collection comprises many good pictures. Among the furniture of the halls, is a clock which runs a year and a day, without requiring to be wound up: also the state bed of Charles II.

During our third visit to London, we had another ramble through Kensington Gardens, walked round Smithfield, looked at the Old Bailey, examined the Hospital of St. Bartholomew, strolled to the Monument, followed Dr. Johnson to Dolly's chop-house, hunted up the reminiscences of great men, passed several evenings at Drury-lane and Covent Garden Theatres, witnessed a splendid Oratorio, in which all the musical talents of the metropolis were united, saw Matthews preside in his "Home Circuit," paid our respects to old friends, and renewed acquaintances with others, who had arrived in our absence. If notices of these various topics

were capable of keeping alive the interest of the reader, they would too long detain me from my native shores, which I am anxious to reach as soon as possible.

On the 21st of March, we rode to Brighton, fifty-three miles from London. The route leads through the counties of Surry and Sussex, and is the duller than had been traversed in England. Brighton is a pretty town, situated under the hills, upon the sea-shore. It has 24,000 inhabitants, and is one of the most fashionable watering places in the kingdom. The present King gave it all its celebrity. He had here a cottage, which is said to have been the scene of his pleasures and amours, when he was Prince of Wales. We took lodgings for the night upon the very strand, where the waters broke against the rocks, so near as to lull our slumbers.

A walk of an hour or two over town enabled us to examine the Baths, the beautiful promenades denominated the Steyne, and the Royal Pavilion. This palace is a fantastic, mongrel edifice, half Chinese and half Turkish, between a mosque and a pagoda. It is amusing from its novelty, and its towers and pinnacles have an air of sober grandeur. The Pier Head is another curiosity. It projects 1,100 feet into the sea, and is fourteen feet wide, supported on massive chains, which are stretched over four arches. It is designed for the accommodation of packets and steam-boats plying between Brighton and Dieppe, in taking on board and landing passengers. The sides are guarded by iron railings, and one or two shops stand upon the piers.

The next day we rode to Portsmouth, distant fifty miles, hugging the shore all the way, exposed to bleak winds, with barren downs upon our right. In many places the violence of the sea has made inroads upon the coast, and the gales are so severe, as to have given the trees an inclination towards the north. The village of Worthing is another watering-place. At Arundel we passed the seat of the Duke of Norfolk, the oldest peer in the realm, and a Catholic in religion. It is prettily situated upon a woody cliff, overlooking the vale of the Arun. The palace is of free-stone, and is said to contain a good collection of pictures. While the coachman was changing horses at Chichester, we ran quite round the Cathedral, in pursuit of the sexton, for the purpose of gaining admittance to the interior, to look at the tomb of the poet Collins, who was a native of this old city; but the horn blew before the key could be found. The steeple of the church

risers to a prodigious altitude, and the building is not a mean specimen of Gothic architecture. Upon the borders of Hampshire the scenery improves, and the country becomes more fertile. A distant view of the Isle of Wight, was obtained from the road.

The environs of Portsmouth are low and marshy, intersected by canals and dikes. Strong fortresses guard the entrance. The town itself is insulated, occupying the island of Portsea. The streets are narrow and mean. We took lodgings for the night, and the next morning examined the harbour, which is unrivalled in situation, safety, and convenience. The arm of the sea, opening at Spithead, between the Isle of Wight and the shore, sets up five or six miles into the land, with a sufficient depth of water for the largest ships, which are here securely sheltered from the winds and waves. One hundred and fifty of the larger class were in port, constituting no small part of "the wooden walls of England." We went on board the *Victory* 74, the Admiral's ship in the battle of Trafalgar, and were shown the spot upon the quarter deck where Nelson fell. The equipments and armaments of the *Victory* were examined. They differ very little from those of our own ships. The King's yacht was riding at anchor above the town.

We made application for admittance to the Navy Yard. All went well, till the place of residence was required, when the word "New York" barred the gates against us. I wrote a note to the Admiral of the Port, stating our objects, and received for answer, that it was not in his power to admit us; but if we would wait till the next day, he would make signals to London by Telegraph, and obtain leave of the Board of Admiralty. Unwilling to give him so much trouble, and to delay our journey another day, exclusively for this object, I declined an act of courtesy, which was tendered in a liberal spirit.

On the same evening, we rode twenty-two miles to Southampton, and again took lodgings for the night. The town is pleasantly situated upon the water, neatly built, with bow windows in front of the houses, and has a population of 12,000. In the church of St. Michael, we saw a tablet in memory of Lanchton, the friend of Johnson; and in that of Holy Rood, the monument of Elizabeth Stanley, with an epitaph by Thompson. The prose part of it is bombast, and the verses quite too long. She is alluded to in the *Seasons*,

This is the native place of Dr. Watts, but no traces of him were found.

The next day we continued our journey to Bath, a distance of fifty-three miles, through Wiltshire; one of the roughest districts in England. It is a grazing country, and myriads of sheep were scattered over the hills. The aspect of the scenery is rude and wild, in comparison with other portions of the Island. We paused a few minutes at Salisbury, the capital, and looked at the Cathedral. It is one of the finest specimens of pure Gothic in the kingdom. The interior is in excellent taste. A beautiful square, planted with elms, surrounds the church; and the environs of the town watered by the Avon are pleasant. Artificial irrigation increases the natural verdure of the pastures.

At evening we arrived on the borders of Somersetshire, and from a high hill, had a first view of Bath, situated upon an opposite slope, rising from the right bank of the Avon.* The town can scarcely be surpassed in the eligibility of its position, the elegance of its exterior, or the splendour of its environs. No city in England can be compared with it in magnificence. The buildings are all of a handsome species of stone found in the vicinity, uniform in complexion, wrought with exactness, and put together with taste. There is scarcely a mean structure in the whole city; and continuous ranges are frequently as stately and sumptuous as palaces. The King's Circus, and the numerous Crescents, rising one above another upon the declivity, exhibit all the embellishments of Grecian architecture, applied to lofty proportions and the finest materials. We remained a day and rambled through nearly all the streets, which are kept as clean as the floor of a parlour. The spacious Pump-room, the rendezvous of visitants, contains a portrait of the celebrated Beau Nash, former master of ceremonies at the Assemblies. I drank of the waters. They have slight chalybeate properties. The old Cathedral is called the lantern of Bath, on account of the multiplicity of its windows. It contains the tombs of many strangers and foreigners. Two are here killed by dissipation, to one who is cured by drinking of the fountains. The fashionable season is December and January.

* The reader probably need not be told, that the word *Avon* is a generic term in the old Saxon, meaning *river*; and hence its frequent occurrence in England.

On the afternoon of the 25th, we rode to Bristol, and remained for the night. It appears mean in comparison with Bath; though it is in fact a fine old town, situated on both sides of the Avon, possessing much wealth, with a population of 100,000. The growth of Liverpool has in a great measure ruined its commercial prosperity. We rambled over the city, looked at the docks, quays, and public buildings. Admission was in vain sought to the church, which contains a monument in memory of the father of William Penn. An old house was designated, in which Chatterton found his famous manuscripts of the 15th century.

Early the next morning, we took the steam-boat for Chepstow, in Monmouthshire, descending the Avon and crossing the Channel. At the moment of departure from Bristol, the sun rose splendidly upon the rocks of Clifton, which are high, broken, and picturesque. The secret of the decline of the old city is explained in a descent of the river, the channel of which is narrow, crooked, and rapid, rendering it necessary for vessels to warp up. It is only remarkable, that commercial enterprise has so long overcome these natural disadvantages. The boat had a fine band of musicians on board, and I sportively asked them to play Yankee Doodle. To my surprise they instantly complied with the request; and we marched up the romantic current of the Wye, to the brisk notes of a republican air. The tide rises in this river to the astonishing height of sixty feet. You see marks of the water far up the perpendicular cliffs. At Chepstow a large old baronial castle, now in ruins, stands upon the rocks overhanging the stream. Its battlements and ancient keeps were traversed. It was battered down by the cannon of Cromwell.

We here took a vehicle and rode five miles up the right bank of the Wye, to look at the ruins of Tintern Abbey. They will not bear a comparison with those of Fountains Abbey, in Yorkshire, which I have fully described. A dirty village in the vicinity breaks in upon the seclusion of the vale, and in a great measure destroys the effect, which the ivy-mantled walls and crumbling arches would otherwise produce. The scenery of the Wye is nevertheless extremely wild and romantic. Some allowance is also to be made for a difference in season; though the day of our visit was delightfully pleasant. On our way back to Chepstow, we stopped at Wynd-Cliff Cottage. Its walls and ceiling, as

well as its seats and other furniture, are entirely covered with moss. The keeper provided us a repast, while we climbed the high cliffs, and obtained an enchanting view of the shores of Bristol Channel, and the deep vale of the Wye.

On the same evening, we rode up the right bank of the Severn, which is here a broad estuary, to Gloucester, and remained for the night. An American tourist, who had left us at Rome on his way to Naples, happened to be at the hotel. The next morning we went to the Cathedral, to look at the tomb of Dr. Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination; and a monument in memory of General Lyman, of Boston, United States Consul at London. This church is one of the largest and most venerable in the kingdom.

We continued our journey hence to Cheltenham, and rambled over that celebrated watering-place. It is destitute of interest of any kind. Its situation is low, its streets muddy, and its buildings comparatively mean. Two large Pump-rooms have been erected about the springs. One of them is elegantly finished and furnished, with a statue of Hygeia mounted upon the top of the building. I drank of the waters, which are tepid and have strong saline qualities.

In the afternoon, we took the coach for Birmingham, through Tewksbury and Worcester; and on the following evening, arrived once more at Liverpool. The South of England was seen to much less advantage, than the North; but from the general features of the country, I should think it intrinsically inferior in variety of scenery and richness of landscape.

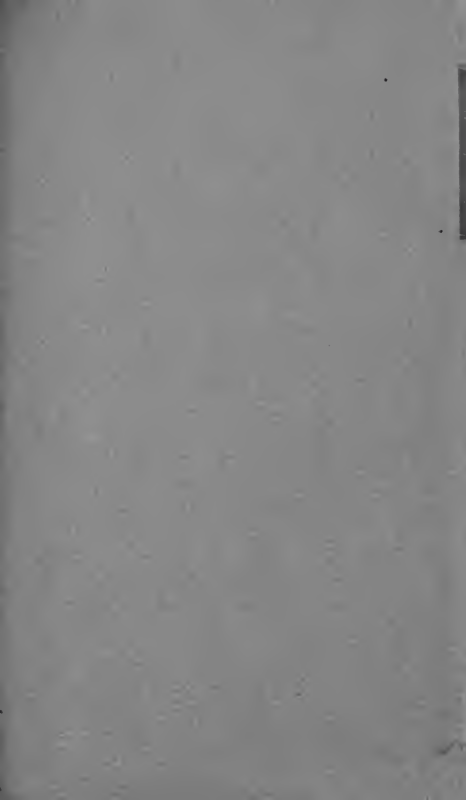
After a tedious delay of more than a week, by adverse winds and the neap tides of the port, we embarked with ten other agreeable passengers, on the 8th of April, in the packet ship *Pacific*, whose veteran master was now crossing the Atlantic for the hundred and thirty-ninth time, without ever having met with a serious disaster. As the green hills of the Emerald Isle were the first, so also were they the last speck of earth beheld in Europe. On the evening of the 10th, the heights of Dungarvan faded from the eye, and again all was sky and sea. The incidents of a favourable and pleasant voyage would not bear repetition, if circumstances permitted me to enter into detail.

During three days, from the 22d to the 24th inclusive, in the latitude of 45° and between the 49th and 52d degree of longitude we were constantly among tremendous icebergs

from the poles. Upwards of one hundred were seen from the deck ; and in one instance, nine were in sight at the same moment, the nearest of which was within pistol shot of the ship. Two or three men were stationed in the tops, and kept on the watch night and day. The weather was so cold, that the thermometer sunk to the freezing point in the hatchway, and the shrouds were coated and stiff with ice. Some of the enormous masses were aground upon the edge of the Grand Bank, though the water was several hundred feet in depth ; while others were rocked by the surge, like a vessel labouring in a heavy sea. The mate took the altitude of one of them, which was something like a hundred and fifty feet above the surface of the water. Their forms were the most varied and fantastic imaginable. Some resembled rugged islands, and others castles, churches, or distant towers, rising in gloomy grandeur, in the verge of the horizon, with the sea dashing in foam against their bases. We saw one, the castellated top of which bore a striking similitude to Westminster Abbey ; and against the bleak sides of another, it was believed for a time, that a vessel was seen. On a nearer approach, it proved to be only a separate peak of the mountain. The position of the sun, and the return of morning and evening, for three days, gave every variety of light and shade to this grand and terrific spectacle. Sometimes the columns appeared as pure and transparent as alabaster, glittering like glaciers in the sun ; at others, their sides were thrown into deep shadows, by their own stupendous crags. Fortunately the sky continued clear, till we escaped from the region of frost, to the borders of the Gulf Stream ; otherwise the ship would have been in imminent peril.

On the 5th of May, a woodpecker came off, and hovered about the shrouds, as a pilot, or at least as a welcome messenger, that land was near ; and at dawn of day, on the following morning, the shores of Long-Island and the summits of Neversink were joyfully descried. Before noon we passed the Lighthouse ; and as our gallant ship, with every sail hoisted to a favourable breeze, ran through the Narrows, now fresh and fragrant with the bloom of Spring, the mingled crowd of feelings, which rushed upon the heart, may be imagined, but not described.

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